★ June 12, 1948

THE NEW YORKER

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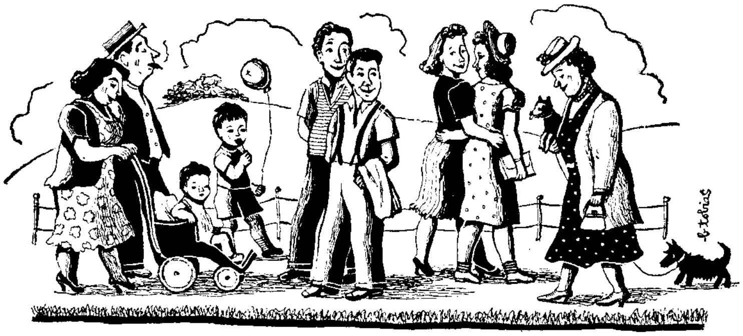
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Command Decision—Even though this play about a heroic officer and the bitter choice he has to make may remind you of a lot of others, it is a sound, tense piece of work. Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Habimah—The Palestinian repertory company, presenting "The Golem," in Hebrew. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Final performance of the engagement Thursday evening, June 10, at 8:45.)

The Heiress—The Henry James novel concerning the brutal jilting of a plain girl turned into an absorbing play. Beatrice Straight, Basil Rathbone, and Patricia Collinge are in the capable cast. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy to the World—Lively staging is not quite enough to save this rather untidy mixture of Hollywood humor and political argument. Alfred Drake and Marsha Hunt are very decorative in the leading roles, however. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Man and Superman—Mr. Shaw's 1903 essay on women and marriage, with Maurice Evans, Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 19.)

Me and Molly—The Goldberg family of radio fame comes to something that is well short of life but intermittently amusing. With Gertrude Berg, who wrote it, and Philip Loeb. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Mister Roberts—One of the best books about the war made into one of the most rewarding stage comedies in several years. Henry Fonda, David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan lead an excellent cast. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York City Theatre Company—This repertory group, whose members include José Ferrer, Paula Laurence, and George Coulouris, is winding up its season with "The Insect Comedy," a play by Josef and Karel Capek. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 13.)

The Play's the Thing—A fine cast, among whose members are Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, and Faye Emerson, in a very pleasant revival of Molnar's comedy about sex on the Riviera. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Meg Mundy gives an extremely touching performance in Jean-Paul Sartre's generally effective melodrama dealing with the race problem. "The Happy Journey," by Thornton Wilder, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Strange Bedfellows—A comedy about some early suffragists that has its funny moments but also, unfortunately, a great many foolish ones. With Joan Tetzel and Richard Coogan. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams' tremendously compelling and eloquent drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter head the superb cast. Winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize and Drama Critics Circle Award. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: John Alexander and Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** The rabbit and his best friend, who is currently James Dunn. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—An elaborate account of thirty-five years in a man's life, which might have made a pretty soap opera. Richard Rodgers' songs are better than Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's dances, but even they are below standard. The principals are Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jonay, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Wings—Six of the nineteen numbers in this revue contain the Hartmans, and these are all wonderful. The other sketches, which include Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton, are fairly routine, but perhaps it doesn't matter. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Button Shoes—Nanette Fabray's piercing birdcalls and Jerome Robbins' preposterous Mack Sennett ballet are the high points here, but it is all quite good sport. With Phil Silvers, Joey Faye, Jack McCauley, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hold It!—A musical comedy with Red Buttons, Johnny Downs, and nothing whatever to recommend it. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Inside U.S.A.—Beatrice Lillie, back in a revue that might have had more laughs but could not be handsomer. She is assisted by Jack Haley and a great dancer called Valerie Bettis. Arthur Schwartz is the producer and composer, and Howard Dietz wrote the lyrics. (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!—The ballet is the butt of most of the jokes in this comedy, and Nancy Walker delivers them hilariously. Jerome Robbins has arranged a couple of agreeable dances, though by no means his best; Hugh Martin is responsible for the songs; and in the cast are Harold Lang, Janet Reed, and Katharine Sergava. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Make Mine Manhattan—This revue offers at least two superlatively funny numbers and some others that are funny enough. Julie Oshins and Sid Caesar are the leading comics. Arnold B. Horwitt wrote the book, and Richard Lewine turned out the songs. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sleepy Hollow—Some nice singing and dancing, but Washington Irving's little legend hardly stands up as a big musical. Russell Maloney and Miriam Battista handled the book and most of the lyrics, George Lessner wrote the songs, and Gil Lamb, Betty Jane Watson, and Hayes Gordon are featured in the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—annie get your gun: Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday evening, June 13.) . . . **brigadoon:** Melodic Scottish whimsey. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **finian's**

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THE NEW YORKER
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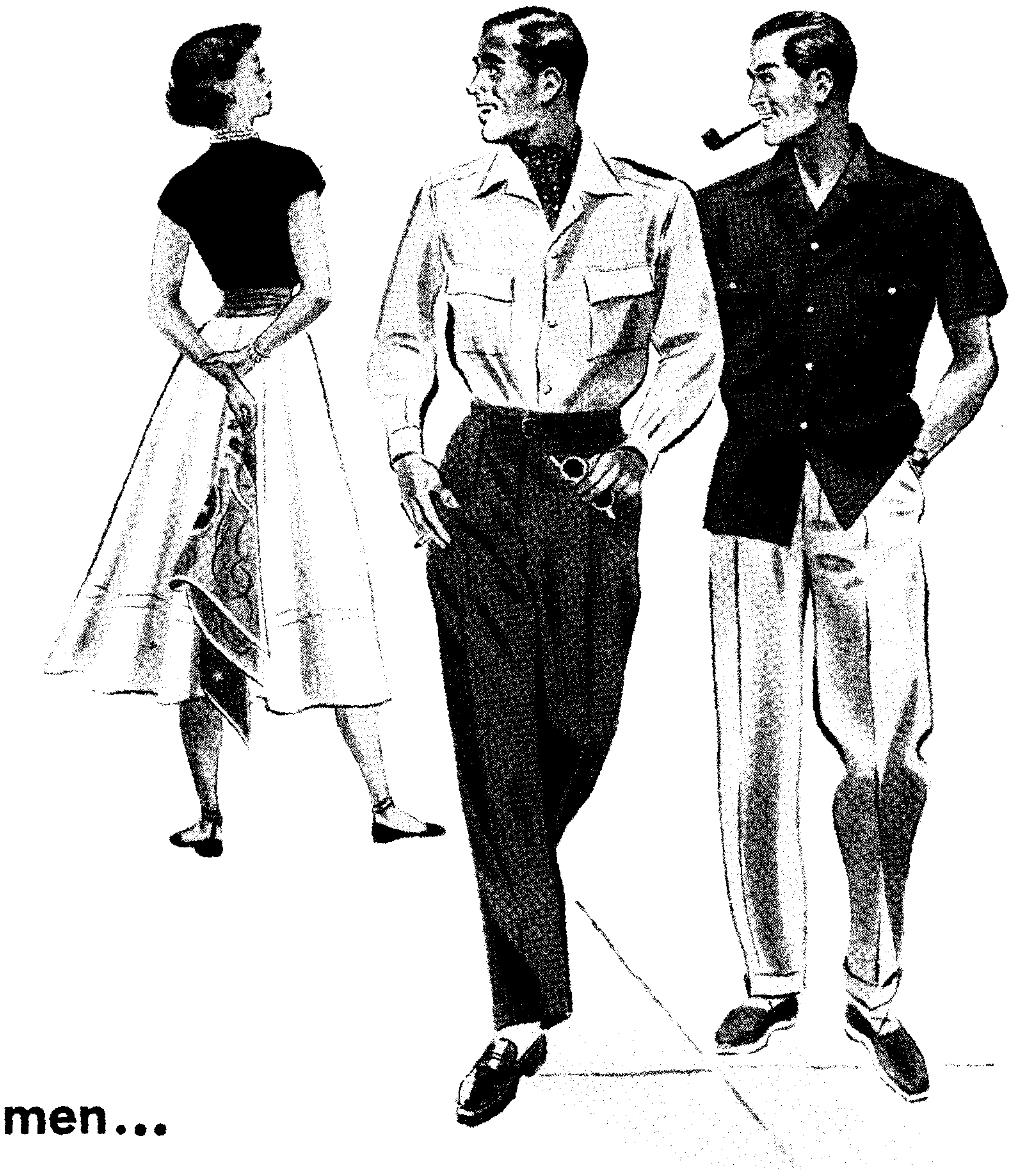

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

RAINBOW: A leprechaun in the Deep South. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ballet Ballads—John Latouche wrote the lyrics and Jerome Moross the score for these three funny and charming song-and-dance numbers. Katherine Litz stars in "Susanna and the Elders," Paul Godkin and Sono Osato in "Willie the Weeper," and Ted Lawrie in "The Eccentricities of Davey Crockett." (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every night, unless otherwise indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—It's way downstairs, barely above the New York Central tracks, but it's cool and airy just the same. Jules Lande's orchestra. No music on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Cascades has dance music by Art Mooney's and Harold Nagel's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose in an inexplicable mood; i.e., violin music, and pretty girls dressed, literally, to the teeth. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

Le Directoire, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers on the dead run in the briskest vaudeville act since the Palace really was the Palace. Other points of interest are Ted Straeter's piano and orchestra, a rumba band, and a stage that has its ups and downs. Closes for the summer Saturday, June 12.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Many a Yale football game has been won on the playing fields of this ornate establishment. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras. On Monday, June 14, Mr. Dolen's band will be replaced by that of Nicolas Matthey, who was called Nycola Matthey at the Plaza this winter. Closed Sundays.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—If you think the décor is just an Arabian Nights dream, pinch it and you'll find that it's real, all right. Cocktail-time piano by Peter Walters; dance music, after nine, by Dick Gasparre's orchestra and José Curbelo's rumba band. A fill-in band on Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Until the water off Bailey's Beach gets a little warmer, you'll still see some familiar faces beneath the ageless palm trees here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Mind reading by Lucille and Eddie Roberts, plus dancing by the engaging team of McLerie and Butler, in the Cotillion Room, which also has Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A *fête champêtre* of the most elegant order, with nary a red ant to disturb your picnic basket. Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra, rustling up rococo music in the plushy Café Lounge; also, a little and not especially memorable show. Tea dancing every afternoon. No show Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Big fry from out of town studying the absorbing mannerisms of our upper-bracket small fry. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Suzy Solidor, a very Parisian Parisian whose songs are arousing tumultuous enthusiasm among her local constituents. Dance music, after nine, by Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

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3000)—The Starlight Roof has Xavier Cugat's turbulent orchestra all evening, and, at supper, Mischa Borr's band. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(*No dancing, unless noted.*)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A well-upholstered conservatory of modern music, with cocktail-hour and dinnertime lessons on the piano by Les Crosley and evening classes by Cy Walter. On Sundays, John Kelly does the honors. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio perform for dancing after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): After eight-thirty, except Sundays, Les Crosley's piano in this handsome stage set. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox's piano music (after ten, except Sundays), for people who hate to get out of those overstuffed chairs after dinner. . . . **PENTHOUSE,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Maxine Sullivan, that chipper hummingbird, offering a largely new repertoire in this tiny treetop after ten-thirty every night except Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A cozy throwback to the twenties, with Faconi, urbanely fiddling, at dinner and music by the Sonny Kendis Trio after ten. . . . **LITTLE CASINO,** 243 Sullivan St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, operating a personally conducted tour through a lively segment of prewar Paris night life. Garland Wilson, Norene Tate, and Mae Barnes all help to make it a success. Closed Mondays. . . . **PERROQUET,** Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): After dinner is over, Hugh Shannon (through Sunday, June 13), playing piano and singing his the-world-is-well-lost songs. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A comfortable oasis, with Mary McNally at cocktail time and Harry Taylor after nine, both stroking a baby grand. Closed Sundays. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): A calm little glade, with Roger Stearns at the piano all evening. Closes for the season on Sunday, June 13. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Andalusian hubbub in a jovial cellarette; dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Hope Emerson, telling us that life's just a snare and a delusion, and Tony Craig, balancing her with a few sentimentalities. Kirkwood and Goodman contribute some fairly original humor. No show Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin, working within a highly successful Broadway frame of reference, plus the songs of Monica Lewis. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **CLUB EBONY,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (PL 7-5314): Life after dark in the *Damon Runyon* vein, of interest principally to sociologists and admirers of Billie Holiday's quite wonderful way with a sad song. On Friday, June 11, the Charioteers take over from Miss Holiday. Closed Tuesdays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Phil Gordon, as blithe a spirit as ever sat down at a piano, and three happy-go-lucky nightingales—Nan Wynn, Josephine Premice, and Mary McCarty. The Ellis Larkin Trio and Harold Cooke provide an erudite background. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Julius Monk at his old stand, supervising the pleasurable antics of the King Odom Quartet, Muriel Gaines, the Normann Paris Trio, the extremely ornamental new Brazilian singer named Delora Bueno, and two comical infants named Fletcher and Sheidy. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Mildred Bailey, admirably supported by Dave Martin's dance band, casting her celebrated spell over her audience. Cliff Jackson's interlude piano, and dances by Dorothy Jarnac. Closed Mondays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A very casual *mise-en-scène* for Spivy's and Sheila Barrett's down-to-earth words to the wise. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's trumpet, by night a pillar of fire, plus Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other noisemakers. In between, the unique Joe Sullivan at the piano. On Tuesday nights, the uproar is increased by the work of eminent visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Butterfield, Bob Haggard, and Ernie Caceres, all merrily rattling the windowpanes. A jam session on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Every night except Sunday, Art Hodes, wreathed in his Mephistophelean smile, presiding over his accomplished trio. Chippie Hill is on hand nightly, except Mondays. There's a jam session every Monday night. Dancing. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): This big Spanish wine cellar is enlivened by the muted but *fervid rhythms of Wilbur de Paris's* dance band, which includes Buster Bailey and Sidney de Paris. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROYAL ROOST,** 1580 Broadway, at 47th St. (CI 6-9559): Charley Parker's orchestra and Thelonious Monk's quartet. Dizzy Gillespie and his band start their high-flown operations here on Wednesday, June 16, replacing Mr. Parker's outfit. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Every night but Monday, the Mary Osborne Trio, strumming away in the center of the oval bar. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Ella Fitzgerald, back in her native haunts and sounding happy about it.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Ted Steele's orchestra. No dancing on Mondays and only after eight-thirty on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. . . . **NEW YORKER,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): An ice show and Ray Eberle's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Elliot Lawrence's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Lawrence Welk's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

SUMMER SPOTS

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): A broad terrace beneath some sheltering trees, and Sonny Kippe's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band to while away the evening. . . . **BOSSERT ROOF,** Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn (MA 4-8100): On one side, starlight over the harbor; on the other, a good look at Thomas Wolfe's Brooklyn. Syd Strange's dance orchestra

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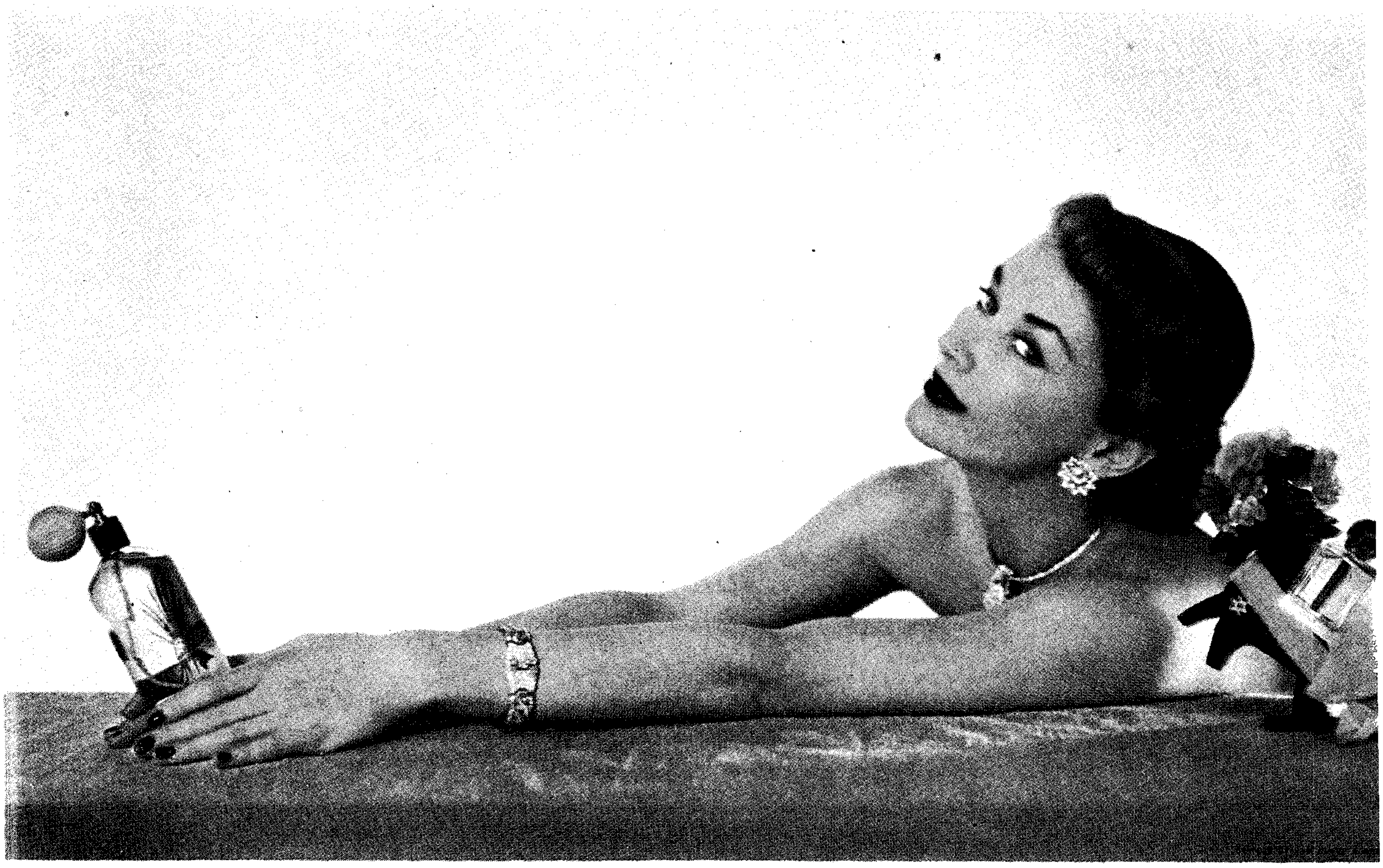

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dr. at 124th St. (MO 2-8600): Johnny Guarnieri's quintet and Lenny Rogers' band in an outdoor setting on the banks of the Hudson. . . . ST. MORITZ ROOF, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): Central Park at your feet, and Mark Monte's and Alfred Menconi's orchestras practically in your lap. Closed Mondays. . . . ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): The young folks gang agley to the music of Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-6500): Gene Krupa's orchestra. Closed Mondays. . . . CHANTICLER, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra. Closed Mondays. . . . MEADOWBROOK, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-1914): Sam Donahue's orchestra, to be replaced by Larry Clinton's on Tuesday, June 15. Closed Mondays.

Dinner in the Country—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 91); closed Tuesdays. . . . HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . MANHASSET, L.I.: Mori (Manhasset 1842). . . . EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 266). . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Villa Victor (Syosset 1706). . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (Westbury 839). . . . GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.: Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 2667); closed Mondays. . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 932); closed Tuesdays. Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); closed Tuesdays. . . . WESTON, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); closed Mondays; dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 253); closed Mondays. . . . CENTERPORT, L.I.: Old Water Mill Inn (Northport 1270); dancing on weekends.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

American Abstract Artists—Their annual exhibition. Though smaller in size than usual, it has a larger-than-average number of good pieces. (Chinese, 38 E. 57th St.; through June 18.)

Ben-Zion—Paintings, some of them slightly sombre, and all of them simplified almost to the point of abstraction. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through June 12.)

Byron Browne—Abstract water colors, daringly inventive in design. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through June 25.)

Groups—At the BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.: Some small and rewarding pieces by Klee, Picasso, Graves, and others, from a private collection; through June 19. . . . BIGNOU, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings by contemporary French and American artists; through June 30. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57th St.: Healthily realistic oils by Carl Gaertner, Andrew Wyeth, and others of this gallery's group; through July 30. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Paintings and prints by six young artists, including a Canadian, W. Roloff Beny, of much promise; through July 30. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: Oils, drawings, and water colors, mostly by modern French artists; through June 30. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Work by Joe Jones, Karl Fortess, and other members of the gallery's roster; through June 12. . . . PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.: Nice paintings by Theodoros Stamos, Walter Murch, Maud Morgan, and others, generally in abstract or other advanced styles; through June 21. . . . A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Canvases by four new artists who won mention in this gallery's competition last year; through June 12. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Sol Wilson, Jean Liberté, and others, in a show that also includes some works by Winslow Homer and Albert P. Ryder; through Sept. 10. . . . CARLEBACH, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: Paintings by an assortment of younger artists; through June 19. . . . DURLACHER, 11 E. 57th St.: Works by Kurt Seligmann, Stephen Greene, Peter Blume, and others of this gallery's group; through July 31. . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Everett Spruce, José de Rivera, Charles Umlauf, and others; through July 31.

Winslow Homer—Sixteen drawings and water colors from his various periods. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Aug. 31.)

Samuel Koch—Dreamily childlike landscapes, some real, some fanciful, by a Brooklyn primitive. (Salpeter, 128 E. 56th St. Weekdays, noon to 6 P.M.; through June 19.)

Yasuo Kuniyoshi—The first show of drawings (1921-1947) in some time by one of the contemporary American masters in that field. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through June 18.)

Landscape Paintings—An unusual show of work by landscapists of three centuries. Included are some handsome pieces by Corot, Gainsborough, and van Goyen. (Nicholson, 69 E. 57th St.; through June 30.)

Bruce Mitchell—Landscapes and figure paintings, full of restrained feeling and exquisite modulations of color. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through June 12.)

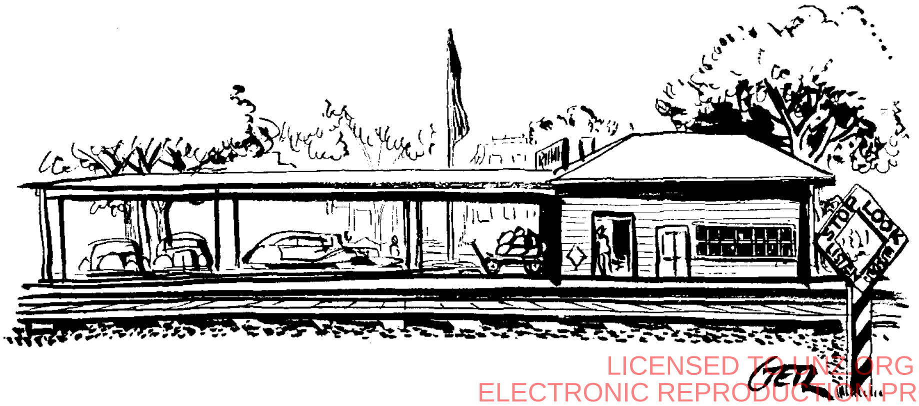
Grandma Moses—More of the old lady's forthright scenes of winter and summer in New England. On exhibit is her first painting, which she did one day in 1918 as a screen to shut off a draft. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through June 12.)

Sir Alfred J. Munnings—Paintings by the president of the Royal Academy. (Scott & Fowles, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.; through June 19.)

Michel Patrix—Heavily patterned abstract paintings, mainly of Breton subjects, by a young French artist new to this country. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through June 12.)

Bernard Perlin—Paintings and drawings of great precision and delicacy, whose locale and mood may make you think rather sharply of the work of Ben Shahn. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through June 11.)

Sculpture—At the CLAY CLUB, 4 W. 8th St.: Leo



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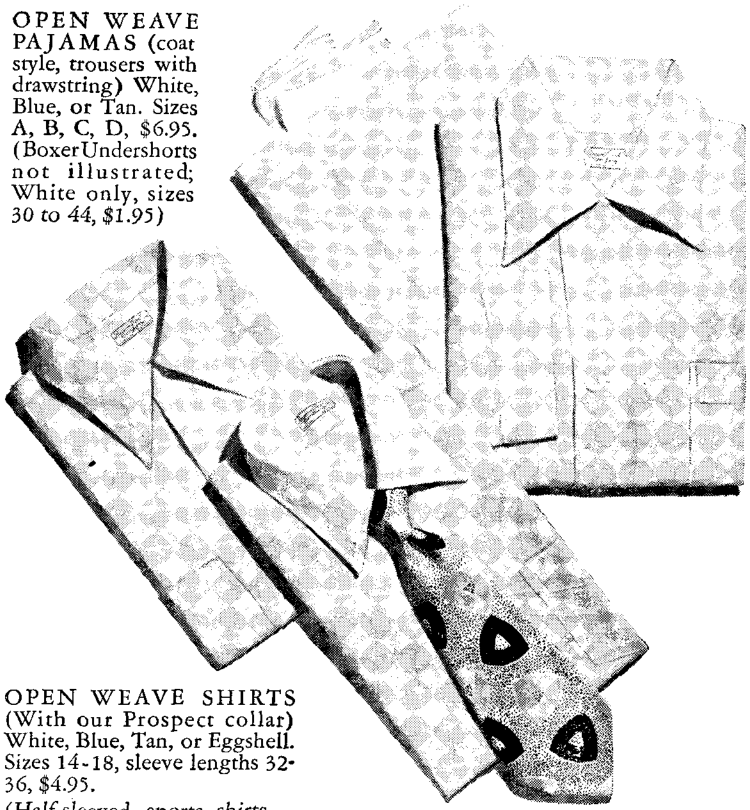

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Amino, Jean de Marco, Cleo Hartwig, and a good many others. (Thursday and Friday, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Saturday, 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 12.) . . . **SCULPTORS GUILD**, 18 Washington Square N.: The first outdoor show since 1942. Among the exhibitors are José de Creeft, Lu Duble, Hugo Robus, and William Zorach. (Daily, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M; through July 31.)

Some of This Week's Openings—Group shows at the **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St. (through Aug. 31); **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St. (through June 30); and **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St. (through July 15).

MUSEUMS

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Some Ben-Zion paintings on Biblical subjects, done with force and sincerity. Also, a group by contemporary Jewish artists, including the Palestinian painter M. Ardon-Bronstein. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through August 31.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The "liberated" collection of Berlin museum masterpieces, now on a tour of the country. Though especially rich in German Gothic, the show contains many fine examples from other periods. A benefit for the relief of German children in the U.S. Zone; through June 12. . . . ¶ A display of modern Japanese reproductions of ancient historic Chinese patterned silks; through July 11. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large retrospective of paintings and other works by Pierre Bonnard, including a number of items brought over from France for the occasion; through July 25. . . . ¶ A show by eighty contemporary photographers; through July 11. . . . ¶ A loan exhibition of portraits, many of them in black-and-white, by a wide variety of artists, European and American; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

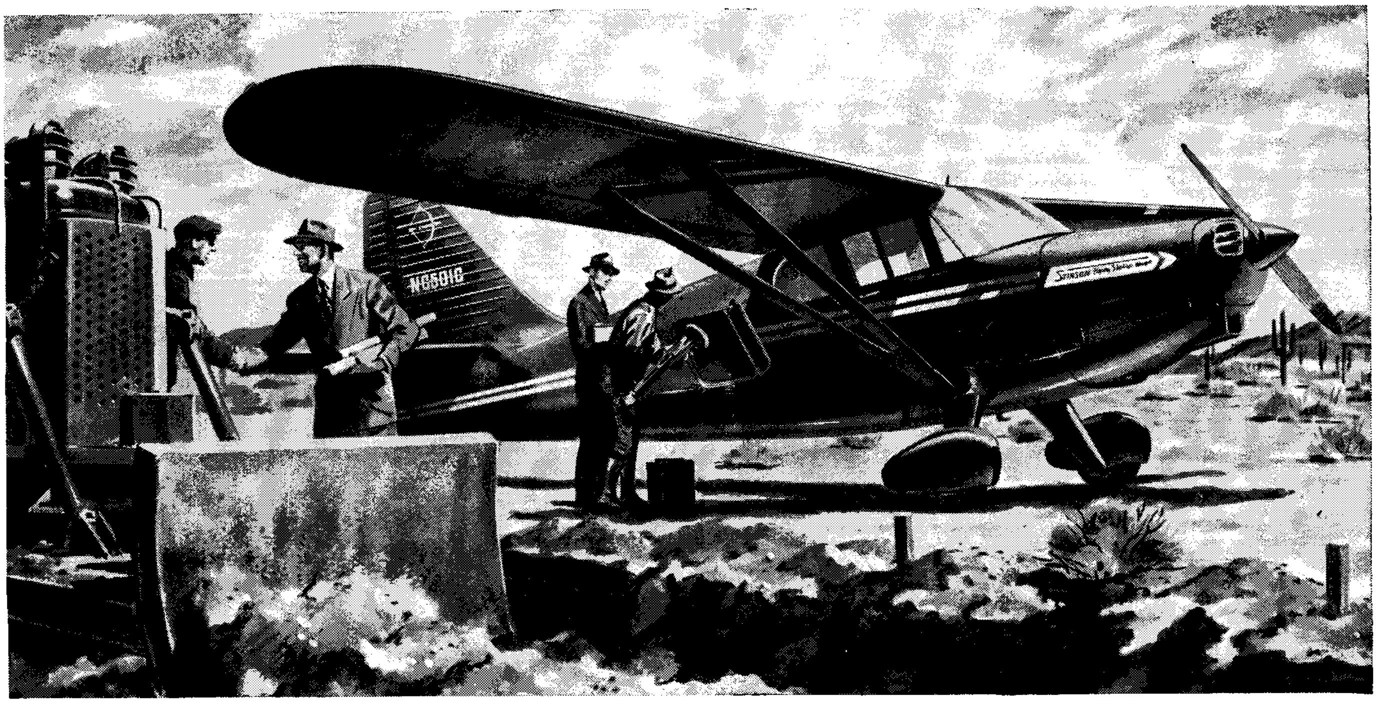
Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Kandinsky, Hilla Rebay, and others. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—Paintings by most of the prominent modern American artists, assembled a couple of years ago by the State Department and now about to be disposed of by the War Assets Administration. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 18.)

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—The yearly Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium, held on most clear nights at 8:30, will begin on Monday, June 14. Following is the schedule for the first week. Monday, June 14: Fritz Reiner conducting, with Erica Morini, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 15: Fritz Reiner conducting. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 16: Fritz Reiner conducting, with Stell Andersen, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 17: Fritz Reiner conducting, with Rose Bampton, soprano, and Set Svanholm, tenor. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19: Walter Hendl conducting, with Hazel Scott, piano. (Tickets at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., WA 6-0600, and at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

Opera—The **LEMONADE OPERA**: Thursday through Saturday, June 10-12: "The Duenna," in English. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, June 15-16: "La Serva Padrona" and "Hansel and Gretel," both in English. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, June 17-19: "The Duenna," in English. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Evenings at 8:30.) . . . **OPERA TONIGHT**: Thursday, June 10; Tuesday, June 15; and Friday, June 18: "The Barber of Seville," in English. . . . ¶ Friday, June 11; Monday, June 14; and Thursday, June 17: "Norma," in English. (The Pythian, 135 W. 70th St. TR 3-4500. Evenings at 8:40.)



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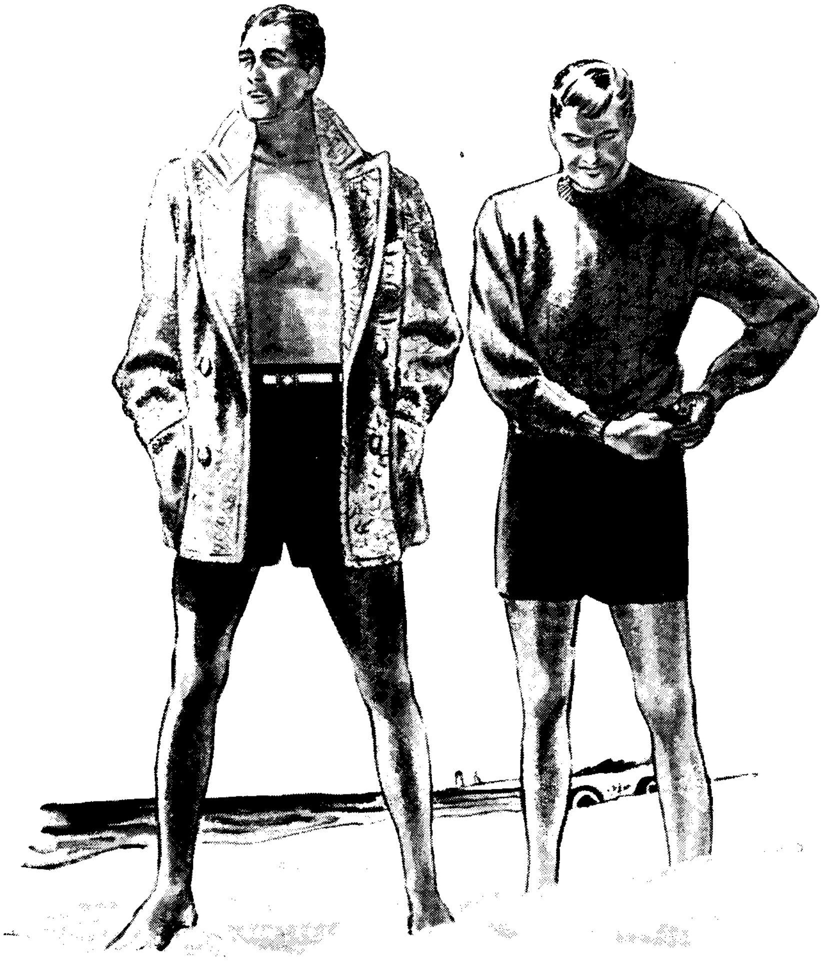

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ducting the first of this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts in the Central Park Mall. (Friday evening, June 18, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, June 10, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, June 11, at 8:45 P.M.; Saturday, June 12, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader); and Sunday, June 13, at 2 P.M. There will be a curtain-raiser before the Sunday game between some members of the Yankee team of 1923, among them Bob Meusel, Bob Shawkey, and Babe Ruth, and a group of Yankees—Sammy Byrd, Myril Hoag, Vernon Gomez, Bill Dickey, and others—who have played on subsequent pennant-winning teams. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Cleveland (exhibition game), Monday, June 14, at 8:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday and Thursday, June 15 and 17, at 2 P.M., and Wednesday, June 16, at 8:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, at 2 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, June 15, at 8:30 P.M., and Wednesday and Thursday, June 16-17, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Kid Gavilan vs. Livio Minelli, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, June 11. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

Dog Shows—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Bedford, N.Y. Saturday, June 12.) . . . ¶ Longshore Kennel Club. (Westport, Conn. Sunday, June 13.) . . . ¶ Bryn Mawr Kennel Club. (Narberth, Pa. Saturday, June 19.)

Fencing—National Championships—At the **FENCERS CLUB,** 320 E. 53rd St., EL 5-8898: Sabre Team, Friday, June 11, at 7 P.M.; Men's Foil Team, Saturday, June 12, at 10:30 A.M.; Three Weapon Team, Sunday, June 13, at 1 P.M.; Women's Foil Team, Sunday, June 13, at 8 P.M.; Electrical Epée Team, Monday, June 14, at 1 and 7:30 P.M.; Individual Sabre, Tuesday, June 15, at 1 and 7:30 P.M.; Individual Women's Foil, Wednesday, June 16, at 1 and 7:30 P.M.; Men's Individual Foil, Thursday, June 17, at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Individual Electrical Epée, Friday, June 18, at 10:30 A.M. . . . **HOTEL ROOSEVELT:** Individual Electrical Epée, Friday, June 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Tickets for all events may be had at the Fencers Club.)

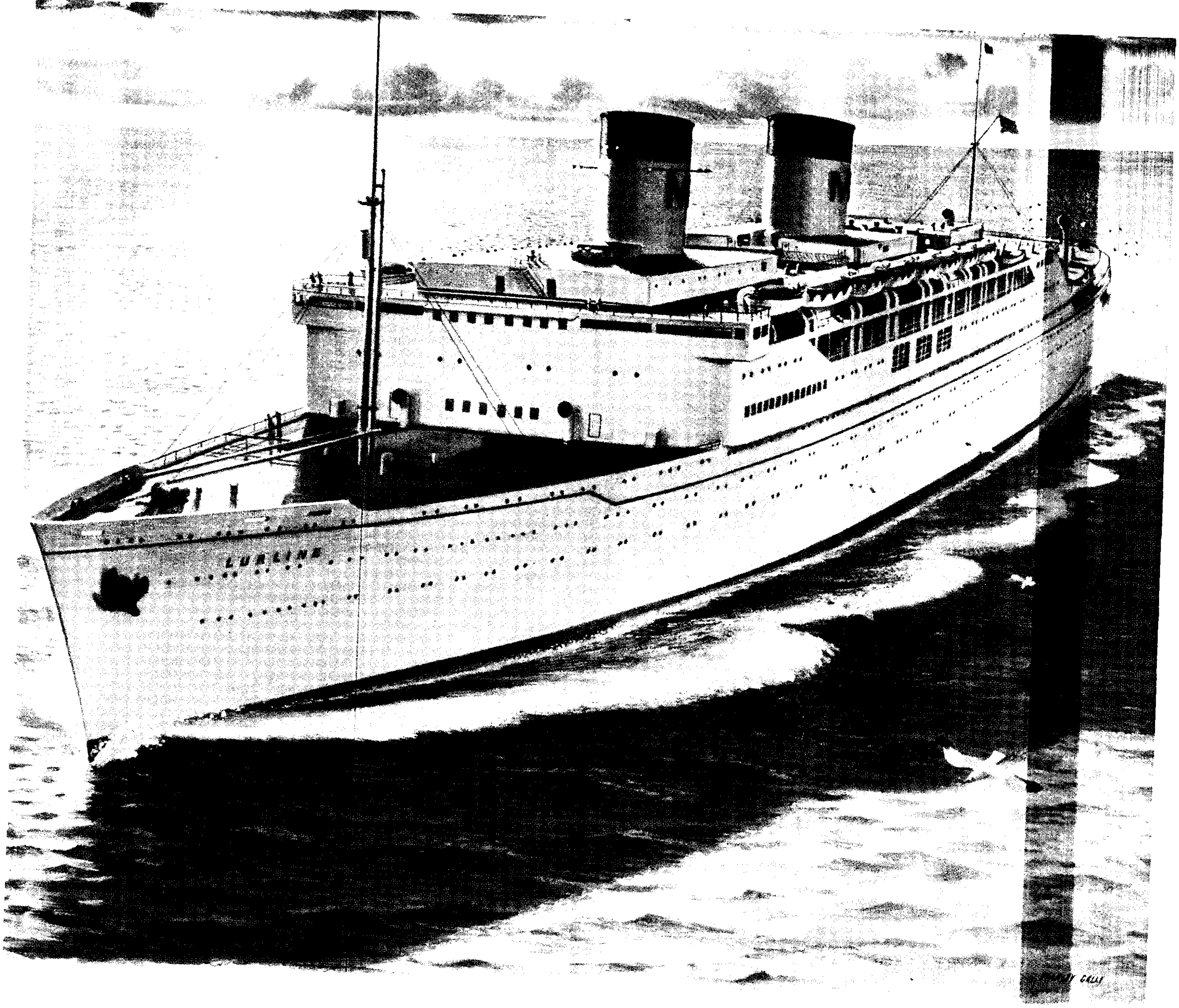
Horse Shows—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday and Saturday, June 11-12.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Show. (Greenwich, Conn. Friday through Sunday, June 11-13.) . . . ¶ Far Hills Show. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday and Sunday, June 12-13.) . . . ¶ Three Oaks Riding Club. (Allentown, Pa. Friday through Sunday, June 18-20.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club. (Darien, Conn. Saturday and Sunday, June 19-20.)

Midget-Auto Races—Eight races a night. (Polo Grounds. Saturday, June 12, at 8:45 P.M. For tickets, call PL 7-6880.)

Motorboat Race—Albany to New York outboard marathon. (Sunday, June 13.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30 P.M.—At **BOSTWICK FIELD,** Westbury, L.I. . . . **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Westbury, L.I. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase, N.Y. . . . **FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT CLUB,** Westport, Conn.

Racing—At **BELMONT PARK:** Mondays through Fridays at 1:15 P.M., and Saturdays at 1:30 P.M.; through Monday, June 14. The Belmont Stakes and the National Stallion (for colts), June 12; the Roseben Handicap, June 14. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:15 A.M. and 1 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.) . . . **UNITED HUNTS,** at Belmont Park: Tuesday and Wednesday, June 15-16, at 1:15 P.M. The Cherry Malotte Steeplechase Handicap, June 15; the New York Turf Writers Hurdle Handicap and the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, June 16. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track at the times given above.)



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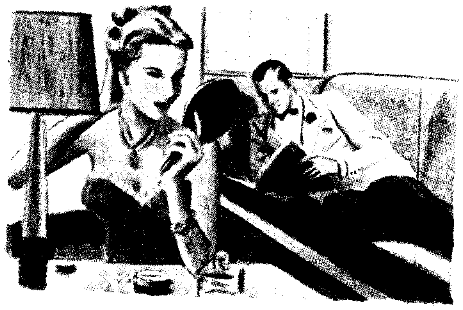

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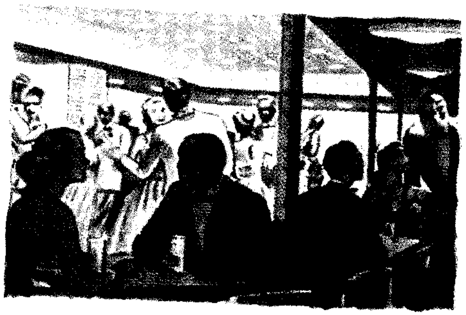

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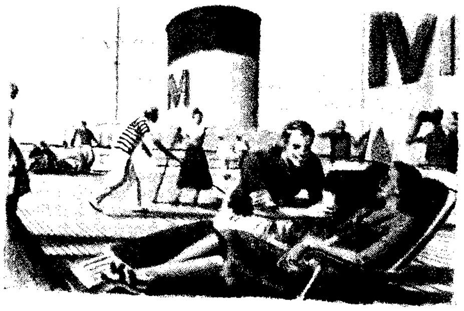

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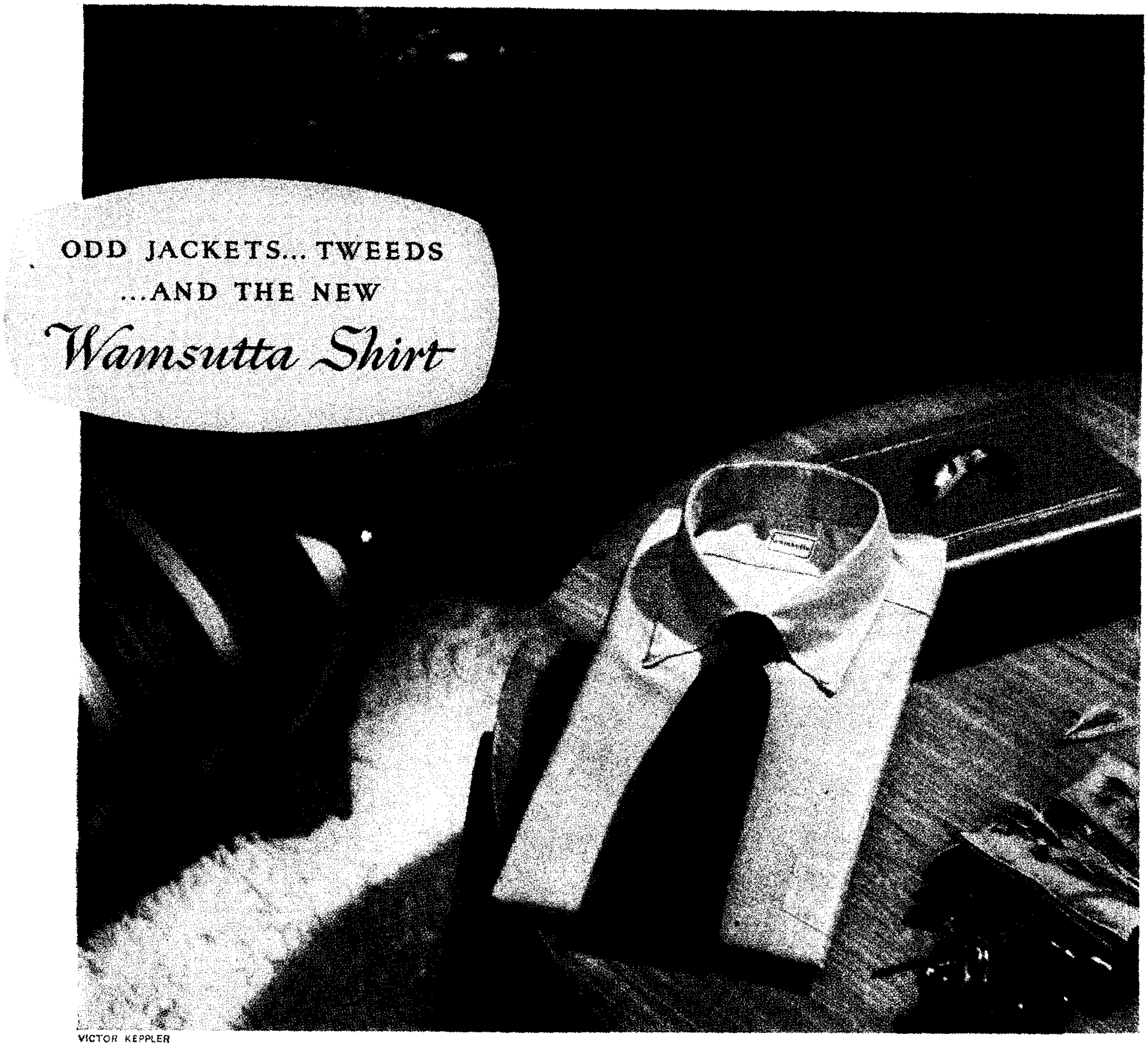

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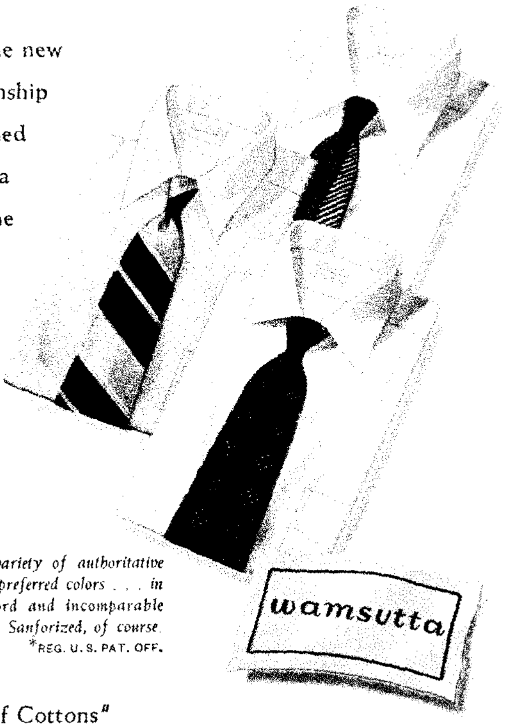

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Thursday, June 17. The Queens County Handicap, June 17; the Gazelle, June 19.

Tennis—National Professional Grass Court Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I. Saturday, June 12, through Sunday, June 20. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St., and at the West Side Tennis Club.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—New York Yacht Club overnight race from Glen Cove to Newport. (Saturday, June 12, starting at 7 P.M.) . . . ¶ Seawanhaka Yacht Club championship races. (Oyster Bay, L.I. Saturday, June 12.) . . . ¶ Orienta Yacht Club championship races. (Mamaroneck, N.Y. Sunday, June 13.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Yacht Club championship races. (Larchmont, N.Y. Saturday, June 19.) . . . ¶ Newport to Bermuda race. (Newport, R.I. Starting Saturday, June 19.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council and various other bodies. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, early on the morning of the day you want to go. You can go by train from Penn Station to Great Neck or by Independent Subway to the 169th Street station in Jamaica; there are frequent buses to Lake Success from Great Neck, and buses on the hour from Jamaica.

New York Jubilee Parade—A curious collection of municipal vehicles and about thirty-five thousand city workers will wend their way down Fifth Avenue from 95th Street to 55th Street on Saturday, June 12, starting at 2 P.M. The idea is to illustrate the progress effected in municipal services during the fifty years of the city's consolidation. That there has *been* any progress will be made clear by the appearance of a police patrol wagon, a fire engine, and a garbage truck, all dating from the nineties.

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "Color in the Sky." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Fridays and Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Garden furniture and sculpture, English and American eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century furniture, and prints by Currier, owned by Mrs. Dorothy Taylor and others. (Thursday and Friday, June 10-11, at 2 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ Résumés of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays, at 6:45 P.M. over WNYC and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

Music—Lewisohn Stadium concert, Fritz Reiner conducting, Wednesday, June 16, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Robert Shaw directing a chorus, Sunday, June 13, at 8 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ William Kapell, piano, Monday, June 14, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

Sports—Racing: The Belmont Stakes, at Belmont Park, Saturday, June 12, at 4:30 P.M., WCBS.

Drama—Michael Redgrave in "The Return of the Native," Tuesday, June 15, at 10 P.M., WCBS.

Television—Governor Earl Warren, Thursday, June 10, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Newsreel, daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, June 13, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Baseball: All home games of the Yankees are shown on WABD, of the Dodgers on WCBS, and of the Giants on WNBT. . . . ¶ Boxing: At Madison Square Garden, Friday, June 11, at 9:25 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Racing: The Belmont Stakes, at Belmont Park, Saturday, June 12, at 4:15 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ A lot of hullabaloo involving celebrities and jokes, introducing the city's new television station, WPIX, Tuesday, June 15, at 7:30 P.M.

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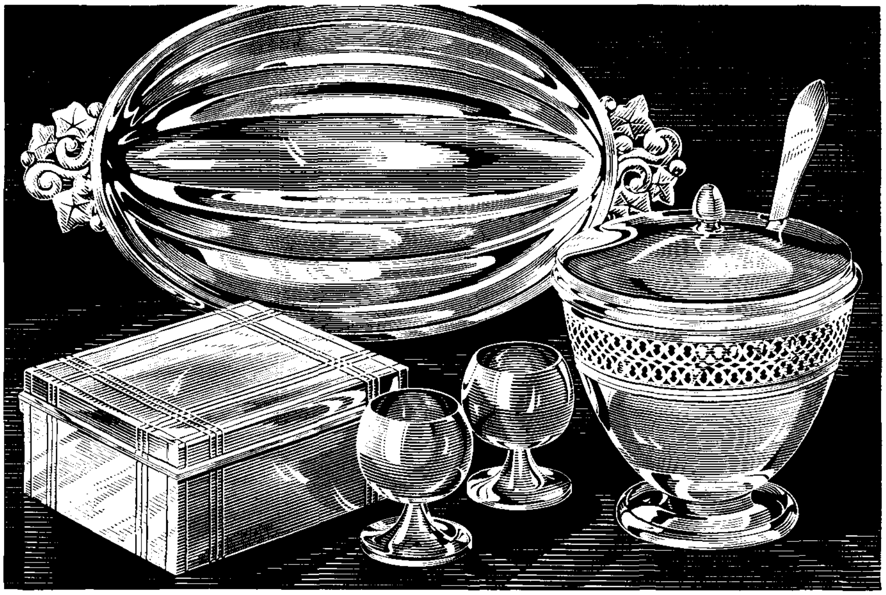

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

All My Sons—An adaptation of the Arthur Miller play dealing with the danger of trying to make profits out of shoddy materials in wartime. The picture has a solid dramatic impact after it has got past a few fumbling initial scenes. The cast includes Mady Christians, Edward G. Robinson, Burt Lancaster, and Louisa Horton. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; *through June 15*. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting June 16.)

The Brothers—An English film about life on a Scottish island, where the citizenry busies itself making illicit whiskey and watching the progress of a savage feud between two prominent families. The scenery is handsome, the acting is excellent, and the dialogue is often wonderfully eloquent. Among those on the moors are Patricia Roc, Will Fyffe, Duncan Macrae, and Finlay Currie. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; through June 14.)

Fanny—A French report on the joys and sorrows of extra-legal parenthood. The film, which was made a decade ago, is rather slow-paced and is of interest mainly because it offers another chance to see the late Raimu in action. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 10.)

Gentleman's Agreement—An attempt to corner the problem of anti-Semitism, and not much of an improvement on the novel. With John Garfield, Gregory Peck, and Dorothy McGuire. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through June 11. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting June 13. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting June 16.)

Melody Time—A fair-to-middling Disney film, featuring songs by Dennis Day, the Andrews Sisters, Buddy Clark, Roy Rogers, and others, and having to do with the adventures of Johnny Appleseed, Pecos Bill, and a tug called Little Toot. Children should enjoy it. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Paisan—Six dramatic episodes that might have taken place during the invasion of Italy, pieced together by Roberto Rossellini, the director of "Open City," into an altogether remarkable film. The cast is predominantly amateur, and the dialogue is in English, Italian, and German. Produced in Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Sitting Pretty—Something about baby-sitting. Clifton Webb and Richard Haydn help enormously to make a funny item out of a thin screen play. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through June 12. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through June 13. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 16. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting June 11. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting June 14. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting June 16.)

The Time of Your Life—The boozy Saroyan comedy dealing with loquacious and eccentric barflies, amusingly adapted to the screen. James and Jeanne Cagney head a cast that also includes William Bendix and James Barton. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

REVIVALS

Black Narcissus (1947)—About some nuns on a Himalayan mountain peak. An English picture, with Deborah Kerr, David Farrar, and Flora Robson. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; June 11-13.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Romance and ruin in Imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting June 12. . . . ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; June 13-15.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 16.)

The Good Earth (1937)—The Pearl Buck story of farmers in China. With Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips *(1939)—Robert Donat is* the English schoolmaster. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through June 11.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; June 14-15.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Romance on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; starting June 12.)

La Maternelle (1935)—Children in Montmartre. In French. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141; starting June 11.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers mixed up with the musical world. (Gotham, B'way at 47th, CI 5-9516.)

One Night of Love (1934)—Grace Moore in a Hollywood opera. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; starting June 12.)

Pearls of the Crown (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky history of some famous jewels. In French. (Studio, B'way at 65th, EN 2-4660; through June 12.)

The Private Life of Don Juan (1934)—The later, and rheumatic, years of a great ladies' man. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; June 13-15.)

Smoky (1946)—Fred MacMurray and Burl Ives in an easygoing adaptation of the Will James novel. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 13-14.)

The Women (1939)—The Clare Boothe play. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Rosalind Russell. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141; June 10.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Through June 13: "Casablanca" (1943), with Ingrid Bergman and Humphrey Bogart. . . . ¶ Starting June 14: "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), and "Midvinter Blot" (1946), a twenty-minute Swedish documentary film. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the museum.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
MELODY TIME.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Bride Goes Wild," Van Johnson, June Allyson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"The Lady from Shanghai," Rita Hayworth, Orson Welles.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
A NIGHT AT THE OPERA, revival.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through June 16: "The Pirate," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through June 15: "The Naked City," Barry Fitzgerald; and "Fighting Mad," Elyse Knox, Joe Kirkland, Jr.
From June 16: "The Iron Curtain," Dana Andrews, Gene Tierney; and "Tender Years," Joe E. Brown.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through June 15: "Hazard," Paulette Goddard, Macdonald Carey.
From June 16: "Dream Girl," Betty Hutton,

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Another Part of the Forest," Fredric March, Dan Duryea, Florence Eldridge.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Green Grass of Wyoming," Peggy Cummins, Charles Coburn.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
June 10: "The Noose Hangs High," Abbott and Costello.
From June 11: "Summer Holiday," Mickey Rooney, Gloria DeHaven.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
June 10: "Silver River," Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan.
From June 11: "Wallflower," Robert Hutton, Joyce Reynolds.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
"Design for Death," documentary film.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Bad Sister," Margaret Lockwood, Joan Greenwood.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Portrait of Innocence" (in French).

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
THE GOOD EARTH, revival.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"Citizen Saint," Julie Haydon, Carla Dare.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
"Blind Desire" (in French), Edwige Feuil-

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"Dreams That Money Can Buy," Hans Richter Surrealist film.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Le Silence Est d'Or" (in French), Maurice Chevalier.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
"Fric-Frac" (in French), Fernandel, Arletty, Michel Simon.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through June 11: **GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS**, revival.
From June 12: **ONE NIGHT OF LOVE**, revival; and **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**, revival.

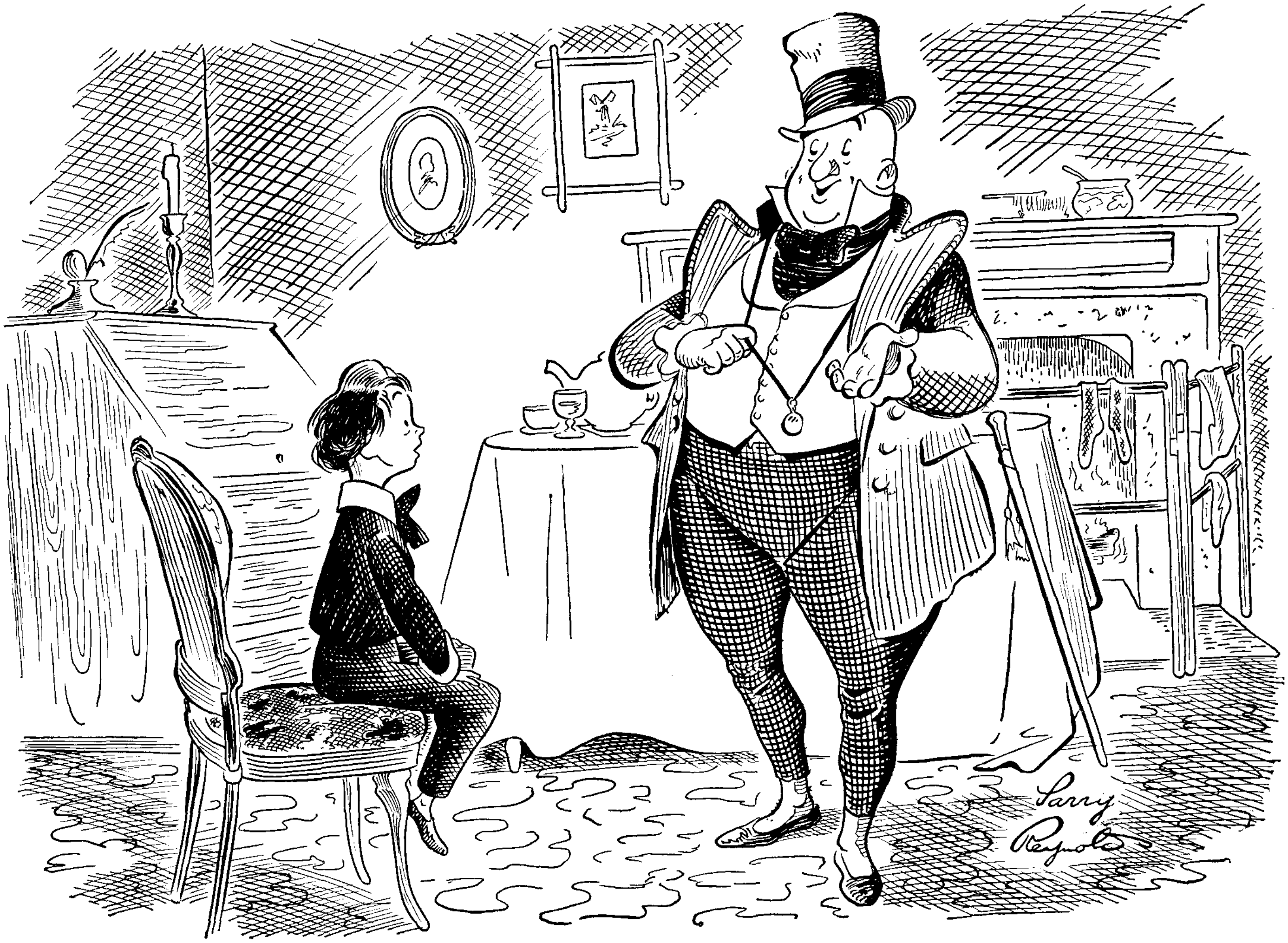
Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
June 10: **THE WOMEN**, revival.
From June 11: **LA MATERNELLE**, revival; and "Specter of the Rose," revival, Judith Anderson, Michael Chekhov.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
Through June 15: "The Challenge," revival, Robert Douglas.
From June 16: "The End of the River," Sabu.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"Will It Happen Again?," documentary film about Hitler.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
Through June 14: **THE BROTHERS.**
From June 15: "Naïs" (in French), Fernandel, Jacqueline Bouvier.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)



Mr. Micawber was only half-right!

MR. MICAWBER'S financial advice to young David Copperfield is justly famous.

Translated into United States currency, it runs something like this:

> *"Annual income, two thousand dollars; annual expenditure, nineteen hundred and ninety-nine dollars; result, happiness. Annual income, two thousand dollars; annual expenditure, two thousand and one dollars; result, misery."*

Mr. Micawber was only half-right!

Simply *not* spending more than you make isn't enough. Every family must have a cushion of savings to fall back on . . . and to provide for their future security.

U. S. Savings Bonds offer one of the best ways imaginable to build savings.

Two convenient, automatic plans make the systematic purchase of Savings Bonds both sure and trouble-free:

1. If you work for wages or salary, join Payroll Savings—the *only* installment-buying plan.

2. If you're in business, or a farmer, or in a profession, and the Payroll Savings Plan is *not* available to you, then sign up at your bank for the Bond-A-Month Plan.

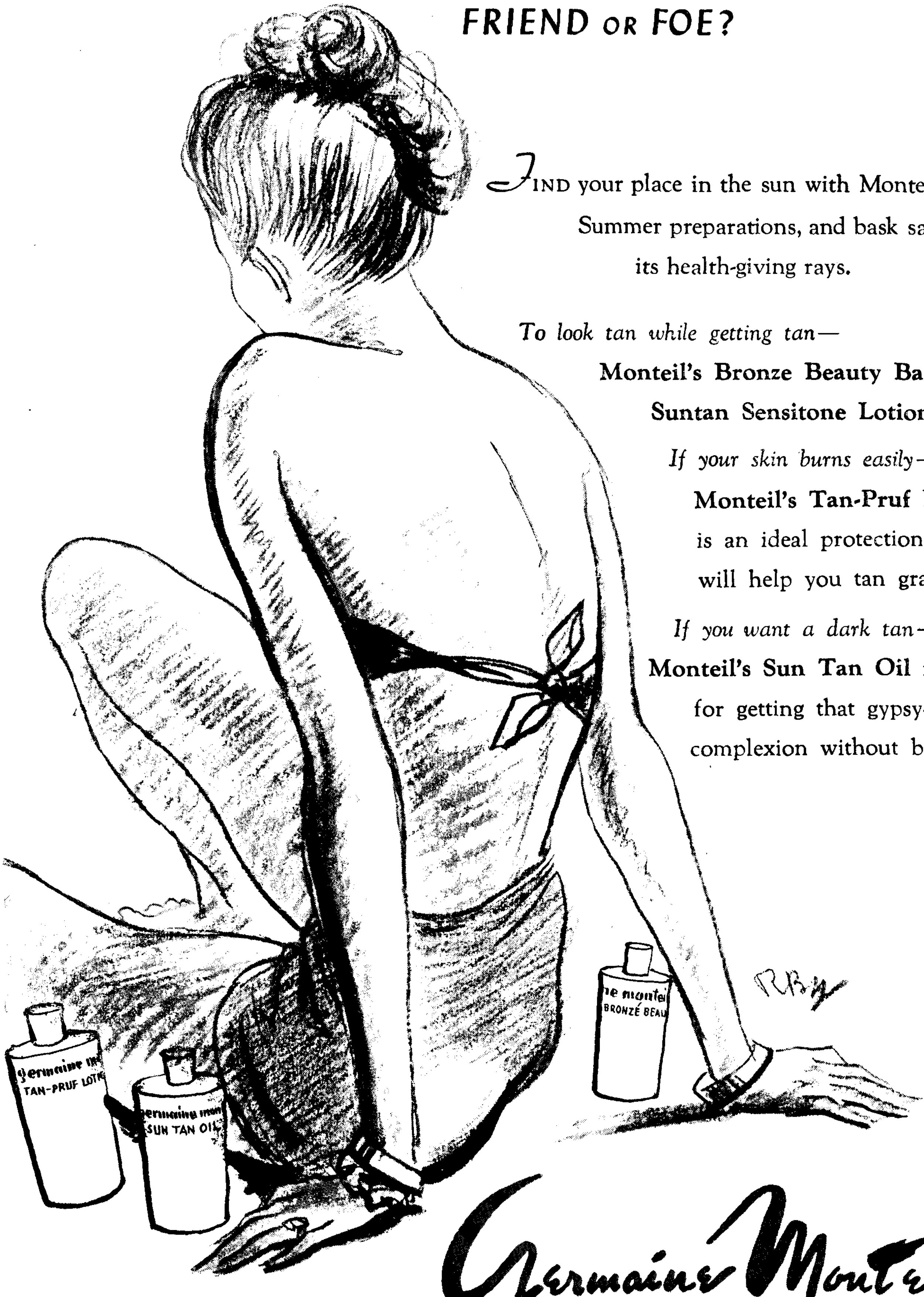
Each helps you build a nest egg of absolutely safe, 100% government-backed U. S. Savings Bonds. And these bonds make more money for you while you save. For after only ten years, they pay you back $400 for every $300 you put in them.

Join the Plan *you're* eligible for today! As Mr. Micawber would say: "Result, security!"

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING-U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

The Sun—

FRIEND OR FOE?


Germaine Mo
TAN-PRUF LOTI
Germaine Mont
SUN TAN OIL
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BRONZE BEAU

FIND your place in the sun with Monteil's Summer preparations, and bask safely in its health-giving rays.

To look tan while getting tan—
Monteil's Bronze Beauty Balm or **Suntan Sensitone Lotion.**

If your skin burns easily—
Monteil's Tan-Pruf Lotion is an ideal protection which will help you tan gradually.

If you want a dark tan—
Monteil's Sun Tan Oil is ideal for getting that gypsy-bronze complexion without burning.

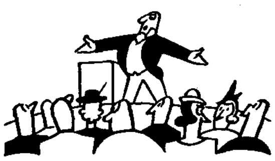
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Mundt-Nixon bill starts with a long explanation of the evil nature of Communism and then provides that Communist political organizations shall register with the Attorney General, thus placing themselves officially on record as subversive. This proposal strikes us as more wishful than sensible. Communists, after reading the unflattering description of themselves in the Mundt-Nixon bill, are not going to rush to hand themselves over to the Attorney General any more than Republicans, after reading a Wallace speech, are going to hand themselves over to the nearest dog-catcher. To define Communism as wicked in a legal preamble and then ask Communists to report to the Keeper of the Wicked is like addressing an audience and saying, "All heels and jerks will now rise and give their names to the ushers." Compulsory disclosure of facts and figures by political organizations may be a promising idea and worth a try, but if it is to be written into legislation, it should not be on a discriminatory basis, with one political group singled out as the bad egg and with the Attorney General given wide powers of political discretion.



ANOTHER dubious idea in the Mundt-Nixon bill is the idea in Section 4. This section would make it illegal for anybody to perform an act with intent to facilitate the establishment in the United States of a totalitarian dictatorship under foreign control. Legislation making it illegal to set up a dictatorship in this country seems to us frantic—hardly more useful than legislation making it illegal for babies to swallow buttons. The babies will swallow the buttons if they can get their hands on them. The Communists will swallow our democratic institutions if they can get their hooks in them. Why pass an anti-swallowing law? Let's instead keep an eye on buttons, keep an eye on institutions.

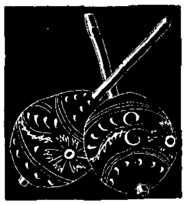
ANYBODY who writes a paragraph or two against the Mundt-Nixon bill is engaging in the sort of activity the bill is designed to supervise. That alone is reason enough for not passing the bill. Section 4 says it shall be unlawful to perform or attempt to perform an act with intent to facilitate the establishment of a dictatorship. Obviously, the writer of an editorial against legislation aimed at controlling subversive activity might properly be suspected of being engaged in, or sympathetic to, the activity itself. In less tense times, he would be suspected merely of a belief that the legislation was not good legislation, but today his motives and his motivation are suspected as well. The Mundt bill would give carte blanche to America's motive suspecters, of whom there seems to be a rapidly increasing number.

Even a thwarted editorialist who failed to get his stuff written would, under the terms of the bill, be a proper subject for investigation. Section 4 says you don't have to perform the facilitating act; you need only *attempt* to perform it. You need only stare at the typewriter. If the bill were to become law, any writer could be asked to account for the minutes spent in such vain attempts and to state from what headquarters he was taking his orders. Most writers take their orders from a remote headquarters beyond the ken of the Thomas Committee; they like them from a foreign capital called Conscience. But nowadays there are many men in high places who like to believe that Conscience is just a slick word for Moscow. Such men will have a field day if they are equipped with Section 4 of the Mundt-Nixon bill. The rest of us will have our day in court, endeavoring to describe the location of Conscience, and probably not succeeding too well.

WE'LL give Mr. Mundt and Mr. Nixon credit for a good try. We don't dispute their interpretation of what Communism is, what it aims to do, where its sympathy lies; and we are not against their proposal that political groups be required to disclose the names of their officers and the sources of their income. We disagree with them only when they propose that one group shall be given special handling. Our belief is that it should continue to have the routine handling. The vitality in our democracy lies not in its ability to suppress the political irregulars but in its ability to outbox them. The danger in broad, restrictive legislation such as the Mundt-Nixon bill is that it may give people the comfortable feeling that they no longer need to outbox anybody—they can just register their political enemies with the Attorney General and, if necessary, put them in jail for contempt.

AFTER looking into the various technical difficulties attending the switchover on the subway and bus lines to a higher fare the first of next month, we predict fairly smooth sailing. The biggest problem, of course, has been the alteration of the city's three thousand subway turnstiles, and it turns out that the Board of Transportation secretly started work on that job shortly after the first of the year. The Board was convinced that an increase would go through, and it prepared for the use of either dimes or the tokens that would have gone into circulation if a seven or eight-cent subway fare had been adopted. Sixteen hundred of the turnstiles operate mechanically and fourteen hundred electrically. For the former, a new coin channel, equipped with a removable pin, was designed. If tokens were to be used, the pin could be left in; if not, it could be pulled out, enlarging the channel. (If the tokens had materialized, they would have been smaller than dimes.) Throughout the spring, the new coin channels were installed in the turnstiles—very *sub rosa*, so as not to embarrass the administration—right next to the present coin channels. The coin slots in the top plates of these turnstiles happen to be slightly off-center. In designing the new channels, the engineers capitalized on this fact; they worked things out so that when the plate is taken off and reversed, end for end, the slot comes spang over the new channel. By April, when the fare increase went through, new coin channels had already been installed in the mechanical turnstiles, and so far as the subway officials are concerned, all that will have to be done on the morning of July 1st is to take off each top plate and put it back on in reverse. (The pins have already been pulled out.) The old channel will be left where it is, ready for a return to the five-cent fare. The electric turnstiles will be altered by inserting metal spacers in the coin slots, to bring them down to dime size. Around three hundred Board of Transportation men will go to work on the turnstiles at 11:30 P.M. on June 30th and it is expected that they will be finished by five the next morning.

Turnstiles on buses are to be abandoned altogether, in favor of fare boxes, which will handle both the nickels and the pennies making up the seven-cent fare. Transfers between city-owned surface lines and subways are going to be a nuisance—no two ways about it. Buses and trolleys, which will have the seven-cent fare, will sell transfers to subways for five cents, and subways will sell transfers to buses and trolleys for two cents. The city has bought automatic vending machines to dispense the two-cent transfers, but they won't be here by June 30th, and until they are here subway attendants will have to peddle the transfers on station platforms.



To cope with the fare increase, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York has ordered ten million dimes and ten million pennies for delivery not later than June 24th, and has asked the Philadelphia Mint to stand by with like amounts, in case the first shipment proves inadequate. When the new fares were announced, the Board of Transportation made up its mind to dispose of forty-two and a half tons of tokens—7,703,000 of them—it inherited from the old I.R.T. system, which had hopefully bought 10,063,000, at a cost of $133,319.69, some twenty years ago, when it was petitioning for a fare increase. The petition was denied. Two lots of tokens were sold during the metals shortage in 1943, and last week the last of them were sold to a Brooklyn outfit for $14,894.28, with the understanding that they were to be promptly smelted. The tokens are near enough to nickels in size to play hob with Horn & Hardart and the Telephone Company if they were let loose. This transaction had nothing to do with the switchover to the higher fare, really; just a coincidence.

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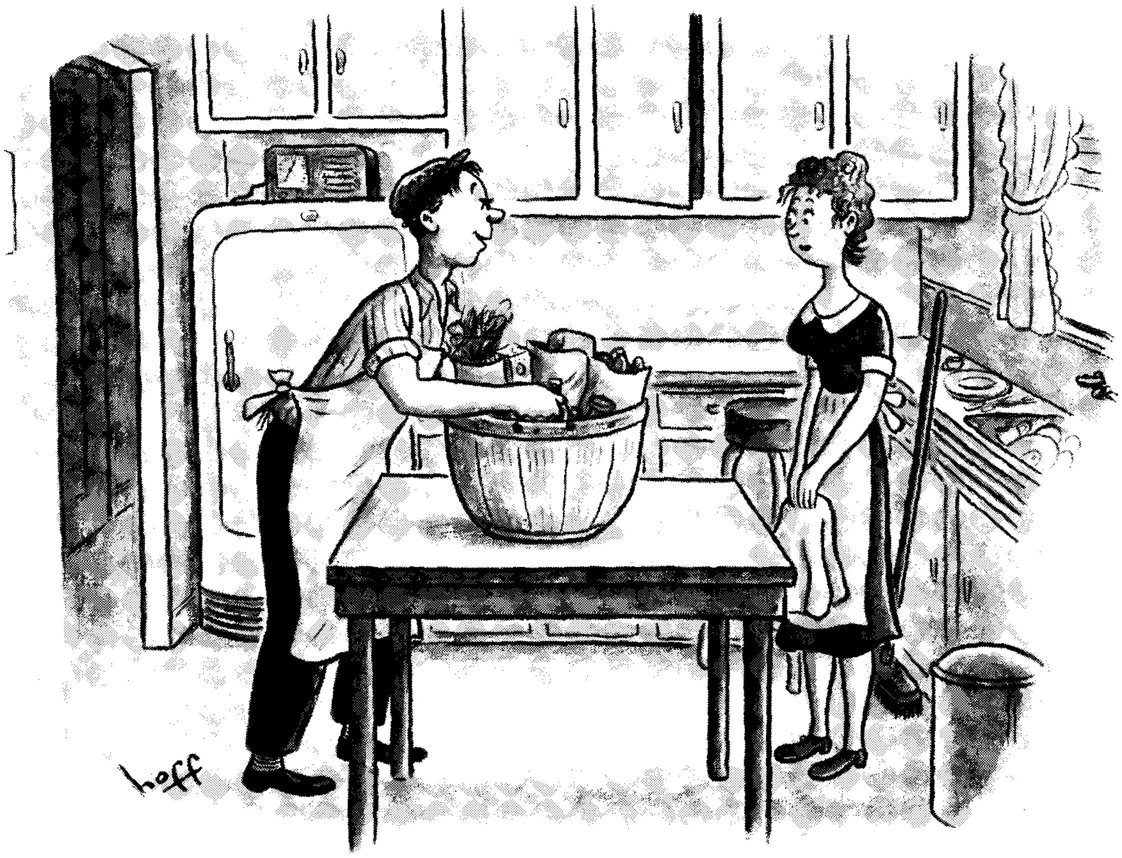
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Next to a barograph on display in the window of the Hoffritz store at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, there's a disconcerting sign: "Here indeed is the gift for a bank president, ambassador, or for a friend."

Ugh, Ugh

CHIEF CRAZY BULL, a full-blooded Sioux and a grandson of Chief Sitting Bull, has been around town for some time, and last week we followed his tracks up Madison Avenue and into a small room in the offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System, where we found him assisting in a dramatization involving his grandfather and General Custer. He proved to be a stolid, robust gentleman in his late forties wearing full C.B.S. regalia: blue suit, white shirt, brown shoes, and a wine-red bow tie with white dots. He is, we were told, one of many Bulls, past and present. His father was named Flying By, but his grandfather, as noted, was Sitting Bull, and his great-grandfather was Jumping Bull. He has many cousins named Bull, including Little Bull, Pretty Bull, Iron Bull, and White Bull, and an uncle named John Sitting Bull, Jr. At birth, Chief Crazy Bull was baptized in the Episcopal Church as William Jacobs. Many Sioux are Episcopalians, we learned. The Chief told us the story of how the original Crazy Bull, an uncle, got his name. "Back in the village, it was a terribly cold winter day," he said. "The aged and the young were starving. My uncle said, 'Who will hunt tomorrow for buffalo?' People laughed. 'There is no hope,' they said. 'Not in this snow.' But five or six brave men, led by Uncle, departed with bows and arrows, and on the second day encountered a herd of buffalo caught in a snowbank. The men killed the buffalo and brought home choice meat, but would not distribute it to able-bodied men who had not participated. That night, at the big feast, an old chief arose and pointed to my uncle and said, 'This man is responsible for giving the old and the young buffalo meat. When he started out, people said, "You're crazy, man!" Henceforth he will be called Chief Crazy Bull.' And that's how the first Chief Crazy Bull got his name." Our Chief Crazy Bull leaned forward and added, "I point out that the term 'crazy' in relation to a bull means stubborn and determined."

The Chief was born on the Crow Creek Reservation, in South Dakota. His father, who lived almost entirely on boiled meat and wild plums and died at the age of eighty-three with every tooth but one in his head, taught his son those matters an Indian is supposed to teach his son but spoke very little of Sitting Bull. Sitting Bull had had two wives and quite a few grandsons. Crazy Bull graduated in 1925 from Haskell Institute, an Indian school in Kansas, and the following year delivered a speech at the opening of the Institute's new stadium. To show their appreciation, the Sioux conferred the title of Chief upon him. The Chief maintains a home and a hundred and sixty acres back on the reservation, but he has lived there only for short intervals since leaving Haskell. He has taught athletics and Indian lore at various boys' schools, recorded Indian songs for the Smithsonian Institution, and spoken at high schools, Y.M.C.A.s, and the like. Frequently, his subject has been "The Indians of Yesterday and Today." "I emphasize yesterday and today," the Chief said, "for I find little public interest in the Indians of tomorrow."

For the C.B.S. broadcast, the Chief advised mainly on matters of Indian speech. The script had an Indian saying "You are a liar." He changed this to "You have a forked tongue." "Indians never swear," the Chief explained. Some years ago, Warner Brothers engaged Chief Crazy Bull to take a look at a picture the firm had produced, "They Died with Their Boots On," a story that may have been suggested by the painting "Custer's Last Stand." The Chief boggled at the title, right at the outset. He told the Warners that many of Custer's troops had died with their boots *off*. Indian boys, he said, had gone around the battlefield removing the boots of recumbent soldiers and tickling their feet, and then had tomahawked them if they were alive. Warner Brothers retained the title. We gathered from the Chief that the things about white men that most annoy him are their pronunciation of Minnehaha, their habit of imitating Indians by standing with arms folded high, and their use of the word "ugh." "The pronunciation is Minnechacha," the Chief said firmly, "and the arms should be relaxed and folded around the stomach." As for "ugh," the Chief was in New York when Rodgers and Hammerstein were rehearsing "Annie Get Your Gun," and they called him in for a consultation. "The fellow who was playing Sitting Bull kept saying 'Ugh, ugh,' " he told us, "and I kept saying there is no such word in any Indian language. I told them there is a Sioux word meaning 'get up and get out'—'*uyeha*.' " The Chief shook his head. "I did my best," he said, "but the fellow is still saying 'Ugh, ugh.' "



"If you happen to find a box of peanut brittle in the order, Bertha, it didn't get in there by mistake."

Eternal Story

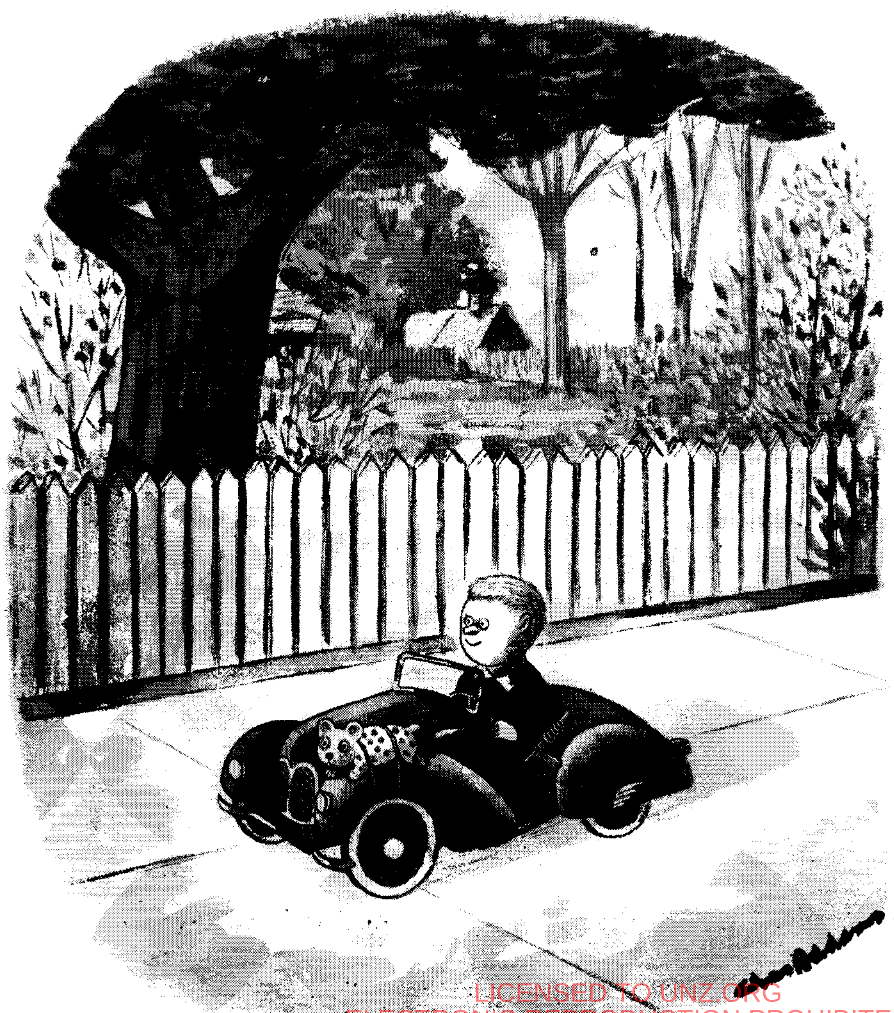
SOME White Plains lad has committed to the ages his poignant preoccupation. Coming upon a patch of newly laid sidewalk, he indelibly engraved on it the inscription "Dorothy vs. Johnny."

Star Handlers

THE Woodrow Wilson Foundation, which has just elected a new president, in the person of Mr. Thomas K. Finletter, has since 1945 owned the old Thomas Ewing house, at 45 East Sixty-fifth Street. It occupies the three lower floors and has given over the top two to the American Association for the United Nations, a national-membership group that promotes the United Nations. The Foundation is a hive of useful activity. It has seventeen paid employees—fifteen ladies and two gentlemen. The ladies are kept busy answering questions, mostly telephoned, about Wilson—"What color were his eyes?" (blue), "How did he feel about bigotry and intolerance?" (blue)—getting out the *United Nations News*, a succinct, eight-page, three-dollar-a-year monthly record of all U.N. business, which goes to five thousand people and organizations; and cataloguing and making available to the public a reference library of fifteen thousand books and pamphlets on international affairs. This collection includes the most nearly complete bound set of League of Nations documents in this country—thirty-five hundred volumes, containing some hundred thousand items, in French and English. A few documents are missing; the Foundation is getting duplicates from Geneva or, in the case of papers of which Geneva has no duplicates, is obtaining photostats. The United Nations is building up a similar file in its library at Lake Success, but it is even more incomplete, so the U.N. people consult the Foundation's League-of-Nationiana almost daily. They are particularly interested in League of Nations staff regulations as to hours, salaries, vacations, and diplomatic privileges and immunities.

The Foundation was established in the fall of 1922 by three ladies—Miss Esther Gracie Ogden, Mrs. Charles E. Simonson, and Mrs. Charles L. Tiffany. Cleveland E. Dodge, Bernard Baruch, and other rich men started a fund-raising campaign, which eventually netted eight hundred thousand dollars from two hundred thousand donors. Franklin Roosevelt, then practicing law, was the organization's first president. In the twenties, the Foundation gave a Woodrow Wilson Medal and a twenty-five-thousand-dollar prize to each of three individuals who had "rendered, within a specified period, meritorious service to democracy, public welfare, liberal thought, or peace through justice." The recipients of these were Elihu Root, Lord Robert Cecil, and Charles Lindbergh. Subsequently, the Foundation eliminated cash prizes to individuals, and now it simply hands out the Wilson Medal, a large bronze plaque that costs something less than twenty-five thousand dollars. This has been awarded to Cordell Hull, Thomas Masaryk, and Mr. Baruch, among others.

We got this information from Mrs. Julie d'Estournelles, the Foundation's pulchritudinous executive director. She was born in India, the daughter of an American missionary; graduated from Vassar in 1920; worked with the Anne Morgan Committee in France after the first World War; studied music in Paris; and acted in amateur theatricals in Florida. She told us the Foundation's library was used by five thousand people last year and its conference room by eight thousand—mostly attenders of meetings of the A.A. for the U.N., the Friends of Democracy, the United World Federalists, and other groups working in the field of international affairs. "We print, and distribute free to schools and colleges, the text of Wilson's Fourteen Points, of the Atlantic Charter, of the Dumbarton Oaks Proposals, and so on," she said. "We do no propaganda—just give you the facts, and you distort them as you like." Mrs. d'Estournelles showed us around her third-floor office, which contains a Leo Mielziner sketch of Wilson, a reproduction of a William Orpen painting of Wilson owned by Baruch, and photographs of several former Foundation presidents. Outside, in the hall, we noted an autographed photograph of Darryl Zanuck, who made the film "Wilson," and several shelves of reference books. "Our overflow," said the executive director, and she guided us down a graceful curved, red-carpeted staircase to the library proper. This is housed in several rooms, adorned with busts and portraits of Wilson. Mrs. d'Estournelles introduced us to Miss Harriet Van Wyck, the head librarian, who advised, "The A.P. uses us, the U.P. uses us, *Time* and *Newsweek* use us. People are forever asking us whether Mr. Wilson said such-and-such. There's no concordance of his sayings, so if the quotation, or purported quotation, is unfamiliar, we just have to read through his speeches, page by page. We're trying to get some publisher to put out a cyclopedia of his writings. We had a flurry of interest, but it died out. The Foundation has a star on its hands in Mr. Wilson. It's just a question of handling this star."



Discreet

AN official at Macy's has passed on to us a note he recently received in line of duty from a lady up in Brattleboro. "Dear Macy's," it reads. "If Bloomingdale's has a catalogue of unpainted furniture, will you please tell me where I can get it?"

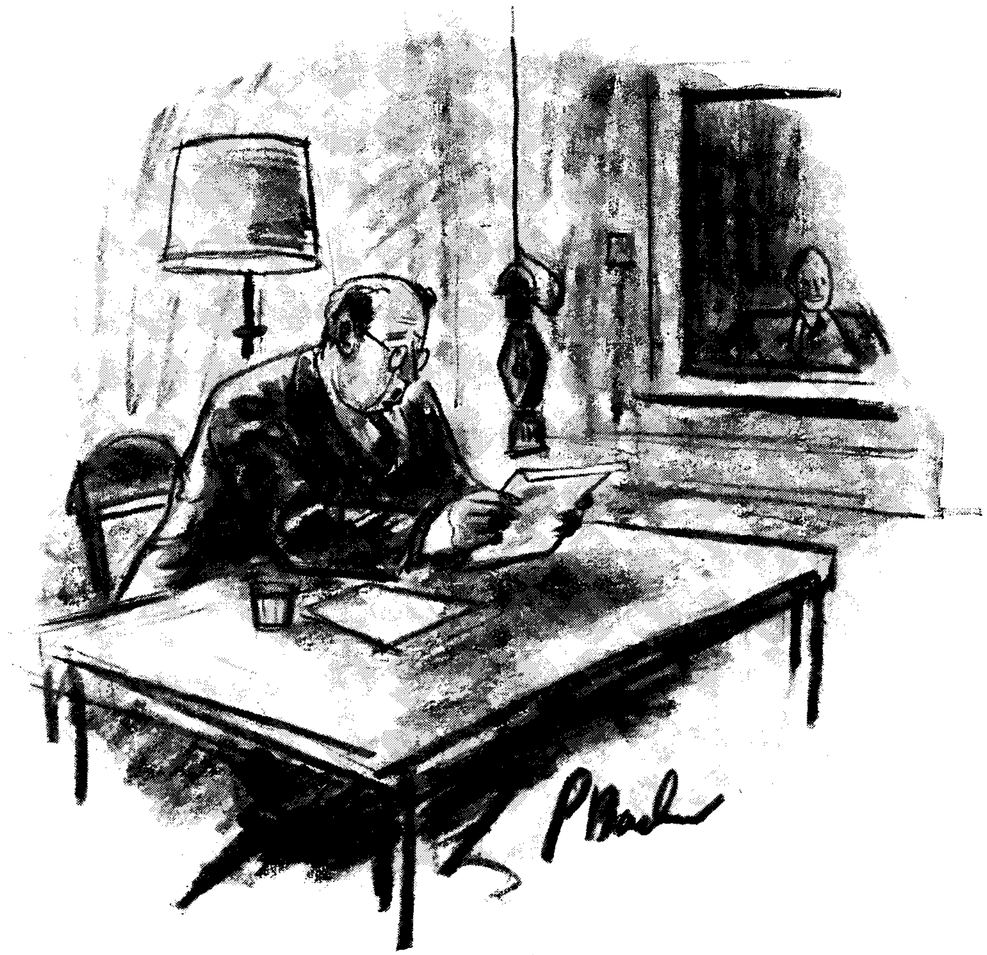
Settled Cartoonist

DAVID Low, the world's most famous political cartoonist, over here from London to cover the Philadelphia conventions for the *Evening Standard*, is a ruddy, deliberate man with a neat mustache and bushy black eyebrows. He was born in Dunedin, New Zealand, in 1891. During a talk we had with him and his wife at the Westbury the other day, he told us that people in the Dominions often have an element of disrespect for the English. "It took me ten years to understand the English," he said. "They still don't understand *you*," said Mrs. Low, a fellow New Zealander. "Oh, I think they do," said Low. "They're not a bad crowd. In fact, they're all right. They behaved rather well during the war. You know, this prejudice many Americans have against the British is maddening sometimes. First, you taxed us with being imperialists who battened on India. True, in a way, but we did a lot of good in India. Then some thoughtful chaps among us said we must get out of India, and we did. Did America give us credit for this? Not at all. They said the Empire was in a corner."

Mr. Low gazed at us mildly and offered us a cigar. We prodded him for some autobiographical details, and he said that it might sound immodest but that he had really been a prodigy. His first published cartoon appeared in the Christchurch, New Zealand, *Spectator*, a satirical weekly, when he was eleven; it attacked the local council for voting to cut down some trees beside a neighboring river. "I was a reactionary," he said. "In favor of the status quo. I got two shillings sixpence for the cartoon. Soon I was doing two of them a week for the *Spectator*, for five shillings. At fourteen, I was getting two pounds a week as its chief cartoonist. The job called for one front-page cartoon, two middle-page cartoons, and four small ones in the back. Mostly, I treated local political subjects, but occasionally I gave the Prime Minister a good going over." Mr. Low presently began to contribute a weekly cartoon to a Labour weekly in Wellington, and this got him into trouble. "I'd plump for Liberalism in Christchurch Friday and for Labour in Wellington Saturday," he said. Not being able to command his exclusive services, the *Spectator* fired him when he was sixteen, and he went over to a Christchurch weekly newspaper, the *Canterbury Times*. "I got five pounds a week," he said, "which was as much as many prominent businessmen were making." "In New Zealand," added Mrs. Low. At nineteen, Low became chief political cartoonist of the Sydney *Bulletin*, the most influential weekly in Australia. Some of his work for it was reprinted in England, and in 1919, when he was twenty-eight, he went to London to join the *Star*. Lord Beaverbrook engaged him for the *Evening Standard* in 1928, and he's been with it ever since. His work is now syndicated in twenty-five papers in the United States and Canada, and in several in South America. "Beaverbrook gave me complete freedom," he told us, "but we argued the point for three years before I took the job. He's a Restore the Empire man; I'm not. I wouldn't touch his policies with a pole; he thinks I'm a criminal Red. I'm very fond of him personally, and I think he is of me. We're both transplanted Britishers—he was born in Canada—and he's not an orthodox Conservative peer by any manner of means. He regards me as the liberalizer of the Tory Party. Actually, I'm the only true conservative in the country. All I want is a nice, peaceful world that existed in the imaginary past." "He's an early Edwardian," said Mrs. Low.

Mr. Low, who now does four cartoons a week, lives in Golders Green, on the edge of Hampstead Heath. On cartoon days, he gets up at eight, reads several newspapers, and thinks until ten. Mrs. Low, who has also been reading and thinking, then joins him, and he tries out various ideas on her and on himself. By eleven, he has generally settled on one; if not, he goes for a walk, accompanied by Mrs. Low, until he *does* settle on one. Noon invariably finds him with an idea. He makes a rough draft of it in fifteen minutes, turns the radio on, and spends the rest of the day perfecting the cartoon. "Drawing is feeling," he said, "so I can draw while listening to music or talking." "As long as you're being fed copious draughts of tea, I may say," said Mrs. Low. A messenger comes for the cartoon at seven, and Low claps on his hat and goes to a movie, *any* movie, for an hour before dinner. He often works nights on portrait caricatures; he has published several volumes of them. The Lows have two daughters, Prudence and Rachel, one an ex-Waaf and both university undergraduates. Low met hi wife in 1919, when he went to Wellington from Australia on a visit. A few months later, in London, he proposed by cable, successfully. "An artist has to have a stable background," he said. "I don't see how people can work when they're wondering whether to discard Wife Number Two for a Number Three. I want to see something of the United States. I find it extraordinarily difficult to get the right angle on a country if I haven't walked its soil. I wish more Americans could walk about Russia—I was there in 1932—and see how much parts of Moscow resemble Times Square. I wonder if people here realize that if they don't accept Joe Stalin and his government, they may have to deal with something a big sight worse." Mr. Low said that he used to take three months off every three years to see how the world was wagging, but that he hasn't been able to manage that since the

choose to live in any other time than the present," he told us.



"We wish to correct some impressions you may have received from previous broadcasts. The State of Texas is really a wonderful state. It is big and beautiful and filled with tall men and lovely women. It is a center of wealth and culture, and its inhabitants regard it as the Athens of the modern world. Now, as for the magnificent State of Alabama . . ."

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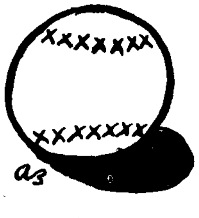
Extra

THE author of a briskly selling novel received the usual call to Hollywood not long ago, and on arriving there fell in with a lady real-estate agent, to whom he explained that he wanted a reasonably comfortable home for himself and family and might buy a place if he couldn't rent one. The next day, the agent called and told him enthusiastically that she had something hot lined up. "It's a real buy," she said. "Only twenty-nine five, and there's a guest house, a swimming pool, and a cabaña." The novelist said that he hadn't figured on all those but the price sounded promising, and what, by the way, was the house like? "Oh, there isn't any house yet," the agent said

CASANOVA, MOVE OVER

ON a balmy morning last month, had you been woolgathering outside Pennsylvania Station, picking your teeth along with a dozen other shepherds engaged in the same pursuit, you might have seen the undersigned alight from a cab and hand down two ladies very like the Langhorne sisters. So marked was the similarity, indeed, that a buzz of admiration, mingled with comments of "What price the Langhorne sisters now?," issued from the bystanders. Long accustomed to the plaudits my wife and her sister arouse, the ovation caused me no particular emotion, other than a fleeting pang that my own startling resemblance to Lord Louis Mountbatten should have passed unnoticed. As the girls strode vivaciously down the arcade, spots of color glowed in their cheeks—partly because they were anticipating the holiday in store for them and partly because they were carrying their own luggage. Every year, when the catkins appear on the willowkins in Schling's, the two shake off their family responsibilities and snatch a blissful weekend at Atlantic City. They sleep until noon, live wholly on brownies and double-cream Alexanders, shop the auction rooms for bargains in bellpulls, and strive to outdo each other with tales of their husbands' maltreatment. This brief catharsis, it is held, restores the stamina necessary to eke out their lives—the best years of which, they hasten to add oracularly, they have expended on a couple of notable tyrants and ingrates.



"Now, what'll you do evenings while I'm away?" my wife asked as I bought her a glassine bag of cashews and a comic for the train. I replied that I was intending to shellac a paddle I had carved for the children and, in any time that remained, to write a short history of Byzantine art. Her lips tightened in disapproval. "I knew it," she said. "You're going to sit in the house and mope. Why don't you make some dates with people—take a nice girl out to dinner or the theatre?" Of course, I pooh-poohed the suggestion as ludicrous and unseemly; for all her concern, I could hardly envision a sober burgess like myself in Bustanoby's or Reisenweber's quaffing champagne wine from a soubrette's slipper. My wife, though, was not so easily deflected. As we exchanged a farewell embrace on the plat-

evening of feminine society, she contended, would enliven a humdrum existence and stimulate me immeasurably. Troubled lest anxiety for my welfare cloud her vacation, I reluctantly agreed to coöperate, and the pair departed blithely for their spree among the carbohydrates.

NATURALLY, I had no intention whatever of fulfilling the pledge I had airily made, but within no more than five minutes it began to weigh heavy on me. Cursed from boyhood with an exaggerated sense of honor, I gritted my teeth and sought out a barbershop hard by, where I had myself shaved, manicured, shampooed, massaged, and conditioned in general for the fleshpots. Then I consulted my ancient address book, which I had supposed must yield a likely candidate for revelry. Its pages were far from rewarding. The sprightly nurse from Minnesota I had squired about in 1928 was at last reports an affluent *corsetière* in Framingham and the mother of five. Greta, a somnolent blonde off the prow of a Viking ship, as glacial as the diamonds I had showered her with, was chicken-farming on the Rogue River, in Oregon. There had once been a red-headed bobcat named Frankie with a lair on Varick Street, but the encroaching Sixth Avenue subway had flushed her from it, and she had left for parts unknown. The situation, in a word, augured little optimism.

It augured even less after a systematic telephone canvass, in alphabetical order, of the prospects that were left. All the *jeunes filles* in my record had either scattered to the four winds or contracted tiresome alliances with some insanely jealous boxer who chained them to the cookstove to prevent their straying. The outlook was becoming bleak indeed when I recalled Chloe, a demure Southern contralto in a musical show I once helped confect. Whether it was desperation or nostalgia for those bygone royalties, I remembered her as exuding a sultry, magnolia-scented charm. Surprisingly enough, she still dwelt at her former address, and her voice came over the wire freighted with the same languor, as though she had just eaten a double serving of spoon bread and yams. Chloe had difficulty identifying me at first, owing to a slight whistling sound produced by my upper

port and arranged to have cocktails in a chic East Side bar and go on from there to dinner.

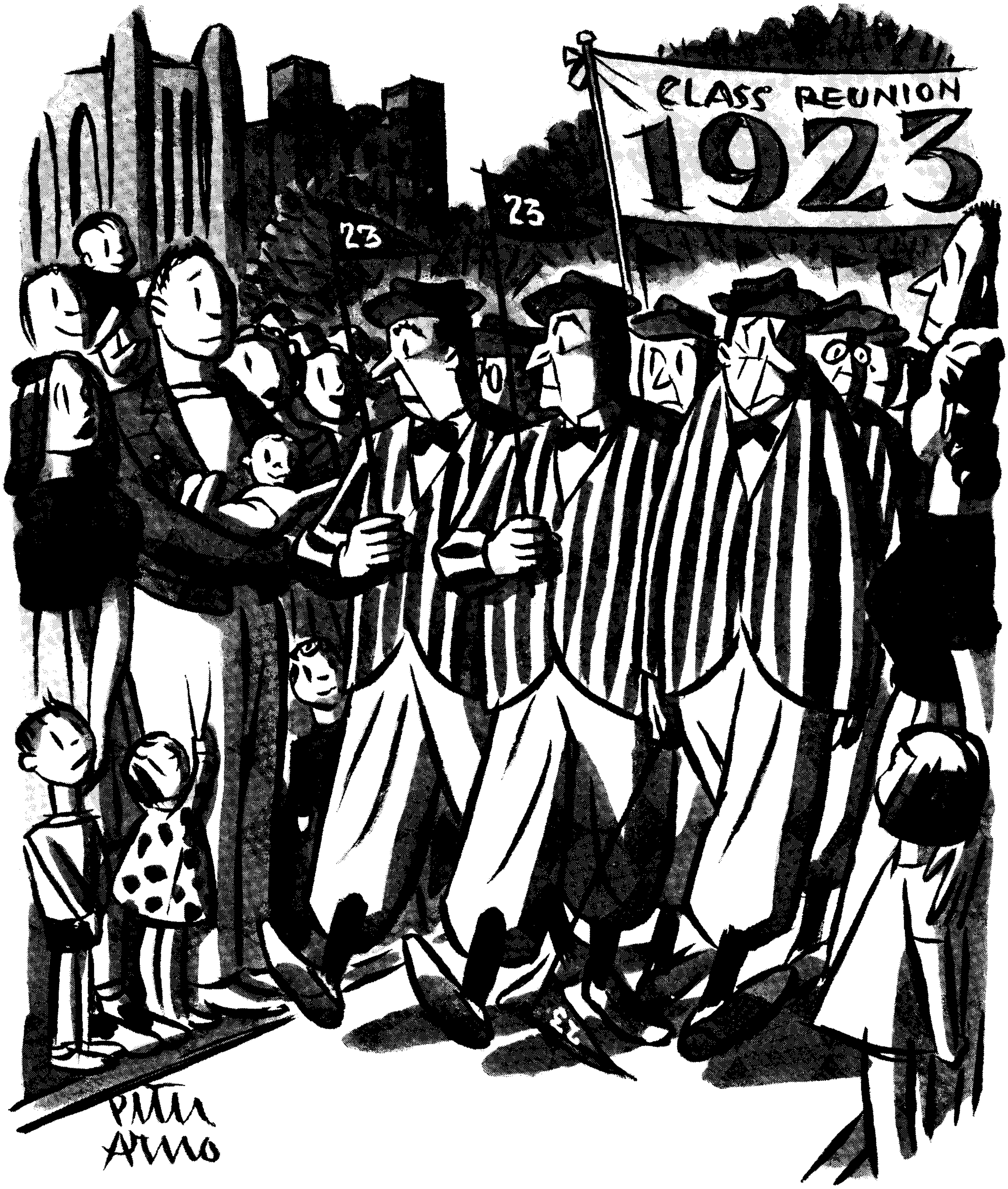
EXCEPT for two hours spent roaching my hair down to mask its sparsity and trying on a couple of hundred neckties, I made no special preparations for the event. The first impact of Chloe, awaiting me in the anteroom of the bar, was a shade unnerving. The winsome shyness of old had given way to a certain theatrical dash, a definite aura of sophistication. Her shoulder-length hair was a sleek platinum and on it rode a Restoration cavalier's hat of shimmering green velvet the size of a cart wheel. A silver-fox chubby hung open to expose quantities of costume jewelry; her bag, modelled on those carried by postmen, was unaccountably emblazoned with the seal of Rutgers University.

"Sugar!" she carolled, enveloping me in clouds of Carte Blanche, the world's least expensive perfume. "I declare, you've gone and got as plump as a lil biddy shoat!"

I explained that the gray suit I was wearing probably made me look bulkier than I am. "It's a well-known optical illusion," I said. "You know, gray always makes people look heavier. Take me, for instance. Now, actually, I'm a thin person, but every time I put on a gray suit—"

"Listen, honey," she said decisively, "don't try to talk your way out of it. You and June are bustin' out all over. Come on, buy me a drink."

Our entrance into the bar awakened no more comment than would that of a two-headed calf. Of the ten clients dotted around the dim, pine-panelled interior, eight were unknown to me. The remaining two—a gossip columnist and a distant cousin wedded to a lawyer with a flourishing divorce practice, threw me broad, significant winks every time I glanced in their direction. Whatever doubts I had as to the suitability of the rendezvous were quickly banished by Chloe. She adored the sporting prints on the walls, she trilled, and the pink coats of the waiters; they reminded her of an old-time English tavern. "I guess it's because Daddy's Scotch-Irish on his mother's side," she went on with signal irrelevancy. "I get a boot out of those old characters smoking their churchwarden pipes and banging the pewter tankards on the table." Several ponies of bourbon, tossed off neat with a dispatch the old characters would have envied, started Chloe's tongue wagging,



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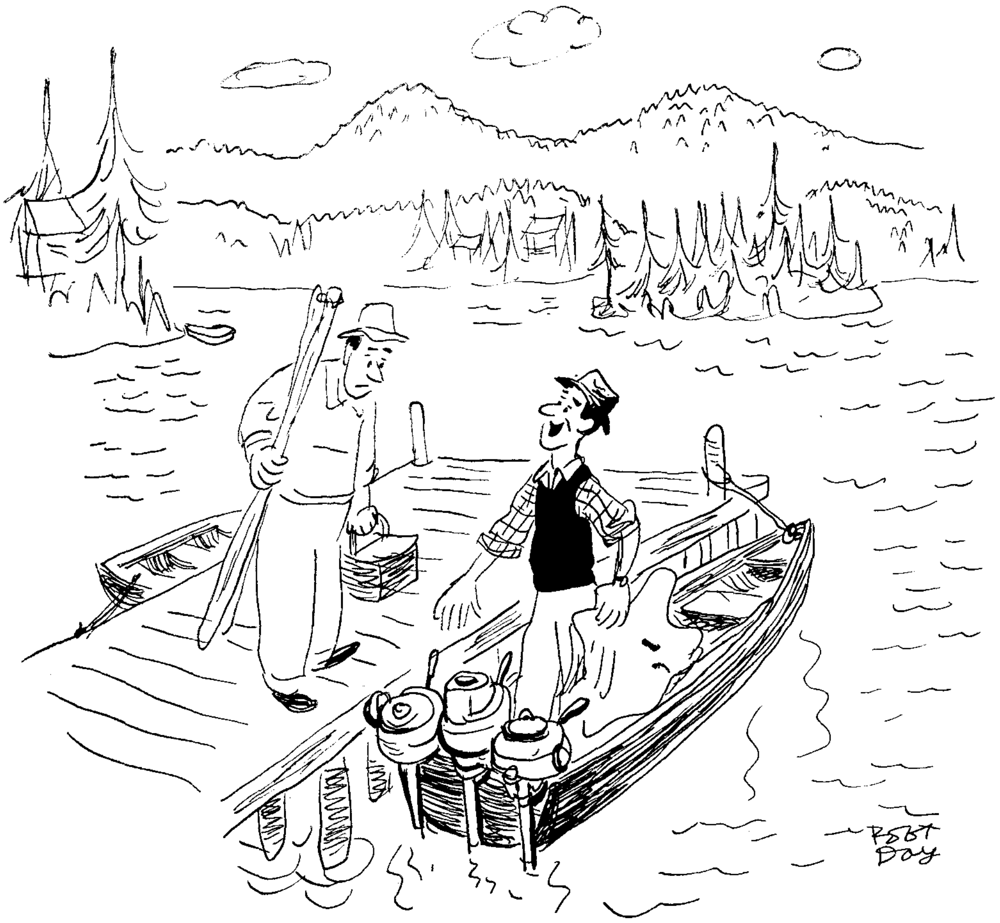
She was not gainfully employed at the moment; Ethel Merman, through nepotism and trickery, had nosed her out of the leading role in "Annie Get Your Gun." However, if her singing lessons continued at their present gratifying rate, Signor Doloroso predicted that Bidu Sayao would shortly be selling matches. To illustrate, Chloe uncorked an octave of such sheer power that the bar was much too cramped to permit adequate scope for her voice, I tactfully proposed that we adjourn to a small French place whose mussels are the best this side of St. Tropez. My vis-à-vis leaped at the idea. She adored mussels; they reminded her of France.

THE maître d'hôtel at Chez l'Argent was worldly enough to

he saw one, and, replacing the hors-d'œuvre Chloe had brushed to the floor as we entered the place, he led us to a centrally located table on a spotlighted podium. From this point of vantage, I was able to discern a number of casual acquaintances—friends of my wife more than mine—who interrupted their meal to wave cheerily and jot down memo-



"I figure I can always get one of them to start."

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who was clearly surfeited with her diet of black-eyed peas and hominy. She ate daintily but unsparingly of foie gras, turtle soup, *truite au bleu*, and pressed duck with oranges, washing them down with a decent 1923 Beaune brought in under escort by a Holmes patrol.

My conversation, while undeniably sparkling, tended to be domestic rather than romantic. The prettiest coquetries I could devise invariably turned into accounts of witticisms the children or the dog had made; at one juncture I caught myself defending with passion a brand of soap powder used in our household. The fault, to be truthful, was not exclusively mine; apart from her parochial absorption in show business, Chloe was impossible to interest. She greeted the wealth of topics I introduced—our new vacuum cleaner, the shoddy quality of slipcovers one purchases nowadays, the butcher's overweening insolence—with an unvarying yawn of fatigue. Pique finally got the better of prudence, and I filed a few strictures on the shallow, frivolous personality typical of denizens of the Gay White Way. The homily had its effect. Drowsily supporting her chin on her hand, she stared

When it came time to select a fitting liqueur, I learned that our choice of Chez l'Argent that night had been nothing short of providential. The management had just acquired a fabulously rare cognac; needless to say, it was not for sale, but M. Reynard yielded a point and allowed us, as connoisseurs, to inspect the bottle. Thawed by Chloe's soft impeachment, he yielded another point and granted us a thimbleful. From then on, Reynard fell back until he was in rout. It took an abacus, borrowed from an adjacent laundry, to compute the grand total of the check. I handed over my wallet in a peach-colored haze underscored by the throb of distant tom-toms. Fortunately, I had had the presence of mind to tuck several bills into my shoe, for all I got back was a sweepstakes ticket and the celluloid calendar of a savings bank. Gastronomical wizard that he was, M. Reynard was a greater ironist.

Speaking for myself, I would have preferred to cap our saturnalia with a glass of ice-cold milk and a fervent assurance to my songbird that I would call her up sometime, but Chloe was working on the principle that if you

steered me up the carpeted stairs of the Club Tornado, I wanly pleaded that my numerologist was expecting me at seven in the morning, that I was stricken with a return of blackwater fever contracted in the New Hebrides, that the Maffia had sworn to expunge me if I were seen in public.

"We'll just stay for the three-o'clock floor show," Chloe wheedled. "I've got to have a lemonade for this awful thirst." Room was cleared for us at ringside, a cigarette girl specially detailed to badger us with trayfuls of stale chocolates and gardenias, and a bonus promised the musicians if they whitened my hair by midnight. Notwithstanding these *douceurs*, Chloe was inclined to be sulky. "The joint is dead tonight," she said, pouting. "I don't see a soul I know."

My situation was more fortunate. Looking cursorily around, I managed to discover a good many familiar faces, all of them regarding me with strained attention. Some devilish magnetism had drawn together in our gallery three-quarters of my college class, most of the credit managers I had known in the past decade, a representative sprinkling of the arts and sciences, and the largest collection of copper's narks and tipsters ever assembled under one roof. They were particularly enthralled when my companion, her blood heated by four lemonades, twined her arms around my neck and posed for a candid-camera photographer. She subsequently became outraged at my refusal to buy the snapshots, but, as I pointed out very reasonably, I was bound to see them in the tabloids anyway.

I IMAGINE the three-o'clock floor show was well under way by the time I got home, and if the professional hockey players I abandoned Chloe to continued their gallantries, she must have had a barrel of laughs. Only a rotter would be sufficiently base to sneak off as I did, and I confess I afterward ate the bitter bread of repentance. My regimen, in fact, was fairly unusual from the second my wife returned from Atlantic City. I began by eating crow and have since subsisted almost entirely on humble pie. It's filling, but nowhere as tasty as pressed duck with oranges.

—S. J. Perelman

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Our baby weighed 7½ pounds at birth, and at six months weighs nearly 15 pounds. We feed him. (Mrs. F.B.S.)—*Corning (N.Y.) Leader*

BUTTERFLIES

ON a summer morning, in the legendary Russia of my boyhood, my first glance upon awakening was for the chink between the shutters. If it disclosed a watery pallor, one had better not open the shutters at all, and so be spared the sight of a sullen day sitting for its picture in a puddle. How resentfully one would deduce, from a line of dull light, the leaden sky, the sodden sand, the gruel-like mess of broken brown blossoms under the lilacs, and that flat, fallow leaf, the first casualty of the season, pasted upon a wet garden bench!

But if the chink was a long glint of dewy brilliancy, then I made haste to have the window yield its treasure. With one blow, the room would be cleft into light and shade. The foliage of birches moving in the sun had the translucent green tone of grapes, and in contrast to this there was the dark velvet of fir trees against a blue of extraordinary intensity, the like of which I rediscovered only many years later, in the montane zone of Colorado.

From the age of five, everything I felt in connection with a rectangle of framed sunlight was dominated by a single passion. If my first glance of the morning was for the sun, my first thought was for the butterflies it would engender. The original event had been banal enough. On some honeysuckle near the veranda, I had happened to see a Swallowtail—a splendid, pale-yellow creature with black blotches and blue crenulations, and a cinnabar eyespot above each chrome-rimmed black tail. As it probed the inclined flower from which it hung, it kept restlessly jerking its great wings, and my desire for it was overwhelming. Justin, an agile footman, caught it in my cap, after which it was transferred, cap and all, to a wardrobe, where the reek of naphthalene was expected to kill it overnight. On the following morning, however, when my governess unlocked the wardrobe to take something out, the butterfly, with a mighty rustle, flew into her face, then made for the open window, and presently was a golden fleck dipping and dodging and soaring eastward, over timber and tundra, to Vologda, Viatka, and Perm, and beyond the gaunt Ural range to Yakutsk and Verkhne Kolymsk, and from Verkhne Kolymsk, where it lost a tail, to the fair island of St. Lawrence, and across Alaska to Dawson, and southward along the Rocky Mountains—to be finally overtaken and captured, after a forty-year race, on a bright-yellow dandelion in a bright-green glade above Boulder.

Soon after the wardrobe affair, I found a spectacular moth, and my mother killed it with ether. In later years, I used many killing agents, but the least contact with the initial stuff would always cause the door of the past to fly open. Once, as a grown man, I was under ether during an operation, and with the vividness of a decalcomania picture I saw my own self in a sailor suit mounting a freshly emerged Emperor moth under the guidance of my smiling mother. It was all there, brilliantly reproduced in my dreams, while my own vitals were being exposed: the soaking, ice-cold absorbent cotton pressed to the lemurian head of the moth; the subsiding spasm of its body; the satisfying crackle produced by the pin penetrating the chitinous crust of its thorax; the careful insertion of the pin in the cork-bottomed groove of the spreading board; the symmetrical adjustment of the strong-veined, "windowed" wings under neatly affixed strips of paper.

I MUST have been eight or nine when, in a storeroom of our country house, among a medley of dusty objects, I discovered some wonderful books acquired in the days when my mother's mother had been interested in natural science and had had a university professor of zoology give private lessons to her daughter. Some of these books were mere curios, such as the four huge brown folios of Albertus Seba's work ("Locupletissimi Rerum Naturalium Thesauri Accurata Descriptio . . ."), printed in Amsterdam around 1750. On their coarse-grained pages, I found woodcuts of serpents and butterflies and embryos. The cut showing the fetus of an Ethiopian female child hanging by the neck in a glass jar used to give me a nasty shock every time I came across it, nor did I much care for the stuffed hydra on Plate CII, with its seven lion-toothed turtle heads on seven serpentine necks and its strange, bloated body, which bore buttonlike tubercles along the sides and ended in a knotted tail.

Other books I found in that attic, among herbariums full of pressed edelweiss flowers and crimson maple leaves, came closer to my subject. I took in my arms and carried downstairs glorious loads of fantastically attractive volumes: Maria Sibylla Merian's (1647-1717) lovely plates of Surinam insects, and Esper's noble "Die Schmetterlinge" (Erlangen, 1777), and Boisduval's "Icones Historiques de Lépidoptères Nouveaux ou Peu Connus" (Paris, 1832). Still more exciting were the products of the latter half of the nineteenth century: Newman's "Natural History of British Butterflies and Moths," Hofmann's "Die Gross-Schmetterlinge Europas," the Grand Duke Nikolai Mikhailovich's "Mémoires," on Asiatic Lepidoptera (with incomparably beautiful figures painted by Kavrigin, Rybakov, Lang), Scudder's stupendous work on the butterflies of New England.

By my early teens, I was already voraciously reading entomological periodicals, especially British and Russian ones. Great upheavals were taking place in the development of systematics. Since the middle of the century, Continental lepidopterology had been, on the whole, a simple and stable affair, smoothly run by the Germans. Its high priest, Dr. Staudinger, was also the head of the largest firm of insect dealers. Even now, half a century after his death, German lepidopterists have not quite managed to shake off the hypnotic spell occasioned by his authority. He was still alive when his school began to lose ground as a scientific force in the world. While he and his followers stuck to specific and generic names sanctioned by long usage and were content to classify butterflies by characteristics visible to the naked eye, English-speaking authors were introducing nomenclatural changes as a result of a strict application of the law of priority, and taxonomic changes based on the microscopic study of organs. The Germans did their best to ignore the new trends and continued to cherish the philately-like side of entomology. Their solicitude for the "average collector who cannot be made to dissect" is comparable to the way nervous publishers pamper the "average reader"—who cannot be made to think.

There was another, more general change, which coincided with my ardent adolescent interest in butterflies and ian kind of species, hermetic and homogeneous, with sundry "varieties"—alpine, polar, insular, etc.—affixed to it from the outside, as it were, like incidental appendages, was replaced by a new, multiform, and fluid kind of species, made up of geographical races or subspecies. The evolutional aspects of the case were thus brought out more clearly, by means of more flexible methods of classification, and further links between butterflies and the central problems of nature were provided by biological investigations.

The mysteries of mimicry had a special attraction for me. Its phenomena showed an artistic perfection usually associated with man-wrought things. Such was the imitation of oozing poison by bubble-like macules on a wing (complete with pseudo-refraction) or by glossy yellow knobs on a chrysalis ("Don't eat me—I have already been squashed, sampled, and rejected"). When a certain moth resembled a certain wasp in shape and color, it also walked and moved its antennae in a waspish, unmothlike manner. When a butterfly had to look like a leaf, not only were all the details of a leaf beautifully rendered but markings mimicking grub-bored holes were generously thrown in. "Natural selection," in the Darwinian sense, could not explain the miraculous coincidence of imitative aspect and imitative behavior, nor could one appeal to the theory of "the struggle for life" when a protective device was carried to a point of mimetic subtlety, exuberance, and luxury far in excess of a predator's power of appreciation. I discovered in nature the non-utilitarian delights that I sought in art. Both were a form of magic, both were a game of intricate enchantment and deception.

FEW things indeed have I known in the way of emotion or appetite, ambition or achievement, that could surpass in richness and strength the excitement of entomological exploration. From the very first, it had a great many intertwinkling facets. One of them was the acute de-

quiet, interfered with the concentrated enjoyment of my mania. Its gratification admitted of no compromise or exception. Tutors and governesses knew that the morning was mine and cautiously kept away.

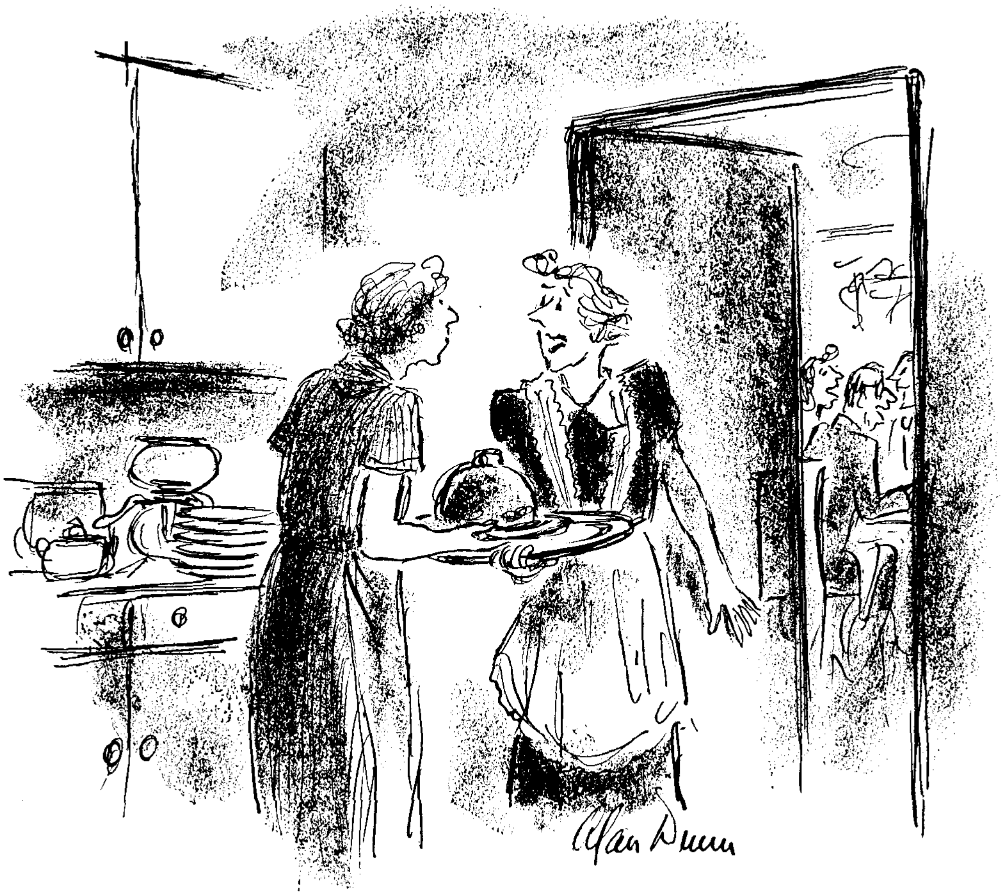
In this connection, I remember the visit of a schoolmate, a boy of whom I was very fond and with whom I had excellent fun. He arrived one summer night from a town some fifty miles away. His father had recently perished in an accident, the family was ruined, and the stouthearted lad, not being able to afford the price of a railway ticket, had bicycled all those miles to spend a few days with me. On the morning following his arrival, I did everything I could to get out of the house for my morning hike without his knowing where I had gone. Breakfastless, with hysterical haste, I gathered my net, pillboxes, and sailor cap, and escaped through the window. Once in the forest, I was safe, but still I walked on, my calves quaking, my eyes full of scalding tears, the whole of me twitching with shame and self-disgust as I visualized my poor friend, with his long, pale face and black tie, moping in the hot garden—patting the panting dogs for want of something better to do, and trying hard to justify my absence to himself.

SCOTCH
CLAUDE

Let me look at my demon objectively. With the exception of my parents, no one really understood my obsession, and it was many years before I met a fellow-sufferer. One of the first things I learned was not to depend on others for the growth of my collection. Aunts, however, kept making me ridiculous presents—such as Denton mounts of gaudy but really quite ordinary insects. Our country doctor, with whom I had left the pupae of a rare moth when I went on a journey abroad, wrote me that everything had hatched finely, but in reality a mouse had got at the precious pupae, and upon my return the deceitful old man produced some common tortoise-shell butterflies, which, I presume, he had hurriedly caught in his garden and popped into the breeding cage as plausible substitutes—so *he* thought. Better than he was an enthusiastic kitchen boy who would sometimes borrow my equipment and come back two hours later in triumph with a bagful of seething invertebrate life and several additional items. Loosening the mouth of the net that he had grotesquely tied up with a string, he would pour out his cornucopian spoil—a mass of grasshoppers, some sand, the stem and cap of a mushroom he had thriftily plucked on the way home, more grasshoppers, more sand, and one battered Cabbage butterfly.

I found out very soon that an entomologist indulging in his quiet quest was apt to provoke strange reactions in other creatures. In this respect, America has shown more interest in my doings than other countries have—perhaps because I was in my forties when I came here to live, and the older the man, the queerer he looks with a butterfly net in his hand. Stern farmers have drawn my attention to "No Fishing" signs; from cars passing me on the highway have come wild howls of derision; sleepy dogs, though unmindful of the worst bum, have perked up and come at me snarling; tiny tots have pointed me out to their puzzled mamas; broad-minded vacationists have asked me whether I was catching bugs for bait; and one morntall yuccas in bloom near Santa Fe, a big, black mare followed me for more than a mile.

WHEN, having shaken off all pursuers, I took the rough, red road that ran from our house toward field and forest, the animation and lustre of the day seemed like a tremor of sympathy around me. Black Erebia butterflies (they are called Ringlets in England), with a special gentle awkwardness peculiar to their kind, danced among the firs. From a flower head, two male Coppers rose to a tremendous height, fighting all the way up, and then, after a while, came the downward flash of one of them returning to his thistle. These were familiar insects, but at any moment something better might cause me to stop with a quick intake of breath. I remember one day when I warily brought my net closer and closer to a little Thecla that had daintily settled on a sprig. I could clearly see the white "W" on its chocolate-brown underside. Its wings were closed and the inferior ones were rubbing against each other in a curious, circular motion—possibly producing some small, blithe crepitation a human ear could not catch. I had long wanted that particular species and, when near enough, I struck. You have heard champion tennis players moan after missing an easy shot. You have seen stunned golfers smile horrible, helpless smiles. But that day nobody saw me shake out a piece of twig from an otherwise empty net and stare at a hole in the tarlatan.



"I guess they're literary people. All they talk is sex, sex, sex."

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However, if the morning hunt had been a failure, one could still look forward to mothing. Colors would die a long death on June evenings. The lilac bushes in full bloom, before which I stood, net in hand, displayed clusters of a fluffy gray in the dusk—the ghost of purple. A moist young moon hung above the mist of a neighboring meadow. In many a garden have I stood thus in later years—in Athens, Antibes, Atlanta—but never have I waited with such a keen desire as before those darkening lilacs. And suddenly it would come, the low buzz passing from flower to flower, the vibrational halo around the tapering pinkish body of a Hummingbird moth poised in the air above a corolla. Its handsome black larva, resembling a diminutive cobra when it puffed out its ocellated front segments, could be found on dank willow herb two months later. Thus, every hour and season had its delights. And, finally, on frosty autumn nights one could sugar for moths by painting tree trunks with a mixture of molasses, beer, and rum. Through the gusty blackness, one's lantern would illumine the stickily glistening furrows of the bark and two or three large moths upon it imbibing the sweets, their nervous wings half open, butterfly fashion, the lower ones exhibiting their incredible crimson silk from beneath the lichen-gray primaries. "*Catocala adultera!*" I would shriek triumphantly in the direction of the lighted windows of the house as I stumbled home to show my captures to my father.

THE "English" park that separated our house from the hayfields was an extensive and elaborate affair, with labyrinthine paths and Turgenevian benches and imported oaks among the endemic firs and birches. The struggle that had gone on since my grandfather's time to keep the park from reverting to its natural wild state always fell short of complete success. No gardener could cope with the hillocks of black earth that the pink hands of moles kept heaping up on the tidy sand of the main path. Weeds and fungi and ridgelike tree roots crossed and recrossed the sun-flecked trails. Bears had been

in the eighties—two stuffed giants, victims of that campaign, stood on their hind legs in our entrance hall—but elk still visited the grounds. On a picturesque boulder, a little mountain ash and a still smaller aspen had climbed, holding hands, like two clumsy, shy children. Other, more elusive trespassers—lost picnickers or merry villagers—would drive our hoary gamekeeper Ivan crazy by scrawling ribald words on the benches at night. The disintegrating process continues still, in a different sense, for when, nowadays, I attempt to follow in memory the winding paths from one given point to another, I notice—alas!—that there are many gaps, owing to oblivion or ignorance, akin to the terra-incognita blanks the old mapmakers used to call "sleeping beauties."

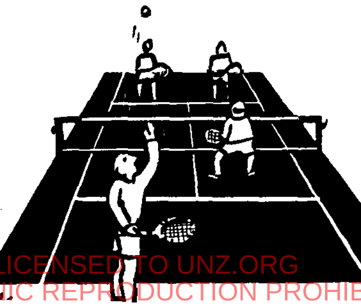
Beyond the park, there were fields, with a continuous shimmer of butterfly wings over a shimmer of flowers—daisies, bluebells, scabious, and others—which now rapidly pass by me in a kind of colored haze, like those lovely, lush meadows, never to be explored, that one sees from the diner on a transcontinental journey. At the end of this grassy wonderland, the forest rose like tree trunks (the enchanted, the silent part of a tree) for certain tiny moths, called Pugs in England—delicate little creatures that cling in the daytime to speckled surfaces, with which their flat wings and turned-up abdomens blend. There, at the bottom of that sea of sun-shot greenery, I slowly spun around the great boles. Nothing in the world would have seemed sweeter to me than to be able to add, by a stroke of luck, some remarkable new species to the long list of Pugs already named by others. And my pied imagination, ostensibly and almost grotesquely grovelling to my desire (but all the time, in ghostly conspiracies behind the scenes, coolly planning the most distant events of my destiny), kept providing me with hallucinatory samples of small print: "... the only specimen so far known ..." "... the only specimen known of *Eupithecia petropolitana* was taken by a Russian schoolboy ..." "... by a young Russian collector ..." "... by myself in the Government of St. Petersburg, Tzarskoye Selo District, in 1912 ... 1913 ... 1914 ... 1915."

Then came a year when I felt the urge to push on still farther and explore the vast marshland beyond the River Oredezh. After skirting the bank for three or four miles, I found a rickety footbridge. While crossing over, I could see the huts of a hamlet on my left, apple trees, rows of tawny pine logs lying on a green slope, and the bright patches made on the turf by the scattered clothes of peasant girls, who, stark naked, romped in the shallow water and yelled, heeding me as little as if I were the discarnate carrier of my present reminiscences. On the other side of the river, a dense crowd of small, bright-blue butterflies that had been tippling on the rich, trampled mud and cow dung through which I had to trudge rose all together into the spangled air and settled again as soon as I had passed.

After making my way through some pine groves and alder scrub, I came to the swamp. No sooner had my ear caught the hum of Diptera around me, the cry of a snipe overhead, the gulping sounds of the morass under my foot than I knew I would find here quite special arctic butterflies, the pictures of which I had worshipped for several seasons. And the next moment I was among them. Over the bilberry shrubs, with their dim, dreamy blue fruit, over the brown eye of stagnant water, over moss, over mire, over the fragrant racemes of the lone and mysterious marsh rocket, a dark little Fritillary, bearing a low, skimming flight. I pursued rose-margined Sulphurs, gray-stippled Satyrs. Unmindful of the mosquitoes that covered my forearms and neck, I stooped with a grunt of delight to snuff out the life of some silver-studded lepidopteron throbbing in the folds of my net. Through the smells of the marsh, I caught the subtle perfume of butterfly wings on my hands, a perfume that varies with the species; it may be vanilla, or lemon, or musk, or a musty, sweetish odor difficult to define. Still unsated, I pressed forward. At last, I saw I had come to the end of the swamp. The rising ground beyond was a paradise of lupines, columbines, and pentstemons. Mariposa lilies bloomed under the ponderosa pines. In the distance, fleeting cloud shadows dappled the olive green of slopes above timber line, and the gray and white of Longs Peak.

I confess I do not believe in time. I like to fold my magic carpet, after use, in such a way as to superimpose one part of the pattern upon another. Let visitors trip. And the highest enjoyment of timelessness—in a landscape selected at random—is when I stand among rare butterflies and their food plants. This is ecstasy, and behind the ecstasy is something else, which I cannot explain. It is like a momentary vacuum into which rushes all that I love, a sense of oneness with sun and stone, a thrill of gratitude to whom it may concern, perhaps to the contrapuntal genius of human fate or to the tender ghosts humoring a lucky mortal.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV



ISRAEL

When I think of the liberation of Palestine,
When my eye conceives the great black English line
Spanning the world news of two thousand years,
My heart leaps forward like a hungry dog,
My heart is thrown back on its tangled chain,
My soul is hangdog in a Western chair.

When I think of the battle for Zion I hear
The drop of chains, the starting forth of feet
And I remain chained in a Western chair.
My blood beats like a bird against a wall,
I feel the weight of prisons in my skull
Falling away; my forebears stare through stone.

When I see the name of Israel high in print
The fences crumble in my flesh; I sink
Deep in a Western chair and rest my soul.
I look the stranger clear to the blue depths
Of his unclouded eye. I say my name
Aloud for the first time unconsciously.

Speak of the tillage of a million heads
No more. Speak of the evil myth no more
Of one who harried Jesus on his way
Saying, *Go faster*. Speak no more
Of the yellow badge, *secta nefaria*.
Speak the name only of the living land.

Whether I steal to that foreign country
Or send rich dollars or study the tight pin
Of the explosive pomegranate or learn
To turn the scroll, as when a boy I sang
And was received into my tribe with joy,
Is immaterial. Speak the name of the land,
Speak the name only of the living land.

—KARL SHAPIRO

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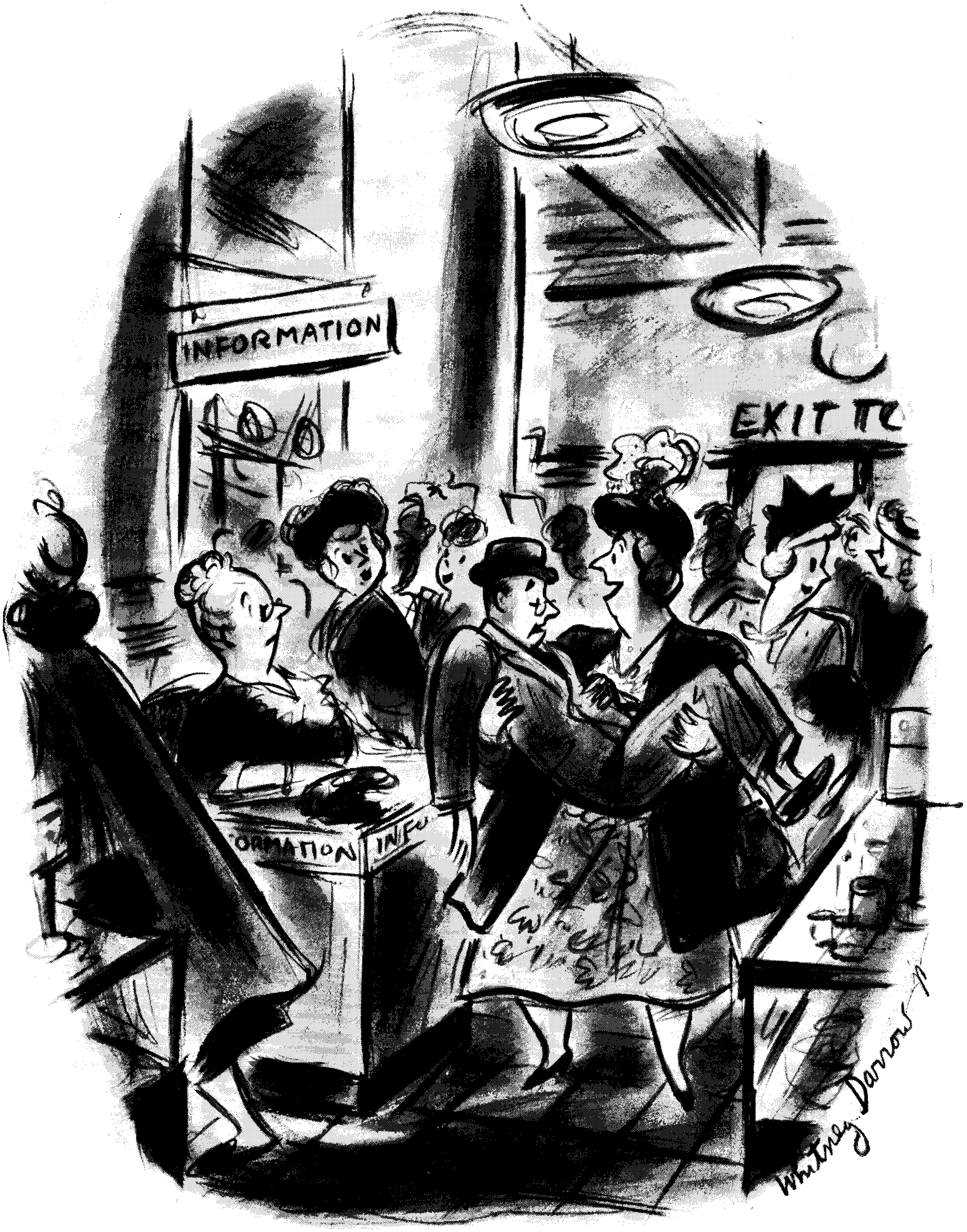
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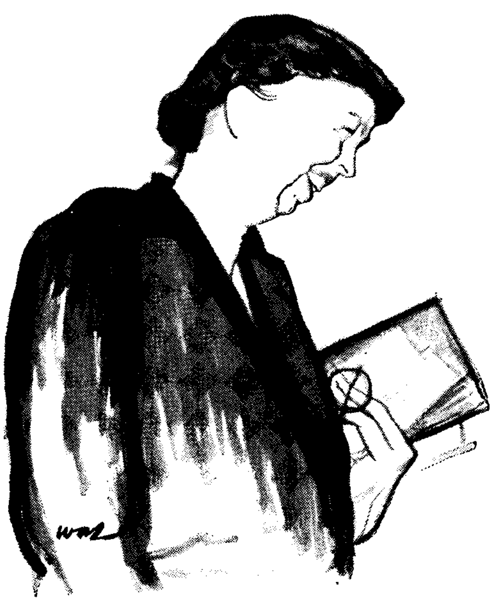
"Vitamins?"

PROFILES

THE YEARS ALONE—I



ON April 12, 1945, Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt became the most celebrated widow on earth. Since that date, she has spiritedly, and characteristically, upset the long-standing American tradition that the widows of Presidents should be rarely seen and practically never heard. Some observers of the contemporary scene credit her with having involuntarily jeopardized another tradition. "God knows I'm not the kind of guy who would want to sound the least bit disrespectful toward Bess Truman," an old-school Democratic Party leader told a friend not long ago, "but there's no getting around the fact that Eleanor Roosevelt is still the first lady of this country." This unofficial ranking has been bestowed on Mrs. Roosevelt, in public as well as in private, by many other people, quite a few of whom have argued that she can be even more aptly termed the first lady of the world. She was thus hailed, early this winter, by Bernard Baruch, a man bristling with distinctions himself, among them the fact that he is the only admirer of Mrs. Roosevelt who has been bold enough to demonstrate his affection for her by gallantly kissing her while she was standing in the receiving line at a formal diplomatic function.

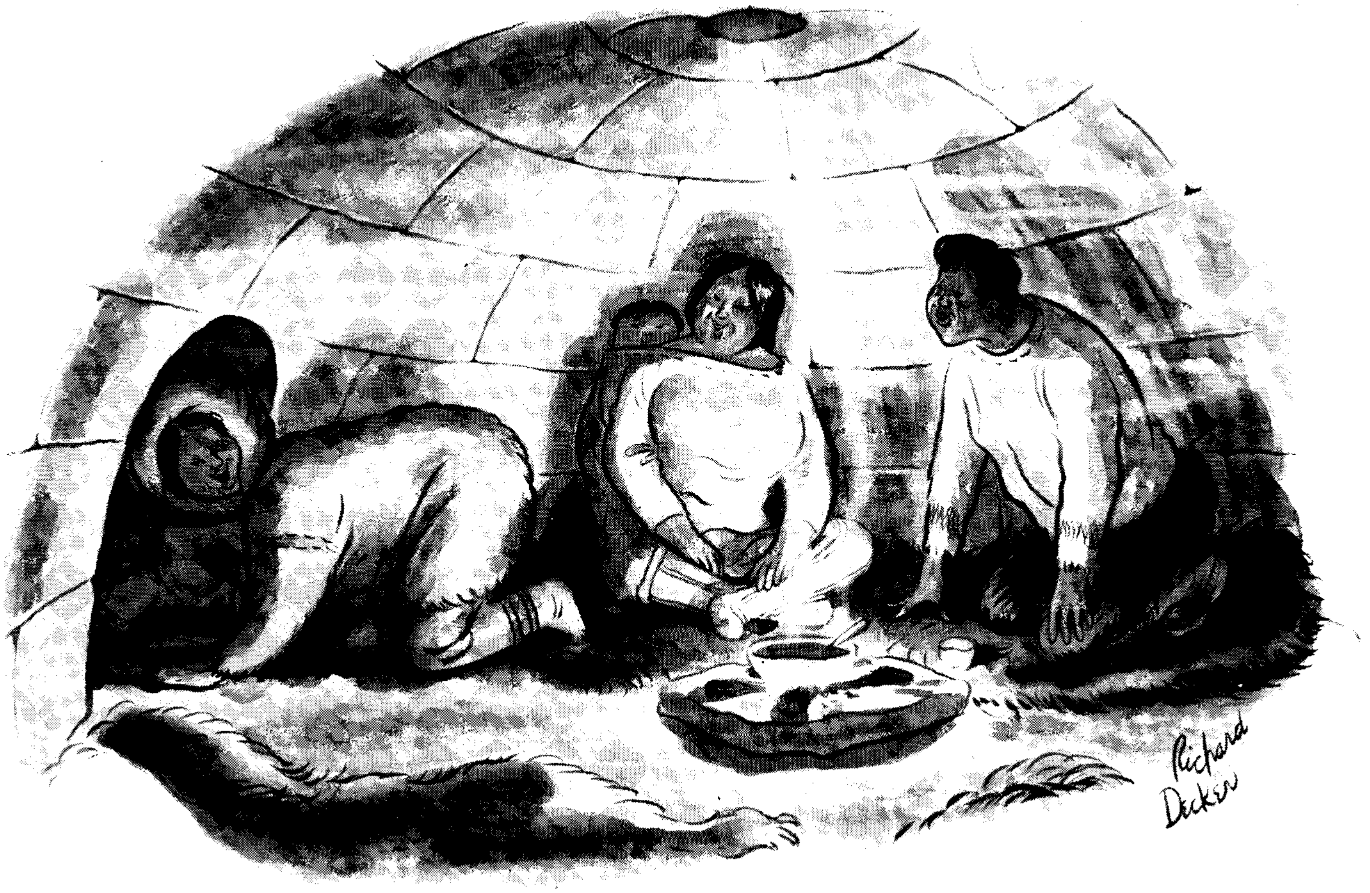
Mrs. Roosevelt is the only representative in the United Nations General Assembly in whose honor all the other representatives have spontaneously risen to their feet, this demonstration having taken place as she walked through their ranks on her way to the speakers' platform. Last December, when she went to Geneva, Switzerland, to attend a meeting of the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, of which she is chairman, she was received like a

one occasion while she was in that notably peaceful land its constabulary had to be called out to maintain order, owing to the eagerness of the Swiss—who by now might be expected to be blasé about the high-caste folk who turn up there for international debates—to get a glimpse of her. Even among Americans, except in certain die-hard quarters, Mrs. Roosevelt has attained a stature far surpassing that which she automatically had by virtue of her residence in the White House. Early in 1946, she went to London—along with the then Secretary of State James Byrnes, ex-Secretary Stettinius, Senators Vandenberg and Connally, John Foster Dulles, and many other very important people—to represent the United States at the first meeting of the General Assembly. At the end of the session, Vandenberg confessed to a friend that he had been disturbed when he heard that she was to be one of his associates but that he had certainly changed his mind about her, and Dulles told Mrs. Roosevelt that after working with her in London he considered it an honor to be one of her fans. Mrs. Roosevelt's popularity in this country is scarcely confined, however, to elder Republican statesmen. A recent poll by the *Woman's Home Companion* indicates that, at least in the minds of the readers of that magazine, she is the most popular living American of either sex, an accolade that is doubly impressive considering that for the past seven years she has been a regular contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

The esteem in which Mrs. Roosevelt is currently held undoubtedly derives in part from the circumstance that she bears her husband's still influential name, but it is merely in part. When he died, it seemed not unlikely that his widow—though she had already acquired an immense celebrity in her own right—would gradually become less of a public figure. Three years after his death, the reverse appears to be the case. "We in the family can perhaps sense better than most people how Mother's status has changed," her son Franklin said a while ago. "She always used to be good for a joke, you know. Well, you hardly ever run into that sort of thing any more. People don't kid her much now. They've begun to realize, little by little, that she's an honest, serious, straightforward person who does what she does because she's acutely conscious of the evils in the world and is anxious to help try to relieve them. When Father died, she was worried at first about having to make decisions on her own, and about assuming responsibilities, because, before, he had always been there to advise her and, if she flew off on a tangent, to check her. It's clear now that she didn't have to fret. Recent history has proved that she has the intelligence and the integrity not only to carry the ball but to carry it brilliantly."

Mrs. Roosevelt's present eminence is hardly due to any concrete achievements. In the field of national affairs, she has maintained an aggressively liberal stand that has inspired few noteworthy acts by the legislative and executive branches of the government. In the field of international affairs, she has worked ardently for the welfare of the United Nations, an organization that has not gained much ground during her association with it. The principal reason for her popularity may be that in an era conspicuous for the self-interest of both nations and individuals, she has become more and more widely recognized as a person of towering unselfishness. "As far as Europe is concerned," a man with impressive overseas connections said recently, "Mrs. Roosevelt is an outstanding figure today because she doesn't represent a faction. There are plenty of people over there who admire, for instance, Churchill, and plenty who admire Stalin, but even the staunchest supporters of both will admit that their boys have personal motives for nearly everything they say or do. Mrs. Roosevelt never cares if there's nothing in it for herself. She has absolutely no pride of station and no personal ambition. What's more, many Americans who have neither the time, the energy, the contacts, nor the ability that she has look upon her efforts to improve the lives of her fellow-men as the kind of thing they would like to do themselves if only they were capable of it and could get around to it. To them—and I suspect there are an awful lot of them—she is the personification of the American conscience."

Mrs. Roosevelt realizes that she occupies an unusual niche in domestic and world affairs, but she doesn't seem to be fully aware of the scope of her eminence. This was as true during the twelve



"Don't bother coming to the door. I can find my way out."

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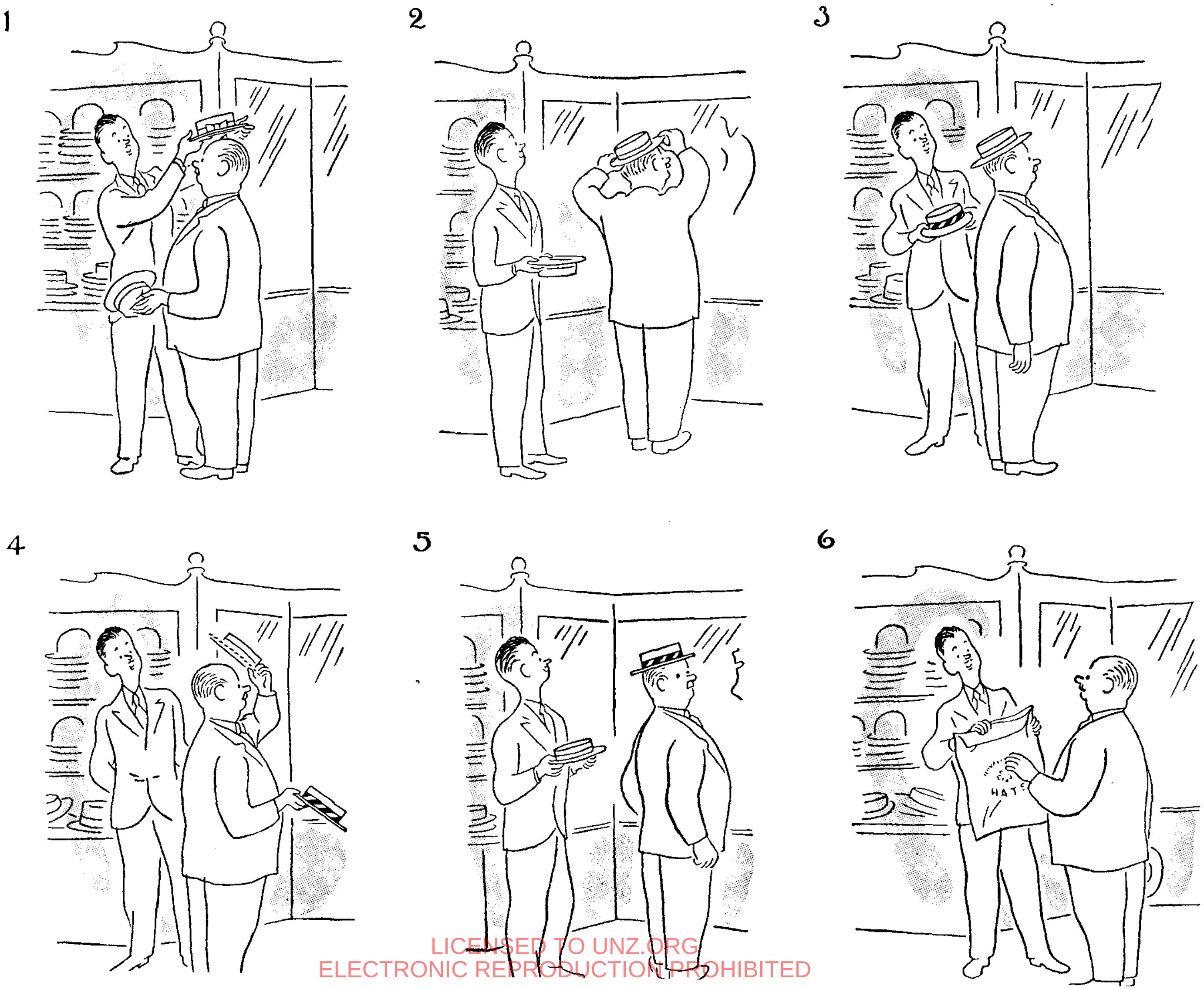
years she presided over the White House as it is today. Early in the war, for example, she thought that her husband was making a needless fuss when he put in a couple of transatlantic phone calls to Churchill and the late John Winant, then our Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and asked them not to permit her to fly home by way of Lisbon on her return from a trip to England to inspect the war activities of British women. The President believed that German agents in Portugal would probably find out about her itinerary if she showed up there, and that the Nazi high command would deem her a first-rate military objective and make vigorous efforts to have her plane shot down. Her husband persuaded her to change her plans only when he pointed out, in a phone call direct to her, that if anything untoward happened to a plane she was in, its other occupants would undoubtedly be affected, too. She consented to be sneaked to an Army air base in Scotland at night and flown home from there. She was identified in preflight communications as a general. Mrs. Roosevelt said later that the crew of the plane were terribly astonished when they realized that the general was a woman. It seemed not to have occurred to her that the crew might have been surprised at discovering who the woman was. Eighteen months ago, in "My Day," the syndicated column that Mrs. Roosevelt writes for about ninety newspapers, she furnished added evidence of her tendency to underestimate her position. She said that she must be getting old indeed, because an elderly, white-haired lady had risen and offered her a seat on a bus. It apparently had not struck Mrs. Roosevelt, whose hair is a light gray, that this courtesy might have been prompted not by her age but by her identity.

Mrs. Roosevelt will be sixty-four on October 11th. Aside from partial deafness in the right ear, she is in excellent physical condition, but of late she has had the notion that she is getting old and infirm. The life she leads provides no proof of this. She still puts in the kind of bruising day that most women twenty years younger would find excessive. A year ago, she declined to take to her bed when suffering what she judged to be a mild indisposition. It was not until after she was feeling tiptop again that a more scientific diagnosis revealed that she had had bronchial pneumonia. Around the same time, she did make a concession to the passing years by giving up ice-cold showers and by modifying a violent schedule of daily calisthenics with which she had been torturing herself. Recently, talking about a walk she had taken with somebody, she matter-of-factly said that her companion was "trotting after me." Her companion undoubtedly did just that, since Mrs. Roosevelt's normal pace is a brisk lope. At Hyde Park, where she lives most of the time in a comfortable twelve-room house that she calls a cottage (not so many years ago, it was a furniture factory, and that is what she called it), she takes two or three vigorous walks a day. She walks with her body sloping forward, like a skier's, and her legs and her stride are long. Few human beings can keep up with her, and she has little patience with laggards, so she generally elects to walk with dogs. Her favorite companions are Fala, who is now eight and graying but still spry, and Tamas McFala, a year-old, coal-black, and frisky grandson of the President's renowned pet. Once, a weekend guest, a man troubled with insomnia, who had never seen her in sustained motion and who had heard her say she was getting old, saw her starting off with the dogs for a stroll before breakfast on Sunday morning, and asked if he might go along. Mrs. Roosevelt tried to dissuade him, on the ground that he wouldn't enjoy it, but he insisted, and set out determinedly at her side. An hour or so later, as the rest of the household was coming down to breakfast, he slouched back, alone. He reported that he had done all right for the first mile but that Mrs. Roosevelt had gradually outdistanced him and that finally, when he rounded a bend in desperate pursuit, he found that she had disappeared, as he put it, "over the horizon." During the big storm of last December, two and a half feet of snow fell at Hyde Park. Mrs. Roosevelt was to make a broadcast from a Poughkeepsie radio station, some five miles from her home, the next day. None of the roads on her place had been plowed out, and a studio executive phoned her that he'd send a sleigh to her house to pick her up. She said she wouldn't hear of putting him to that trouble, and that she'd get to the station somehow. She did, by wading through the snow two miles to a cleared highway, and from there hitching a ride. After the broadcast, she was driven back to her jumping-off place and walked the two miles home. The return trip, she said, was easier, since she just followed the track she had broken on her way out.

LAST winter was Mrs. Roosevelt's first in residence at Hyde Park. (In the pre-White House days, the Roosevelts spent the winter months in their town house on East Sixty-fifth Street, which they sold six years ago.) She stays there as much as possible nowadays, but a heavy calendar of engagements in the city obliges her to make frequent use of a six-room apartment at 29 Washington Square West that she has maintained since 1942. Both her homes are littered with bric-a-brac. She collects odds and ends almost as feverishly as her husband did. She is especially partial to photographs, and the walls of both places are cluttered with them. When she gets hold of a picture of someone she is particularly fond of, she often has a duplicate made, so that she can put it on both urban and rural display. Wherever she is, she is usually in the company of Miss Malvina Thompson, the amiable, efficient, and hardboiled woman, now in her fifties, who has served as her secretary for twenty-six years. Mrs. Roosevelt once said that Miss Thompson was one of her two best friends. The other, she said, was Fala. Mrs. Roosevelt calls her older best friend Tommy (as, by now, do several hundred government officials, political bosses, foreign dignitaries, and heads of organizations whose axes Mrs. Roosevelt has ground), and she tries to get Miss Thompson to call her Eleanor, as does Westbrook Pegler. The secretary, like many other people who have been close to Mrs. Roosevelt, finds it impossible not to temper intimacy with awe, and she has al-



ways addressed her employer as Mrs. R., a deferential form that has been adopted—not only in talking about Mrs. Roosevelt but in talking to her—by many government officials, political bosses, foreign dignitaries, heads of organizations, and plain acquaintances. Almost no one calls her Eleanor. Royalty excepted, modern history affords no parallel of a woman who is referred to by her first name frequently by her detractors and sparingly by her friends.

Shortly after her husband's death, Mrs. Roosevelt announced that she intended to lead a "private and inconspicuous existence." It was her idea to devote her working hours merely to her newspaper column, her *Ladies' Home Journal* articles, and the writing of a book of memoirs that would be a sequel to an autobiographical volume, "This Is My Story," which was published in 1937. Thus far, her private existence has been so limited that she has been able to get only halfway through the book. A man who has seen some of the early chapters says that it looks like a promising entry in the sweepstakes for reminiscences that depend for their appeal mainly on the authors' relationship to President Roosevelt. "There won't be anything sensational in Mrs. R.'s book," he said. "It'll just probably be the definitive one of the lot." Her hopes of enjoying a tranquil life ended in December, 1945, when President Truman appointed her a representative in the United Nations General Assembly. He did this on the recommendation of the State Department, which was eager to have a woman on the United States team and decided, despite the demurrers of some of its more conservative officials, that Mrs. Roosevelt was the ideal choice for this distaff role. She took the job gladly, having often expressed high hopes for the United Nations and for the idea of having an American woman in its General Assembly. She got along amicably with the State Department until it did a back flip on Palestine this March. Since then, her disagreement with parts of the Middle East aspect of our foreign policy has been sharp and outspoken. A high-ranking statesman was overheard to observe after a recent conference with her, "That was the most effective 'damn' I ever heard."

Mrs. Roosevelt's language is usually impeccable, but her performance as a United Nations delegate has not been notable for the ladylike decorum that the State Department may have had in mind. She is often thought to be a dreamy, idealistic type of woman, incapable of the practical, down-to-earth wrangling expected of male statesmen. She *is* idealistic, and, as she has admitted, she is vague, but at the United Nations she has demonstrated many times that she can be exceedingly practical, and even tough, though in an outwardly dreamy and idealistic way. Every now and then, she will retort as quickly as possible to a statement by another delegate, as if motivated only by a righteous, womanly instinct to get in a word fast. Actually, her haste is apt to be prompted by her familiarity with newspaper deadlines and by her extremely practical realization that a rebuttal attains widest notice if published coincidentally with the remarks that provoked it. This knowledgeable trick is referred to admiringly in the State Department as the "smother technique." Mrs. Roosevelt has, moreover, polished to a high degree an effective method of debating that comes naturally to her but of the value of which experience has made her thoroughly aware—a shy, Socratic approach to the matter at hand. In an arena dominated by men who seem to have made up their minds, she goes out of her way not to appear opinionated, even though her own mind may be pretty well made up, too. "Now, of course, I'm a woman and I don't understand all these things," she will remark softly, almost maternally, "and I'm sure there's a great deal to be said for your arguments, but don't you think it would be a good idea if . . ." Stating her position hesitantly, interrogatively, and above all sensibly, she sometimes manages to elicit a "Yes" or a "Maybe" from someone who a moment before had seemed in immutable opposition. This might be called the mother technique. A State Department career man, after watching her artfully maneuver her way through a delicate discussion, once murmured, "Never have I seen naïveté and cunning so gracefully blended." On the whole, Mrs. Roosevelt gets along better with the men accredited to the United Nations than with the women. Occasionally, to be sure, her outlook seems conventionally feminine. "No one can ever tell me that women like to talk longer than men," she wrote in her column after one session, and "I'm frank to say it is always a surprise to me to find how passionately men can feel about rules of procedure" after another. All in all, however, she takes a dispassionate view of feminism, and at times she apparently regards herself as not typical of her sex. Reflecting in "My Day" on a conversation about current events with three of her four sons and their wives, she intimated that in such discussions women perhaps belong in the background but that the rules of the game do not apply to her. "Now here we were again," she wrote, "all of us arguing passionately on ideas, all of us trying to talk at once, even the wives becoming so interested that they could not help but join in!"

UNTIL Mrs. Roosevelt got into the United Nations, she had had very little experience in dealing with public affairs at the diplomatic or conference level. She made no bones about the fact that the tactical intricacies of international negotiation were largely unknown to her, and, shortly before the Assembly convened in London, she wrote in her column, "Some things I can take to the first meeting—a sincere desire to understand the problems of the rest of the world and our relationship to them; a real good-will for all the peoples throughout the world; a hope that I shall be able to build a sense of personal trust and friendship with my co-workers, for without that type of understanding our work would be doubly difficult." The United States delegation sailed on the Queen Elizabeth. It was a fairly historic occasion—the beginning of this country's participation in a fellowship of nations—and some of our departing standard-bearers understandably made the most of the event, turning up at the pier in glittering limousines with a retinue of well-wishers and intoning solemn prepared farewell statements while floodlights warmed them and newsreel cameras purred flatteringly. Mrs. Roosevelt arrived al

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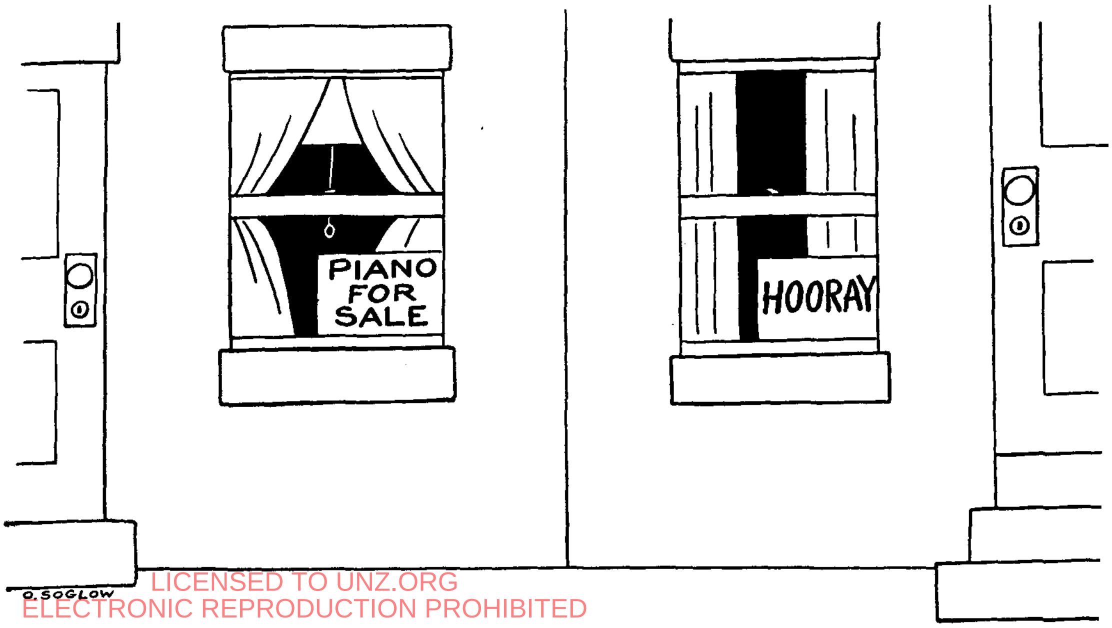
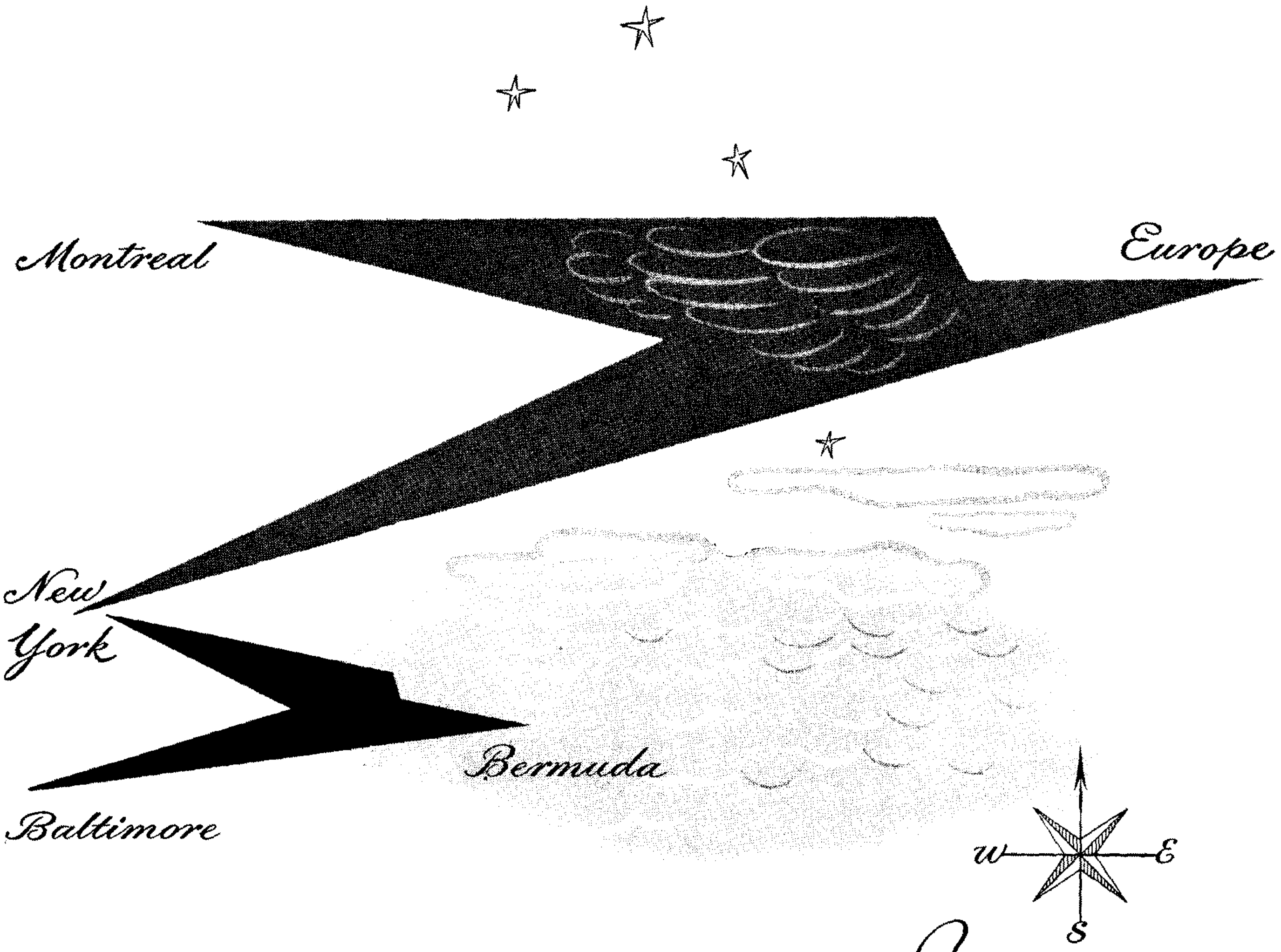
in a taxi and proceeded along the pier unobserved until a Customs man spotted her and escorted her on board. The following day, a statement *she* had prepared in advance was published in her column. "The day is here at last when I am to set sail, apparently with quite a number of others, for London Town!" she said. "I am told we will be 'briefed,' whatever this may mean, during the trip. . . . I need it in the worst possible way."

Whether an American spokesman at an official international gathering has been thoroughly briefed or not depends pretty much on his inclinations and durability. Not far from the portals of all major conference chambers there are obscure State Department career experts on one aspect of foreign policy or another to whom briefing comes as easily as breathing. They stand ready to provide our delegates with up-to-the-minute, authoritative counsel, and they, or even more shadowy aides, prepare thoughtful essays setting forth the official United States position on all foreseeable points of contention. These documents are called "position papers." As a rule, they come to the delegates bound in folders and are then called "position books." The delegates are not, of course, supposed merely to parrot the sentiments expressed in these treatises. Our representatives on United Nations committees and commissions are counted upon to use their own knowledge, intelligence, initiative, instinct, skill, and viewpoints in reconciling the United States position to that of other nations —without, however, straying in any important respect from Department policy—in order to arrive, if possible, at a multilaterally satisfactory solution of the issue under discussion. The delegates, who are expected to read the position books, along with many supplementary texts, between the conclusion of one long-drawn-out meeting and the beginning of the next, informally call this literature "homework." Its unsung authors know that much of it is not read or, at best, is hastily skimmed, so they were flabbergasted, in London, when Mrs. Roosevelt accepted her homework gratefully and did all of it, an unorthodox practice to which she has heroically adhered ever since. She showed further signs of eccentricity that her hotel accommodations seemed unnecessarily elegant, by making an effort to attend every session she was supposed to attend, and by being on time. So unflagging was her devotion to duty that when the King and Queen of England invited her to a private luncheon one day, she replied, to the astonishment of several State Department protocol men, that she would be delighted to come but that she'd have to leave early, to make a subcommittee meeting.

Our delegates to each session of the General Assembly are picked by the President, and their assignments lapse upon adjournment. Mrs. Roosevelt is the only American who has been an official representative at every regular Assembly session. Her appointment to the Human Rights Commission, in April, 1946, was a separate one, for the duration (four years) of the United States' current term of service in that group. She was immediately elected chairman by its other members. The commission has been engaged principally in framing an International Bill of Rights. Some United Nations officials do not consider this as urgent a piece of business as, say, the control of atomic energy, but Mrs. Roosevelt feels that it is time the United Nations stated clearly and ringingly what rights it thinks its member nations should guarantee the individuals residing in them. Our State Department, and Mrs. Roosevelt, originally had in mind simply a brief declaration of fundamental rights, possibly to be followed later on by one or more covenants setting forth basic civil rights, along the lines of the American Bill of Rights. The Soviet Union was agreeable, but whenever anybody brought up the subject of the exact contents, the U.S.S.R. delegate and his cohorts insisted on putting all the emphasis on economic rights—like the right to work, the right to be housed, the right to free medical care, and so on. The majority of the other nations represented on the commission were not satisfied with the idea of beginning merely with a declaration. They wanted a formal covenant to be drawn up at the same time, and they won their point at Geneva. "We often make the mistake of thinking, when we go into an international meeting," Mrs. Roosevelt said afterward, "that our views will naturally please everyone else. Besides, you really couldn't blame the small nations for feeling the way they did. Many of the things that happened to some of them during the war might not have happened if there had been existing and binding international agreement on what human rights could not be violated." The project is still in draft form—a declaration, a covenant, and a section dealing with proposals for implementing the covenant. The Commission is now revising these at Lake Success, on the basis of recommendations by the United Nations' fifty-eight member states. By the end of this month Mrs. Roosevelt hopes to have a final draft ready for the Economic and Social Council, which, if it endorses this version, will pass it along to the General Assembly for consideration at its next regular session, in September. If the Assembly approves the bill, the covenant will be submitted to the member nations for ratification, and if ratified (locally, if it were regarded as a treaty, the United States Senate would have to approve it by a two-thirds vote), it will





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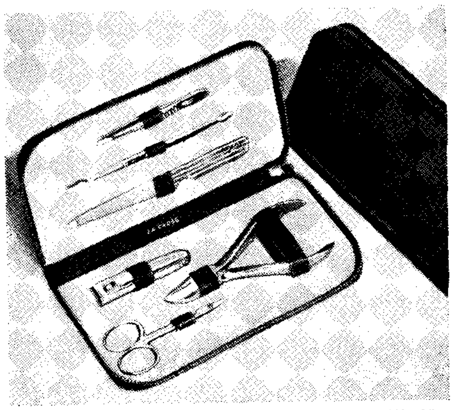

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become binding—if, that is, it can be enforced.

Mrs. Roosevelt approached her work on the Human Rights Commission with the skittish self-deprecation that has characterized her sorties into other fields. "The writing of a preliminary draft of the bill of rights," she confessed in her column, "may not seem so terrifying to my colleagues in the drafting group . . . all of whom are learned gentlemen. But to me it seems a task for which I am ill-equipped. However, I may be able to help them put into words the high thoughts which they can gather from past history and from the actuality of the contemporary situation, so that the average human being can understand and strive for the objectives set forth. I used to tell my husband that, if he could make *me* understand something, it would be clear to all the other people in the country—and perhaps that will be my real value to the drafting commission!" Mrs. Roosevelt has since admitted that she is surer of herself than that, and while it would be impossible to credit any one person with sole responsibility for a statute so often rephrased as the bill already has been, in United Nations circles it is generally conceded to be her baby.

Mrs. Roosevelt has run her commission as firmly and efficiently as she has run her private life. Two and a half years ago, she was an indifferent parliamentarian, and it still seems to bother her a bit when she has to cut off a speaker in mid-flourish, but nowadays she can chairman a meeting as expertly as if she had been born with an "Out of order" on her lips. When the Geneva meeting was convened, last December, some of the delegates muttered gloomily that, because of the inevitable tendency of such conferences to drag on, they wouldn't get home for Christmas. Mrs. Roosevelt had sixteen grandchildren (she now has one more), and she likes to spend Christmas with her family. On December 3rd, she announced from the chair that she expected the delegates to attend to all the items on their agenda in the next two weeks. The commission wound up its business at eleven-thirty on the night of December 17th. Later, Mrs. Roosevelt was asked by the envious chairman of another commission how she had managed this minor miracle. "There was nothing to it," she replied. "I simply made them work from the beginning exactly as people at conferences usually do at the very end." As the delegates were bid-

representative complained good-humoredly to her that Madam Chairman had driven everybody too hard, and that while she didn't appear terribly tired, his wife, who had served him as secretary and interpreter, was exhausted. Mrs. Roosevelt was not feeling good-humored about her colleague—who, she thought, had been needlessly severe toward the delegates of several small nations who had disagreed with him at the meeting—and in saying goodbye to the Russian she emphatically indicated her devotion to the human right of freedom of expression by murmuring that she was sorry to hear about his wife but glad that he had learned that even in the decadent democracies some people knew how to work.

As a rule, Mrs. Roosevelt sternly forbids herself the luxury of any overt show of exasperation. Her patience is formidable, but once or twice she has, if not quite lost it, at least mislaid it momentarily. Last fall, she delivered a sharp impromptu lecture to the General Assembly's Social, Humanitarian, and Cultural Committee, which had just been treated to a statement on war-mongering and slander by a Yugoslav humanitarian. "The longer I listen to this committee and I hear what happens in other committees," Mrs. Roosevelt said, "the more I think the time has come for some very straight thinking among us all. The ultimate objective that we have is to create better understanding among us, and I well acknowledge that this is going to be difficult. And I will give you the reasons why. I have never yet heard a representative of any of the U.S.S.R. group acknowledge that in any way their government can be wrong. They may say it at home—I do not know—and they may think it is wrong to do it outside. They are very young, and the young rarely do acknowledge anything which they may have done that may not be quite right. With maturity we grow much more humble, and we know that we have to acknowledge very often that things are not quite perfect. [At this point, two listening officials of the State Department, which traditionally takes an unkindly view of acknowledging American imperfections, looked at each other and gulped.] Because we acknowledge it does not mean that we love our country any less, that we do not basically believe in the rightness of the things that exist in our country. What it does mean is that we know that human nature is not perfect and that we hope that all of us can contribute to thing better." She concluded with,

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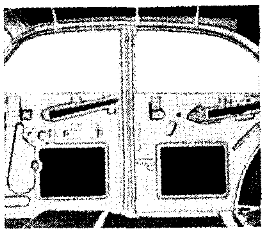

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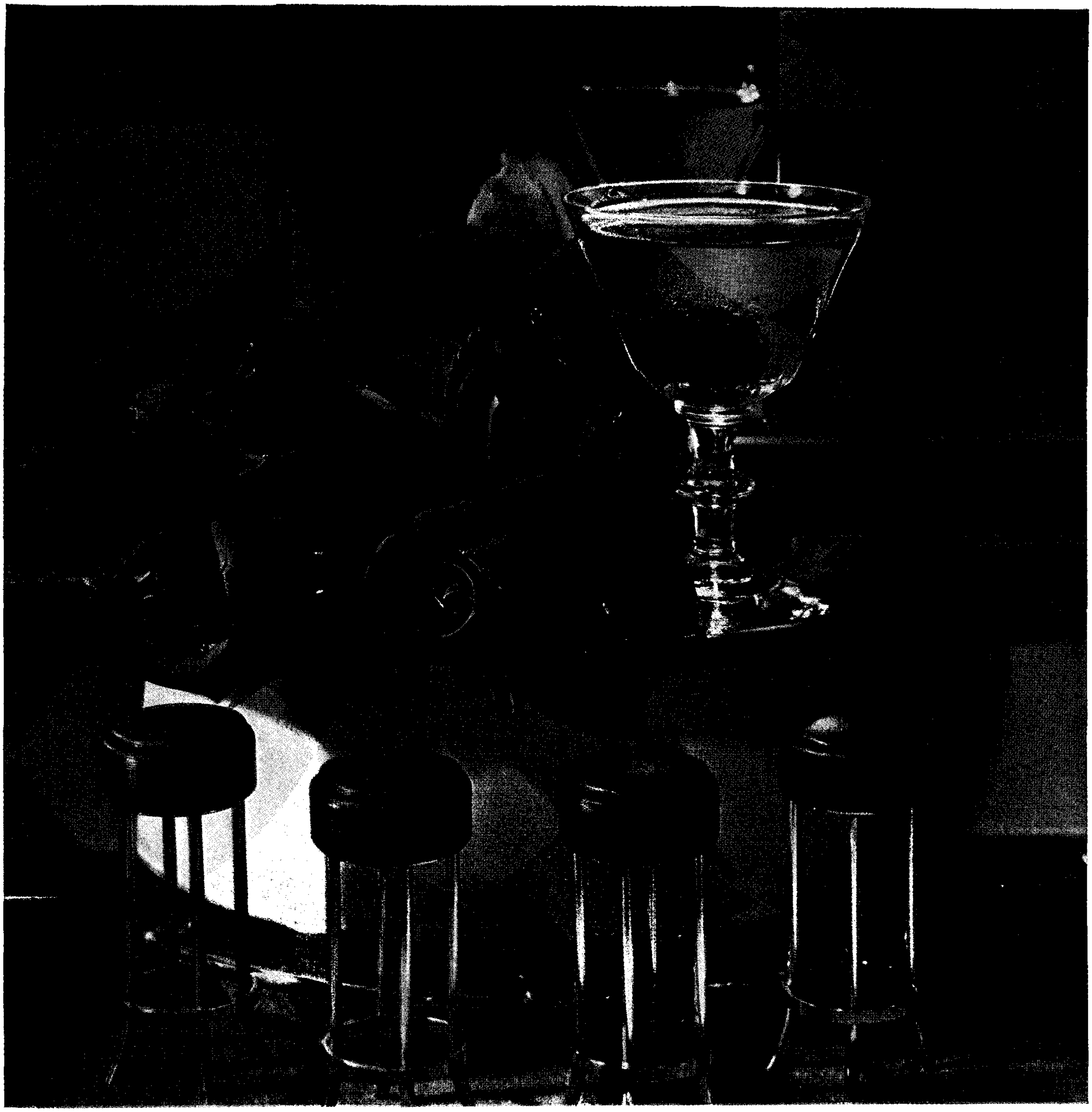

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"Now, I don't expect the millennium immediately, but I do expect and hope and pray that we are going to see a gradual increase in good will rather than a continual backwards and forwards of telling us what dogs we are and how bad we are. I see no use in that at all. I am weary of it all, and all I can say to my colleagues is that I hope we can work with good will."

MRS. ROOSEVELT is pessimistic about the prospect of effecting an immediate East-West rapprochement through United Nations councils or by any other method, but her relations with her colleagues from Eastern Europe have been, on the whole, extremely cordial. "A lot of diplomats play that part of the game correctly," one State Department man has observed, "but in Mrs. R's case it's obvious that she does so not only because it's the proper thing to do but because she has a real sincerity of feeling." Mrs. Roosevelt's relations with domestic Communists have of late been less friendly. She is a leading example of an American who has become disillusioned with our Communist Party, not because of the editorial page of the *Journal-American* but through association with its members. She does not try to hide the fact that in past years she often supported organizations in which Communists were prominent, and, before her first appointment to the United Nations, Miss Thompson cheerfully compiled, for the benefit of any federal character investigators who might drop around, a list of all the groups, among the hundreds with which her employer had been involved, that Miss Thompson thought the government might deem subversive. Mrs. Roosevelt cut herself adrift from the extreme Left three years ago. Shortly before that, she had allowed a youth organization to hold a meeting at the White House. She knew that some of the members present were Communists and she told her guests that she knew it. She added that, in order to let everyone there know who stood where, she would appreciate it if the Communists in the room would rise and identify themselves. Nobody got up. Mrs. Roosevelt regards deception as an unforgivable sin. Not long thereafter, in "My Day," she said that the members of the Communist Party of the United States "taught the philosophy of the lie" and added that "I happen to believe that anyone has a right to be a Communist, to advocate his beliefs peacefully and accept the consequences. A Communist here will be—quite rightly, it seems to me—under certain disadvantages. He will

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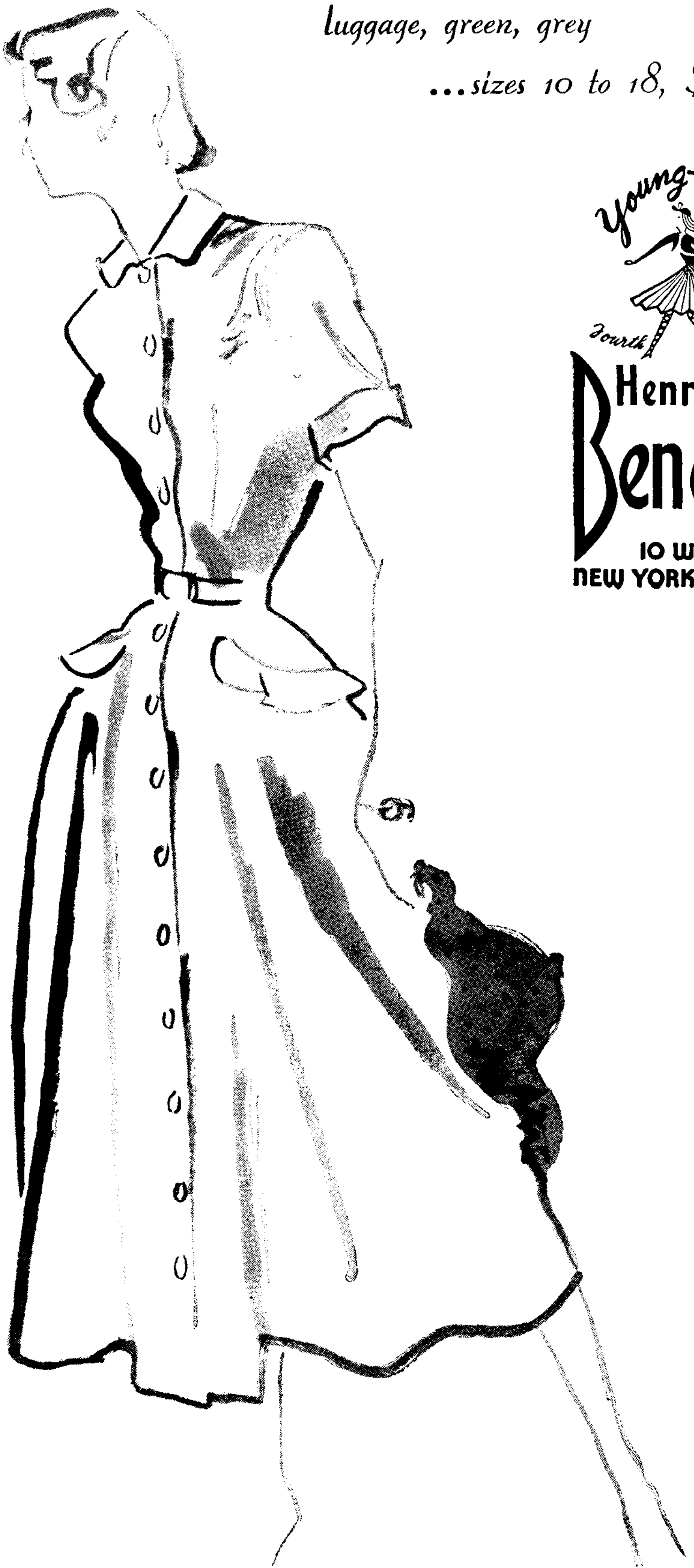

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not be put into positions of leadership. I do not believe that he should be prevented from holding his views and earning a livelihood. But because I have experienced the deception of the American Communists, I *will not* trust them." Since then, Mrs. Roosevelt has been wary about permitting her name to be used by any organization. As a result of her experiences, she is perhaps better equipped than most Americans to understand the nature of Communist negotiating tactics. After one particularly harrowing meeting of a United Nations committee, another American, who had never been mixed up with a Communist front in his life, came up to her and, mopping his brow, said, "Well, at least we had *that* argument out today." "We'll have it again tomorrow," she replied placidly, and so they did.

Mrs. Roosevelt does not think that this country's chances of ultimately attaining peaceful relations with Russia are hopeless. She has become convinced, after many months of reflection on the world situation, that the surest way of attaining them is through economics, and that the two powers might get along better if we were to offer to send an economic mission to the U.S.S.R.—chiefly, to begin with, to help it develop its vast natural resources, some of which the United States, now pressed for many raw materials, could make profitable use of. "I've learned that the Politburo admires toughness," Mrs. Roosevelt said not long ago, "and therefore I would have put on the mission, along with others, the very toughest, best group of industrialists we could get—people like Ernest Weir and Tom Girdler and Alfred Sloan—because theirs has been the kind of success that the Russians appreciate. These men could say to the Russians, 'Now, look, we didn't come over here only for your good; we came to get something mutually advantageous.' If we were to do that, and it convinced the Russians that we were willing to coöperate with them and didn't want to monopolize all the economic processes—as I think it might—then maybe we could start moving in a sensible direction." She has not sounded out the Messrs. Weir, Girdler, and Sloan, but she has presented the idea to a number of our highest government officials, who are presumably mulling it over.

Some of Mrs. Roosevelt's fellow-citizens think that the best mission this country could send to Russia would be Mrs. Roosevelt herself. She recently returned from a trip to Europe, which she made principally to attend the unveiling of the statue of her husband that the

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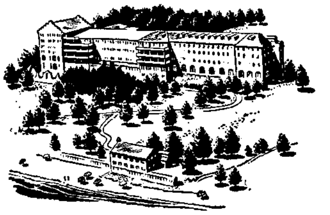

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British put up in London. Her itinerary included brief excursions to Belgium, where she spoke to an assembly of women's clubs; to Switzerland, where she called on a sick friend; and to Holland. She was invited to the Netherlands by Princess Juliana, an old acquaintance, and in her note of acceptance she said that she would be glad to run over to pay her respects to Queen Wilhelmina and the children. The Princess wrote back that she appreciated Mrs. Roosevelt's interest in the family but that the main reason for the invitation was the belief that the morale of the Dutch people would be immeasurably buoyed up if Mrs. Roosevelt were to appear in person among them. Since the end of the war, nearly all the nations of Europe, including some within the Soviet orbit, have repeatedly asked Mrs. Roosevelt, either formally or informally, to pay them visits, in many cases indicating to her that they regard her as an incomparable morale builder.

Busy as Mrs. Roosevelt was in Switzerland, she did take time out to meet with some Swiss national officials in Berne and some canton officials in Geneva and talk over a few of their problems with them. In Geneva one night, at her instigation, she had a three-hour conversation with the local men in charge of commerce, welfare, agriculture, and labor. She asked them a great many questions and took careful notes on their answers. The Swiss were delighted and flattered by her interest, and told her so. "You know," she said later to a friend, "for the first time I realized that I can really create good will abroad for the United States." Her admirers believe that even in Russia she could create good will. When her son Elliott saw Stalin in Moscow, a year and a half ago, the Premier's first words of greeting indicated that in at least one respect he is not as different from the heads of Western European governments as is commonly thought. "When is your mother coming?" he asked.

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

(This is the first of two articles on Mrs. Roosevelt)

•

Herman Ellingson left Crystal City Tuesday for Winger, Minnesota, and took a load of bees where he takes the bees for the summer. Ed Ellingson who had been in Edinburg, Texas, taking care of his bees, and E. C. Hyden went to Edinburg recently and brought the bees to Crystal City. Mr. Ellingson will also take the bees North for the summer.—*Zavala County (Texas) Sentinel.*

Sounds like an ideal arrangement, for a bee.

(*Advertisement*)

by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

TALKED WITH A STORE DETECTIVE the other day and she told me some rather amazing things about shoplifting. The practice is on the increase and now has reached an alarming stage. She made a breakdown of some of her last pinches, and her little survey is revealing. Most of us think of shoplifters as women, but 63 per cent of the thefts were committed by men. Women did 35 per cent of the jobs, juveniles accounted for the rest. Sixty-six per cent of the thefts were committed by persons between 35 and 60 years old. The average theft amounted to $8. Shoplifting in grocery stores has increased more than in department stores. Fresh meat is often among the items snitched. Many a woman passes a tray of steaks within reach of the customers and will slip a sirloin, unwrapped, into her purse or shopping bag.

★

FOR THE FIRST TIME in my life I got my John Henry in The Saturday Evening Post. Jack Alexander winds up his tale on the Twin Cities in a recent Post with a quote. It was garbled, but I'm not one to complain. He calls this reporter "beefy" and "eupeptic." The beefy part I have to accept, the eupeptic appellation I had to look up: of, pertaining to, produced by or having, good digestion. I still don't know just how to take it. Mr. Alexander, I'm grateful, nevertheless.

★

THOUGHTS WHILE SHAVING: Wonder why the nickname of "Minnie" for Minneapolis never caught on. Philly stuck for Philadelphia, Chi for Chicago, 'Frisco (although the natives hate it) for San Francisco, and L.A. for Los Angeles . . . Wish I could remember to take a bedside pad to bed with me. Thoughts while suffering insomnia might make a paragraph. Night thoughts, though, don't always seem as sharp after dawn breaks as they did the night before . . . Whoever thought up the slogan for the Country House, Medicine Lake's newest steak club, did a fine piece of word play: "What foods these morsels be." Isn't very often you get a double like that with so much meaning packed in . . . No matter the amount of rehearsing, even the smartest boys in local radio can't repeat fast three times this simple little tongue-twister: "Red leather, yellow leather." Ten times more bungling is that little one than the oldie about the woodchuck chucking wood . . . What could beat a platter of crisply fried crappies with raw fried potatoes? What a combination. . . . Every time I see a farmer, I envy him his complexion. Invariably they exude health from their faces.

★

DON'T TAKE IT as gospel, but to me it had a cute twist. A mother consulting a psychiatrist about her small son's refusal to eat, was urged to let the child eat whatever he wanted. So the mother went home and asked the child what he'd like to have. "A worm," said the lad. The mother winced, but decided to follow the instructions of the mental expert. The boy added he wanted the worm fried in butter. Mama even did that. "Now what shall I do?" she inquired of the lad. "Cut it in half," he replied, "and you eat half and I'll eat half." The mother gulped, but obeyed, then told her son to eat his half. "Naw," cried the youngster, "you ate my half."

★

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT the Republican national convention coverage The Minneapolis Star and Tribune are giving Upper Midwest readers? Our Minneapolis papers will have NINE of their own staff members on the scene at Philadelphia, in addition to getting the news services of AP, UP, INS, Chicago Daily News and the New York Times. Not that such coverage is unusual for the Star and Tribune. More than half a million Upper Midwest families have come to EXPECT that kind of all-out news performance from their favorite newspapers, **The Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 435,000) and **The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 565,000).

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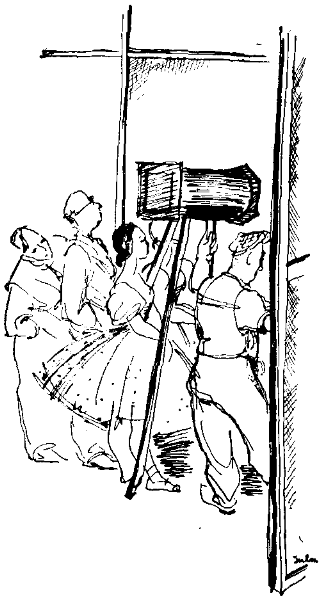
THE THEATRE

WASHINGTON IRVING SLIPPED HERE

IF I were allowed just three adjectives to describe "Sleepy Hollow," which replaced "Oklahoma!" last week at the St. James, I think I'd choose "pretty," "melodious," and "dull," with, unfortunately, most of the emphasis on the last. I laughed once in the course of the evening, when Ichabod, referring to the Headless Horseman, cried, "He's calling my name—but what *with*?," and there were a few moments of fantasy, involving Cotton Mather, a genial Indian, a remarkably uninhibited dancing girl, and a character representing the hero's conscience, that struck me as bright and attractive. Most of the goings on, however, seemed to combine the special, antique flavor of Washington Irving, a writer more generally admired than read in these bustling, illiterate days, with the somewhat desperate cuteness that Broadway has a habit of confusing with charm. The peculiar demands of musical comedy have forced Miriam Battista and Russell Maloney, who wrote the libretto, to take some liberties with the original, but on the whole they have followed it closely, both in spirit and substance. At the opening curtain, the villagers are gambolling on the banks of the Hudson, singing, dancing, and exchanging substantial Dutch jokes; Ichabod, a melancholy comic, appears and so fascinates Katrina, a local belle, that she persuades him to stay on as the schoolmaster; there is a classroom scene, bringing out the worst in seven child actors, and another in a kitchen, in which somebody swallows a harmonica, an idea that worked better a few years ago when Chaplin did it with a whistle; and after these preliminaries there is the plot, which, as I'm sure you remember, has to do with how Katrina and her jealous suitor, Brom, decide to employ the old legend of the Headless Horseman to dispose of Ichabod. It is a quaint, innocent little story, almost wholly undiluted by corrupt twentieth-century wit, and I'm afraid it gets to be rather a trial before the evening is over.



The songs and dances in "Sleepy Hollow," on the other hand, are often first-rate. George Lessner, who wrote the music, obviously has a strong affection for the period, and his tunes are simple and cheerful, as are the lyrics that Miss Battista, Mr. Maloney, and Ruth Hughes Aarons have contrived to go with them. I especially liked "I'm Lost," a sad, serious item about love; "Goodnight," a choral delivered by the whole cast; and two nice, silly pieces called "You've Got That Kind of a Face" and "Ichabod." The dances, staged by Anna Sokolow, have a good deal of humor and ingenuity, and the company, led by Dorothy Bird, executes them very effectively. The cast, though it contains no one hitherto particularly celebrated on the New York stage, is for the most part accomplished. Gil Lamb, a thin, anxious man, who may remind you a little of Ray Bolger, is clearly the right choice for Ichabod; Hayes Gordon, as Brom, has an impressive physique and a fine voice; Betty Jane Watson is a pretty, appealing Katrina; and Mary McCarty plays a rough, noisy girl very fetchingly indeed. Jo Mielziner and David Ffolkes did the scenery and costumes, respectively, and they seemed suitable, if not inspired.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

●

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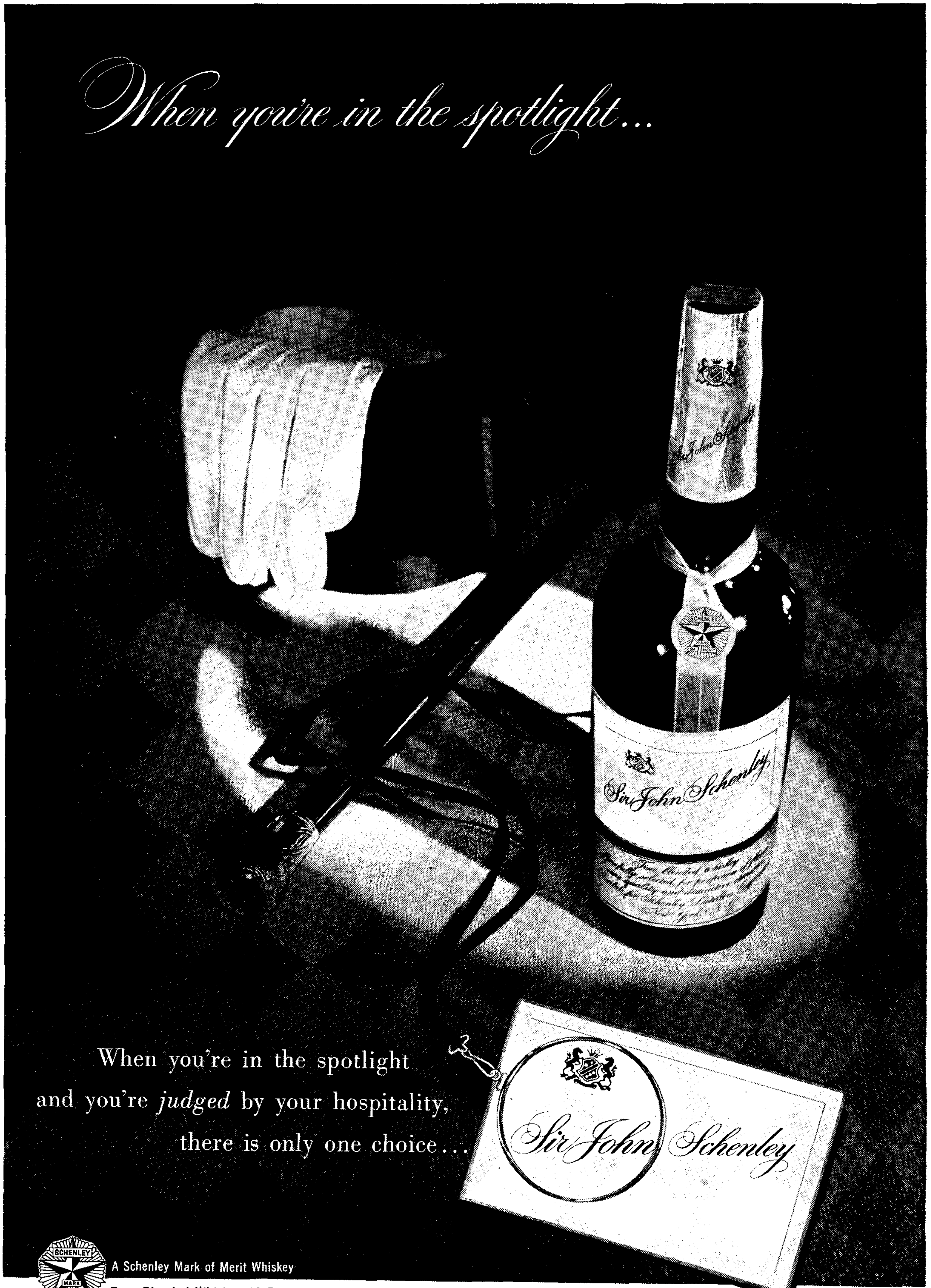
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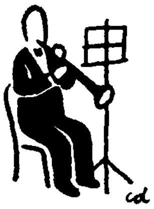
MUSICAL EVENTS

Operatic Chaperon



LEMONADE OPERA, an engaging company that started dispensing both those commodities at the Greenwich Mews Playhouse, on West Thirteenth Street, only a year ago, opened its second season last week with the first complete American production of Serge Prokofieff's "The Duenna." The libretto, which is based on Richard Brinsley Sheridan's comic opera of that name, was written in Russian by Mira Mendelson; it was translated for this performance into simple and more or less contemporary English, bearing little relation to Sheridan's, by Jean Karsavina. The music for the original "Duenna," a smash hit at Covent Garden in 1775 and 1776, was partly composed and partly assembled by the playwright's father-in-law and brother-in-law, the elder and younger Thomas Linley. That music is hardly ever heard these days, and the libretto has for many years been confined to the library. The Prokofieff-Mendelson work, which was composed in 1940, makes excellent use of Sheridan's entertaining material. An excerpt from it was presented at the New York City Center last season.

In "The Duenna," which, in eighteenth-century fashion, involves multiple romances and disguises, a moderately repulsive duenna succeeds in marrying the wealthy fellow intended for her charge. There are a couple of other matches and an utter confusion of identities, but the action works out brightly and not altogether incomprehensibly. The work, which is set in that favorite operatic locale, Seville, concludes with a dazzling Espagnole. The score is always inventive and diverting, and sometimes fetchingly lyrical. My only complaint is that the first two of its three acts are longer than they should be.

For this production, the orchestral score was resourcefully pared down and transcribed for two pianos by Sam Morgenstern, who conducted the performance superbly. The piano team—Margaret Denison and Joan Slessinger—sounded and looked fine, and the troupe sang and acted delightfully, making certain that the words were intelligible. Other valuable factors were Max Leavitt's staging, John Robert Lloyd's scenery and costumes, and Allen Waine's

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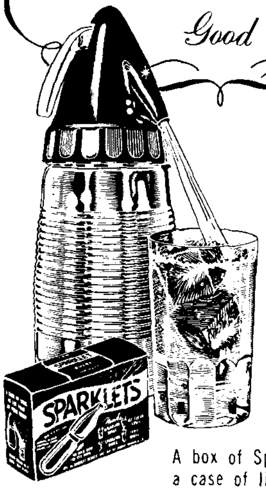

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dances. Incidentally, there were more attractive young women in "The Duenna" than there are in most operas. Even the villainess, who wore deliberately hideous makeup, was obviously pretty beneath it.

THE American Theatre Wing last week presented Donald Johnston, the winner of its first competition for professional singers who have not had a public recital in New York, in a concert at Times Hall. Mr. Johnston, a former Field Artillery officer, whose prize was this local hearing, demonstrated a great deal of sound, poised musicianship and a baritone voice that has personality, range, and quality. He seemed over-restrained occasionally in some of his German and French songs, but that, apparently, was the result of natural beginner's cautiousness. When he cut loose, his interpretations were often stirring, and he distinguished himself doubly by offering a charming composition of his own.

A FINE, tuneful succession of songs by Irving Berlin concluded the Carnegie Pop season last week, with a group of accomplished performers participating, under the direction of Jack Shaindlin. One of the singers was Jean Lawrence, a Carnegie Hall usherette, who made her début and displayed a good soprano. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

HELP WANTED!—Diane Rudolph of Kew Gardens has a poser for you. She writes: "I have four old tennis racquets from which the strings have been removed and only the frames remain. I am sure they could be put to some use, either decorative or otherwise, but what? I would appreciate any helpful suggestions." . . . There you are, readers; how imaginative can you get? Please write "What's the Idea?", N. Y. World-Telegram, 125 Barclay St., New York 15, N. Y.—*The World-Telegram.*

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

SOAPLAND

III—SCULPTORS IN IVORY

SINCE 1942, when that Paul Bunyan of prose, Charles Robert Douglas Hardy Andrews, quit writing "Just Plain Bill," after batting out twenty-six hundred scripts in ten years, or enough words to fill sixty long novels, seven women and two men have taken turns at "dialoguing" this oldest of the thirty-six daytime serials now on the New York air. "Bill," as it is known to its friends—radio wags and cynics call it "Just Plain Bull"—celebrated its fifteenth anniversary last September, and it is still rolling steadily along, with no end in sight. The durability of this grandfather of soap opera warrants our listening for a while to the ticking of its ancient mechanism.

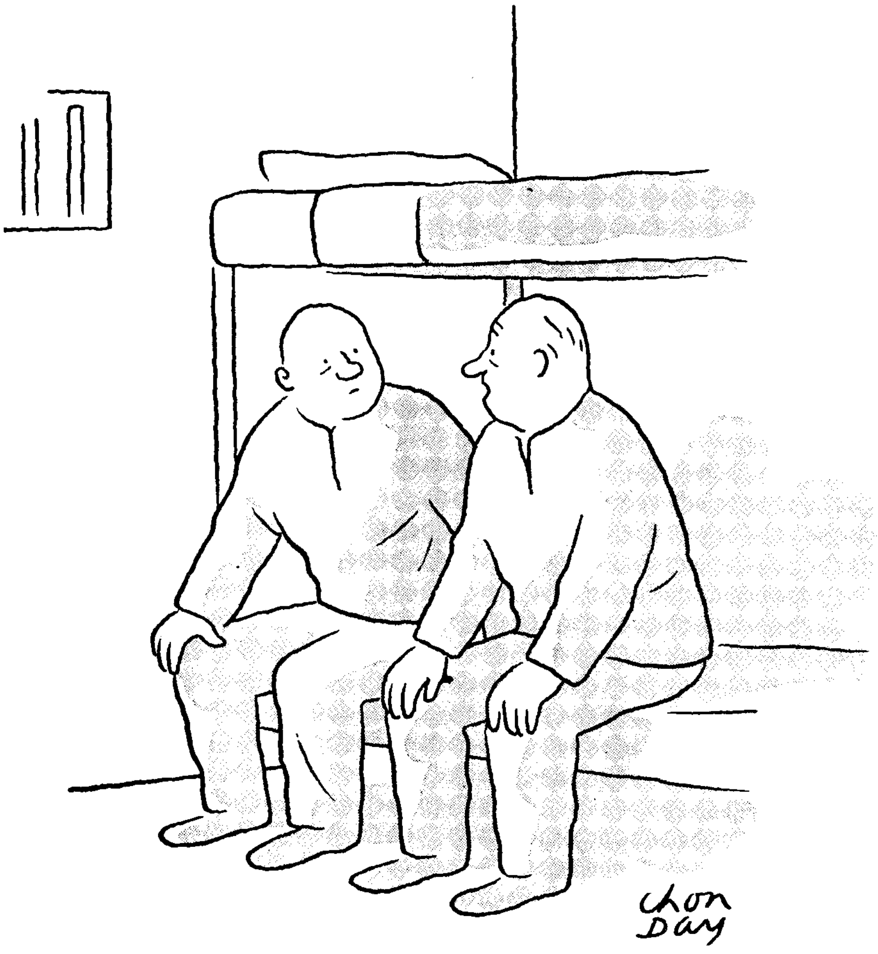
A phrase of James Russell Lowell's could be twisted to apply to the writing that goes into "Bill" and most other serials: "the frank prose of undissembling noon." We will come later on to a handful of writers who have tried to throw an evening light over Soapland, but the sun of Soapland is usually directly overhead, casting a steady and monotonous glare, unrelieved by the subtlety of shadows. Examples of the text of "Bill" would be, as the critics say, unrewarding. Its nature can be indicated well enough by a description of its three principal characters, who have been in perpetual motion since 1932, and by a summary of one plot sequence they were involved in.

"Just Plain Bill" is a typical soap opera except for one major point—its protagonist is a man. Bill is a barber in a town called Hartville. The serial has, however, a permanent heroine in Nancy, his daughter, whose happy but frantic marriage is Bill's chief interest in life and the target of nearly all the serial's menaces. Most of the time, Bill is merely sword and shield in defense of his daughter's happiness, and the constancy of his concern and the nature of his solicitude are more like a mother's than a father's. Nancy's husband, Kerry Donovan, serves to thicken the plots with his obstinacy, jealousy, and suspicion, but at the end of every episode he invariably perceives, with Bill's guidance, the virtue and loyalty of his wife and the purity of her usually cloudy motives.

I happened to tune in on "Bill" one afternoon, quite a long while ago, just in time to catch the last episode, or chapter, of a story sequence involving a villainous old lady named Henrietta Blackstone, who had apparently been leading a wicked and spidery existence in a gloomy mansion just outside the town of Hartville. I gathered from the final broadcast of this particular plot that for two months or more Henrietta had been the central figure in a dark pattern of double-dealing and gunfire during which one or two people had been killed and a detective had been severely wounded. The evil Mrs. Blackstone had obviously tormented Bill not only beyond that patient man's endurance but also beyond the endurance of the writer of the serial, for her end was sudden, unexpected, and contrived. Henrietta sat holding a revolver. "I should have pulled the trigger and let Bill Davidson have it," she muttered aloud. "Like this!" Bang! So much for Henrietta Blackstone. She had let herself have it, through the heart.

The new story line that began the day after Mrs. Blackstone's demise lasted three months, and I listened to all but two or three of the broadcasts. This sequence got under way with the arrival in Hartville of one Graham Steele, a wealthy Chicago man who wanted to find out how his brother-in-law, the wounded detective, was getting along. Mr. Steele is accompanied by his eighteen-year-old daughter, Nora. (It will be easier if we shift into the historical present at this point.) The injured detective recovers, vanishes from the scene, and is never heard of again. As soon as he arrives in town, Graham Steele reports to Bill at his barbershop. Everybody who comes to Hartville reports straight to the barbershop, since Bill is the town's leading citizen.

Graham Steele is enchanted by Bill's goodness, Nancy's sweetness, gentleness, and beauty, and Hartville and Blackstone Manor. He rents the Manor and moves in, to the dismay of his daughter, who hates Bill, Nancy, Hartville, and the Manor. This is because



"After all, the horse was owned by the president of the bank, and I didn't see how he could object to my betting some of his money on him."

Nora wants to be in Chicago with a young actor, named Ralph Wilde, of whom her father disapproves. She suspects that her father, a widower, has a pale, Soapland fancy for Nancy, and she knows it when he hires Nancy, at fifty dollars a week, to tutor her in sweetness, gentleness, and light. Nancy takes the job to get money to buy Kerry a birthday present.

Good, clean, devoted Nancy tries to keep the deal a secret, but Kerry finds out about the salary checks. For the ninety-third time in the fifteen years of "Just Plain Bill," he moons around in a brooding mood of jealousy. Nora, wanting to make trouble, figures that he is ripe for the lure of a pretty, extramarital face, and she brings a friend in from Chicago, Margot Marner. Margot is the beautiful and worldly, hence baddish, secretary of a famous Chicago judge named Henshaw, whom Donovan, who is a lawyer, vastly admires. Steele takes over the abandoned Apple Orchard Theatre for the stage-struck Nora to prance around in. He fails to stipulate that Ralph shall not be a member of the summer-stock company, and Margot brings Ralph with her. A child when it comes to illicit admiration, Nancy is innocently unaware of Graham Steele's interest in her charms—and small wonder, since his ardor has all the drive of an impassioned Kewpie. It took me seven weeks to realize he was in love, and I am usually quick about those things. I thought that one of the major afflictions of Soapland had seized him. I figured he was going blind or was about to lose the use of both legs.

Margot's plans to alienate Kerry's affections are aborted by her growing recognition of Nancy's fineness, and she begins to desert the cause of the conniving Nora, not, however, before Margot and Kerry enter the empty Orchard Theatre to escape a storm. (Thunderstorms rage through Soapland all summer long.) They are in the theatre only a few minutes, but it took several days to act out this incident. It was well written and acted, and the sound of spectral hands applauding in the dark auditorium was effective. Kerry and Margot fall through a rotten board on the stage to this applause. Margot gets back home somehow, but Kerry wanders around in a stupor for several days—about two weeks, our time. Who should pick him up on the highway and put him to bed in a trailer but Judge Henshaw, trailing in from Chicago on vacation! Judge Henshaw, you see, is to be the hookup for the next plot sequence,

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now that this one is soon to come to a close.

A messenger Kerry sends to phone Nancy gets Nora by mistake, and that young lady, posing as Nancy, says she never wants to see Kerry again. Her deception is finally revealed and Kerry and Nancy get together. Nora, who has wavered between childish nastiness and adult villainy throughout, puzzling, with her uneven character, the actress who played her, the director, and me, abruptly becomes all hugs and kisses, a penitent child enchanted and saved, like Margot, by the goodness of Nancy and the kindliness of Bill. Graham Steele, just as abruptly, forgives the weak Ralph Wilde and blesses his coming union with Nora, although Ralph has threatened the life of his father-in-law-to-be with a straight razor, Wednesday through Friday, the week before. Graham (the barber has called him by his first name from the start, observing one of radio's strongest conventions) prettily announces, before all, his misguided but pure love for the astonished Nancy (Bill has been on to it all the time), and the Steeles and Wilde and Margot go back to Chicago. The aggression of Nora and Ralph has been changed to goodness by a process of eroticization created and copyrighted by the producers of soap opera. If they had been truly bad, they would have been eliminated by a fortuitous automobile accident or window fall, but since they were just weak, they were eroticized. Presto! Chango! Magico!

IN the history of soap opera, only a few writers have seriously tried to improve the quality of daytime serials. One of these was Charles Jackson. In 1942 he was asked to write a serial called "Sweet River," and he took it on to tide him over the twelve months that he planned to spend writing a novel about an alcoholic. To begin with, he got fifty dollars a script, but before long he was paid two hundred, or a thousand a week. Jackson developed a certain guilt sense about the novel because it wasn't winning bread for the family, and for a long time he kept this reckless indulgence in purely speculative prose a secret from his wife. He would stuff the early chapters of the now famous book in a desk drawer whenever his wife came into his study, and go back to tapping out the dialogue of his serial, like a good husband. "Sweet River" was about a minister whose wife had died, leaving him with the task of bringing up their two young sons. The plot was concerned with the minister, his sons, his neighbors, and his mild and prolonged love affair with a schoolteacher whose cheek he never patted and whose hand he never held, for ministers and schoolteachers in Soapland are permitted only the faintest intimations of affection. Once he got going, Jackson wrote the serial carefully and seriously, and he is still proud of the way he handled the problems faced by his four principals. This serial, like "Portia Faces Life" and a dozen others, was thought up by an advertising agency, and Jackson was handed a description of the central characters and a general outline of what the agency wanted. He worked in New York, but every six weeks he went to Chicago to confer with the agency in charge of the show. When someone at the agency learned that Jackson was writing a novel, he thought he detected signs that the serial was suffering from the author's divided interest. He suggested that the novel be put aside. Jackson, of course, ignored the man and went on with his double literary life. He finished "The Lost Weekend" within a year, as planned, and went to Hollywood, where he continued to write the serial for a year and a half. After he gave it up, two or three other writers took flings at it, but its audience steadily declined and it was shortly taken off the air.

The experiences of two women writers named Addy Richton and Lynn Stone form an interesting chapter in the history of those authors who have tried to raise the standards of soap opera. In 1936 they became tied up with the fortunes of one Edward Wolf, of Wolf Associates, Inc., a New York "package" firm; that is, an organization that thinks up ideas for serials, hires writers, actors, directors, and the other figures essential to their production, and turns over the "package" to an advertising agency, which then leases it to a sponsor. The interest of a sponsor's representative, incidentally, may be variously engaged—by the submission of a few scripts, together with an extended plot outline, by recordings of actors playing a few scenes, and, on rare occasions, by "live auditions," in which the actors play out scenes for the sponsor's man. One sponsor's man was won over when the agency salesman simply showed him enormous cardboard panels on which were pasted, in sequence, three months' clippings of "Joe Jinks," a comic strip. "A serial goes like that," the agency man explained. Wolf had an idea for a serial to be called "Hilltop House"—the story of the woman superintendent of an orphanage. Miss Richton and

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Miss Stone wrote a lot of scripts under the name of Adelaide Marstone, a nom de plume that was Wolf's idea. For a year, no agency could capture the fancy of any sponsor with "Hilltop House." During this time, Wolf paid the two writers twenty-five dollars a week and then fifty dollars. He intended to star Selena Royle in the serial, but it was finally taken by Palmolive, who wanted it as a vehicle for a high-paid radio actress named Bess Johnson. On another Palmolive program, she had made that firm's Lady Esther famous.

"Hilltop House" ran for four years and was steadily rated among the first ten soap operas in popularity. There were sixty-five of them throughout the country during that period. The authors tried to keep the story true to life and to let Miss Johnson, as the superintendent of the orphanage, solve the problems of the children without the facile help of old D. E. Machina. Wolf told the ladies to "keep it down in the cellar," which means, I suppose, not to lift it over the heads of the housewives, but the authors say that the cellar was clean and that they discovered artistic integrity and a certain altruism in Wolf. He let them deal frankly with the real problems to be found in orphanages and delve into child psychology. He staunchly defended them at agency conferences. ("The girls know what they are doing, the girls are right.") Serial writers are lucky if they have a champion to stand up for them in such conferences. Budget-watching, profit-conscious, high-pressure agency men are often inclined to oppose the serial writer who has something different to offer or something serious to say. Their motto is, quite simply, "A soap opera sells merchandise. If it doesn't sell merchandise, something is wrong with the story."

Wolf fancied himself a connoisseur of dramatic effects and plot gimmicks, and that did not make things too easy for the girls. He liked episodes to open with a rock crashing through a window. There is a message tied to the rock, of course. Bang! You got something. He insisted on one long sequence that involved the kidnapping by gypsies of a foundling who turned out to be an heiress. The girls were also plagued by Wolf's flair for promotion projects. On "David Harum," a horse was being given away each week to the winner of a contest. An agency man, struck by an inspiration from heaven, suggested that "Hilltop House" give away a baby each week as a prize—a swell tieup with the kidnapping of the infant heiress, see? Wolf was entranced, but shocked offi-

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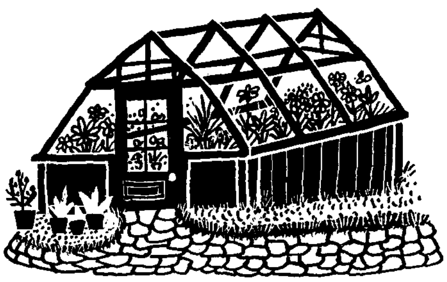
cials in charge of adoptions in New York and other states put their collective foot down with a resounding thump.

In 1941, Palmolive shifted agencies, and the new advertising firm insisted on a lower talent budget. Wolf refused to take a cut and removed "Hilltop House" from the air. The agency replaced it with a serial called "The Story of Bess Johnson," which didn't last long. Miss Richton and Miss Stone then wrote a program of their own, "This Life Is Mine," a superior serial, from all accounts, that ran for more than two years as a sustaining program over C.B.S., under the sympathetic supervision of Robert J. Landry, then that network's chief of program writing. A former *Variety* editor, a long-time severe but honest critic of radio, the author of a first-rate survey of the industry, from Marconi to Gabriel Heatter, Landry is a network executive who bothers to understand the problems of writers, to encourage their experiments, and to defend their interests. He allowed the girls to develop the story in their own way, using more actors than usual and, when they wanted to, an orchestra instead of the eternally boring Hammond organ, or "God box," which fills the daytime air with its depressing strains. "This Life" attracted attention, but it never got a sponsor, probably because it was set up on a talent budget of around thirty-five hundred dollars a week, or about a thousand dollars more than the average at that time. "Hilltop House" came back to the air just a few weeks ago. The Misses Richton and Stone are again writing the serial, which now stars Grace Mathews in the leading role.

Perhaps the most interesting figures in the field of radio serial writing are two sisters and a brother—Sandra, Gerda, and Peter Michael, natives of Denmark. They came to America with their parents shortly after the first World War, spent their childhood on a farm in Montana, and then moved East. Their headquarters today is near Greenwich, where Sandra lives with her husband, John Gibbs, who is a radio agent, and, at the last count, eight cats. Peter and Sandra, with the occasional assistance of Gerda, have had two superior serials on the air, "Against the Storm" and "Lone Journey." The Michaels' "Lone Journey" was abandoned by its sponsor last fall, and "Against the Storm" has been gone for many a year. Peter and Sandra, in trying to bring their special kind of literary quality to the daytime air, have fought an unequal struggle against the powers that insist on conformity to the pattern. They yielded to this pressure last summer and dragged the familiar murder trial into "Lone Journey," which up to that point had told the simple story of life on a Western ranch. They wrote it well, but the clammy hand of convention was on them and on their serial and they were glad to give up a program they no longer considered their own.

Sandra began writing "Against the Storm" in 1939. Its prose, often sensitive, occasionally poetic, was a startling change from the general run of factory-made wordage. So was its aware, realistic, and outspoken story. It was concerned with a college professor alive to the dangers of Fascism and plagued by the complacency and opposition of his colleagues. It also dealt with the situation of a family in Europe, where many of its scenes were laid. Mr. Gibbs took the first batch of scripts to William Ramsey, chief of the far-flung radio activities of Procter & Gamble, who own four soap operas, lease seven others, and sponsor, all told, nineteen daytime and nighttime programs.

A brief sketch of Ramsey may explain why Gibbs gave him first chance at this new departure in radio serials. As a child, Ramsey displayed a precocious aptitude for the piano, and he was marked for a concert career. Since it is not easy to step straight from Yale onto the concert stage, he got a job with Francis H. Leggett & Co., and later went to work for P. & G. He married and had three children, and the great musical career was out. Procter & Gamble approached radio gingerly in the early years. The firm contented itself with a couple of cooking programs, one of them Ida Bailey Allen's. Since P. & G. regarded these as art, and Ramsey was known to be up on music and interested in the drama, he was put in charge of radio for P. & G., and he has been in charge for twenty years. He and six assistants read all P. & G. scripts before they are broadcast. Their soap-opera scripts alone run to nearly three thousand a year, or about six million words. Ramsey is a quiet man, frequently overcome by fits of shyness, but he is nonetheless a redoubtable trouble



shooter. He comes to New York once a month from Cincinnati to call on his writers and on the account men in the six advertising agencies that divide up the handling of P. & G. programs. He is a tactful liaison officer between the agencies and the writers, and he listens to complaints, makes suggestions, and irons out problems or lets them ride until tempers cool and reason prevails. Experienced P. & G. writers get as much as a thousand dollars a week, as against the two hundred and fifty paid the average serial "dialoguer."

Ramsey had shown a certain daring in getting P. & G. to sponsor the Jewish "The Goldbergs;" the Irish "The O'Neills;" "The Guiding Light," which treads the touchy precincts of religion; "Right to Happiness," a favorite target of soap-opera critics; and "Vic and Sade," which brought comedy to the humorless daytime air. Ramsey had taken up three of these serials when they were dropped by their original sponsors. He decided to put on "Against the Storm," but he was uncertain about Sandra Michael's ability to keep a serial going. It chanced that Mrs. Jane Crusinberry, the author of "Mary Marlin," wanted to take a vacation. Ramsey persuaded her to let Sandra Michael write the program during her absence. Miss Michael handled "The Story of Mary Marlin" adroitly and was then commissioned to write "Against the Storm." Its success was immediate and, for a soap opera, phenomenal. It became the only daytime serial ever to win one of the George Foster Peabody awards for radio excellence, given annually by the University of Georgia. "Against the Storm" was dropped in December, 1942, after a three-year run. The reason for its closing is still a controversial issue. The Michaels insist that pressure was brought to bear by the agency to make it more like a typical daytime show, and that Sandra asked that her contract be terminated. The agency contends that the plot ran its course in the first two years and that the serial then deteriorated into a series of charming vignettes peopled by interesting and worthy personalities, with just no story line left. At any rate, the large number of listeners this program had originally attracted began to decrease steadily, according to the figures of the Crossley system of audience research subscribed to at that time by the sponsor of the show.

THE Crossley company gave up the program-rating business last year, but there are still two systems of audi-

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because it contains **REVENESCENCE** to compensate for the drying effects of the sun. Helps keep your skin dewy-fresh and smooth—yet giving you a wonderful golden glowing tan. Non-oily, non-greasy.

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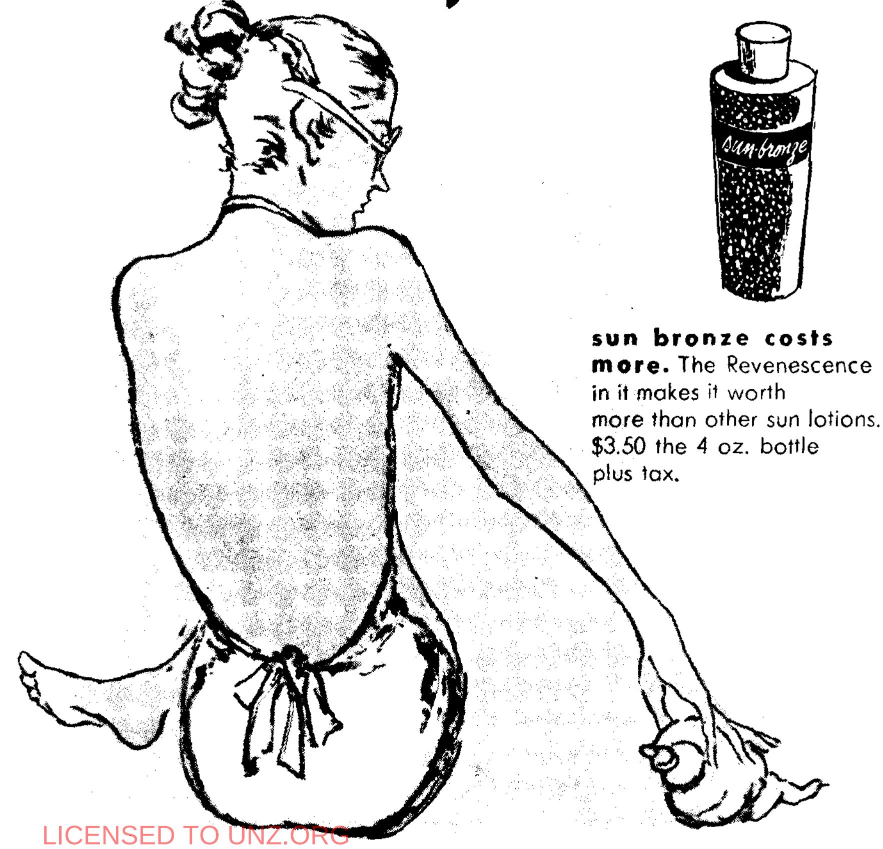

sun bronze costs more. The Revenescence in it makes it worth more than other sun lotions. $3.50 the 4 oz. bottle plus tax.

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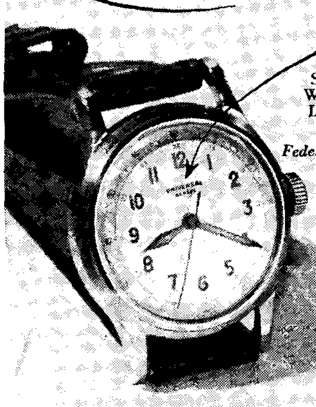

ence measurement by means of which the popularity of radio programs is indicated. The highly publicized Hooperatings are better known to the layman than the ratings of the A. C. Nielsen Company, and we will glance at the Hooper method first. C. E. Hooper, the head of the organization that does the measuring, has more than fifteen hundred checkers, all of them women, in thirty-six large cities. These checkers measure the audience of a given serial by phoning as many persons as they can reach while it is being broadcast. A checker makes contact with, on the average, sixteen persons during a fifteen-minute program. If a serial has an outlet in each of the thirty-six cities, the checkers working on that serial make contact with about 3,675 homes. During the past five years, the checkers have discovered that radios are actually turned on during the daytime in only about one out of every six houses they call. Now, if fifteen per cent of all the people called are listening to their radios, and thirty-seven per cent of these are listening to the serial in question, this particular rating would turn out to be 5.5. Surveys have shown that there are sixty-six million radio sets in thirty-seven million American homes, and Hooper cross-sections have been criticized as incomplete, since they take in only the listeners in large cities. Hooper has just perfected a new system of audience research to supplement his original ratings. The new method covers all population areas and is not confined to homes with telephones. Now that the listeners in rural regions and small towns have been checked along with the residents of the thirty-six large cities, the rating of "Just Plain Bill" has gone up. The report of the so-called "U.S. Hooperatings" for January and February puts "Bill" in tenth place, or much higher than he is usually rated in the cities. The A. C. Nielsen Company's ratings are also based on cross-sections of listeners in cities, towns, and rural areas, and this organization has developed the so-called audimeter, a device that can be attached to a radio set in such a way that it automatically registers hours of listening and keeps track of the various programs that are tuned in. There are now fourteen hundred audimeters in use. The Nielsen method has increased in popularity among sponsors and agencies during the past year.

Hooper checkers have found that the average rating of all daytime serials is about 5.5. This "average" rating indicates that a serial has a healthy temperature; the danger point seems to be about

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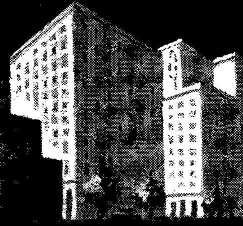

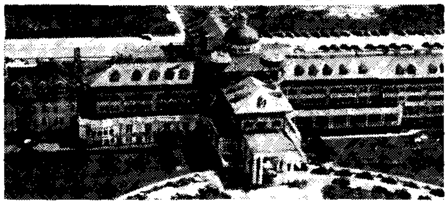

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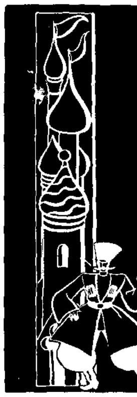

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3.5, below which a soap opera must not fall, at least for a protracted period. Our old friend "Just Plain Bill" has had its comparatively low moments, but it invariably makes a strong recovery. If you will strike a light, we will have a look at the record of "Bill" for the past two years. In May, 1946, it was rated 4.2; by the following January, it had shot up to 6.5; four months later, it was down to 5.9; eight months after that, in January, 1948, it had a rating of 6; in May, it was up to 6.6. The ratings of all serials fluctuate constantly, and it would be futile to try to keep track of them. "Big Sister," for example, began 1948 as the No. 1 serial, with a rating of 7.9; in February it had sunk to thirteenth place, but a month later it was rated No. 2. So it goes with the best of them. I have no doubt that many a higher-ranking program would gladly exchange ratings with "Bill" if, by so doing, it could master the secret of that old plodder's durability.

IN our next visit to Soapland, we will drop in at the broadcasting studios to see how the actors and actresses are bearing up. Since the strange business of soap opera began, all the players put together have read, counting rehearsals and broadcasts, a total of at least 1,100,000,000 words. You would probably like to know how the heroes and heroines of the daytime microphones have managed to preserve their sanity in the face of this Niagara of prose. So would I. —JAMES THURBER

(*This is the third of a series of articles. The next will appear in an early issue.*)

•

VACATING—Sacrifice blond, also maple bedroom suite, Bendix combination radio, misc. household.—*New Rochelle Standard-Star.*

An all *too* miscellaneous household.

•

Wednesday, via St. Joseph, we crossed Missouri to Hannibal, where we took a guided tour through the cave where Tom Sawyer and Becky Sharp were lost.—*The Times.*

A likely grotto!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Chicago Tribune*]

MAN LOSES TOPCOAT

Horace Talcott, 5401 Glenwood av., reported he lost his topcoat.

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THE DOMINO METHOD

HAVING been regarded for years as the family imbecile in matters pertaining to mathematics, I was astonished to discover last week that word of my deficiency had apparently never reached Laura Minturn, a cousin of mine who lives in Seattle. She had come East to attend a clubwomen's convention of some kind, and my wife and I had invited her to dinner. Laura's remarks that evening dealt mainly with the question of whether she should keep most of her principal in "legals," which are relatively safe but pay a low rate of interest, or whether she should divert as much as half of it into holdings of a more speculative nature. The subject was dear to her heart, and she kept at it so steadily all through dinner that I'm afraid I allowed my attention to wander from time to time. At one point, after we had returned to the living room, I realized that Laura was saying to me, "Now, suppose the city of Portland *does* float this loan at three and a quarter and I put fifteen thousand into it. What would the yield be at the end of twelve years, provided the bonds aren't called? Fifteen thousand, three and a quarter, twelve years. *You* figure it out, will you? I'm too full of roast beef to do anything but eat one of these peppermints."

Where the supreme flattery came in was that Laura spoke in the tone of one who assumed as a matter of course that a correct answer would be given. I should have replied that such a calculation was beyond me, but my head was so turned that I actually tried to solve the problem.

"I see you've got something between your teeth," Laura said. "It always seems to happen with roast beef, doesn't it? If you haven't any dental floss in the house, there's some right here in my bag."

My wife came in from the kitchen just then, carrying a tray with the after-dinner coffee. She glanced at me and comprehended the situation at once. "He must be adding or subtracting or something," she said. "He always puckers up his mouth like that when he's doing arithmetic. It's because he makes dominoes on the roof of his mouth."

"Dominoes on the roof of his mouth?" Laura repeated, looking uneasily at my wife and then, much more uneasily, at me.

"That's why he's making faces," my wife explained. "He says you can't do it without making faces, and it's true. I tried to do it myself once, in front of a mirror."

"But *dominoes*," Laura persisted. "What do you mean by 'dominoes'?"

"It's perfectly simple," I said. "I don't in the least mind telling you, although I know you'll react exactly the way everyone else does. You'll jump to the conclusion that I probably don't handle money intelligently."

"No, I won't," Laura said. "Honestly I won't. Why, what kind of a person do you think I am?"

"Well, *anyway*," I said, "I *make* the dominoes with the tip of my tongue. That is, I tap out dots on the roof of my mouth, and while I do it, I visualize the dots on the faces of dominoes. Suppose I want to add five and six—"

"Do you mean to say you *can't* add five and six?" Laura interrupted.

"Certainly I can add five and six, provided I make dominoes," I said with dignity. "I start with the six, you see, because it's the larger number. With the six in my mind, I start to tap out the five dots the way they're arranged on the face of a domino with five dots, and as I tap, I add. Having said 'six' to myself, I start tapping and say 'seven, eight, nine, ten, *eleven*.' Five and six make eleven. On the other hand, if I had to add five and twelve, I'd probably start with the five, even though it's smaller, and tap out the double six, because, for some reason, the double six is especially easy for me to visualize."

"But it doesn't make sense!" Laura said. "You went through college, and you even went through graduate school, and you buy and sell real estate, and my lawyer said you wrote him a *very* helpful letter when I got into that guaranteed-mortgage mess a few years ago. And now you're sitting there trying to tell me you can't *add*."

"I can add just as well as you can," I said. "The only thing is, I have to make dominoes. I knew you wouldn't understand, Laura. Nobody ever does."

"It's just one of his jokes, isn't it?" she said, appealing to my wife. "I mean doesn't he think it's sophisticated or something to pretend he has to make dominoes in his mouth or visualize them or whatever it is he says he does?"

"He isn't pretending," my wife said. "It's just that arithmetic of *any* kind is hard for him."

"I can't get over it," Laura said, shaking her head dolefully. "It just

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D. H. Huffines, independent tobacco auctioneer of Reidsville, North Carolina, has been a Lucky Strike smoker for 29 years

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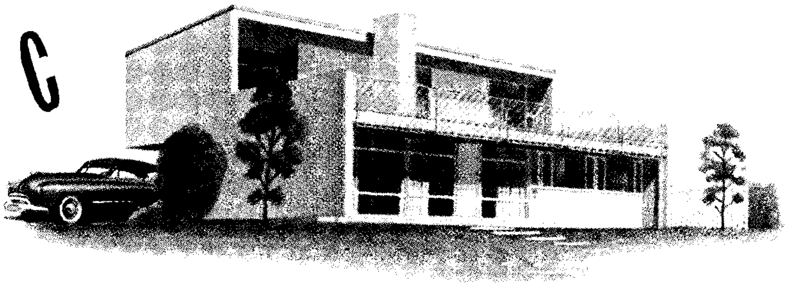
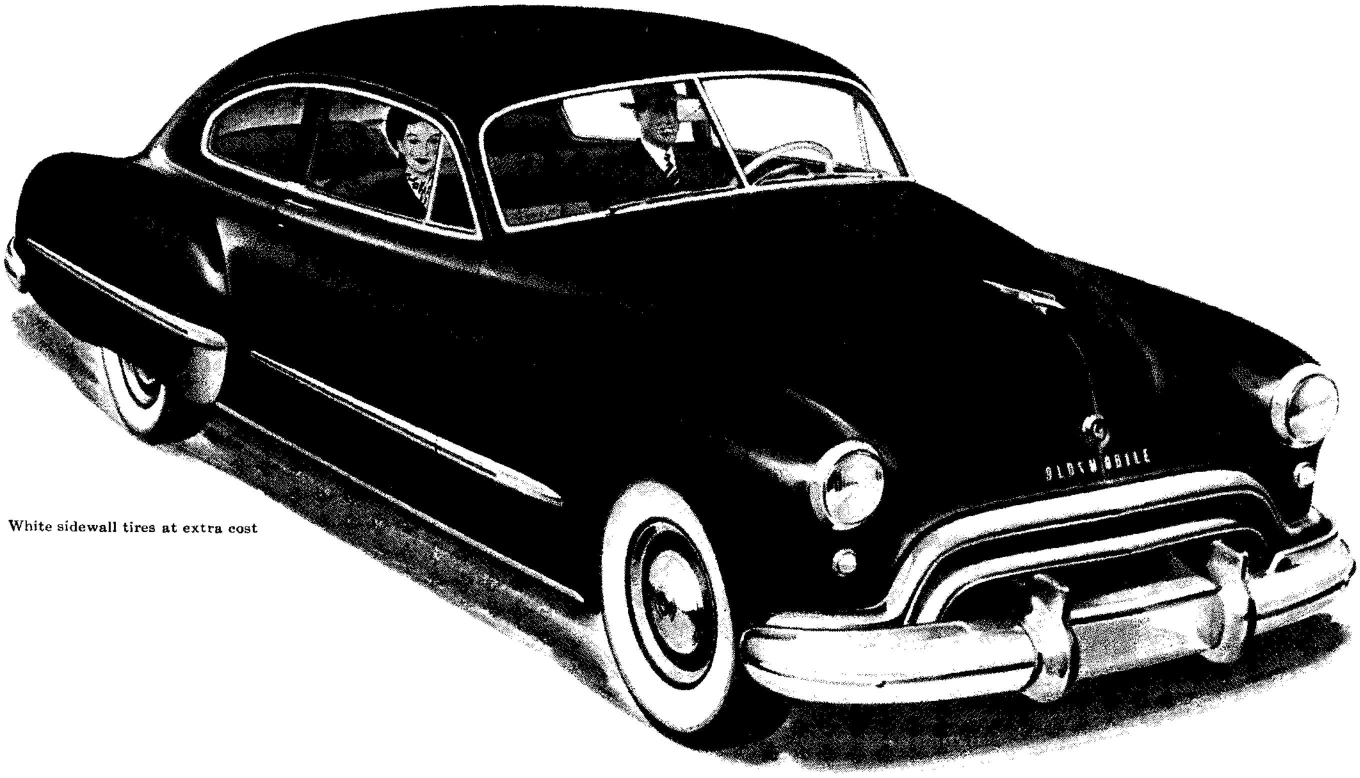
So round, so

FUTURAMIC



There's a touch of tomorrow in the Futuramic Oldsmobile Club Sedan—and this Futuramic home designed by architect Marcel Breuer.



White sidewall tires at extra cost

Everywhere it goes, this new Futuramic Oldsmobile causes a stir. People look at it. They *like* it! They talk about it. They point out the smoothly rounded Futuramic fenders—the massive, modern Futuramic hood—the fleet, forward-looking Futuramic profile. It's Futuramic in performance, too . . . with the "no-clutch, no-shift" driving ease and Whirlaway action of Oldsmobile's Hydra-Matic Drive. See the Futuramic Oldsmobile soon . . . and see why it's the "talk-of-the-town" in every town. (General Motors' Hydra-Matic Drive optional at extra cost in all 1948 Oldsmobiles.)

FUTURAMIC OLDSMOBILE

T[illegible] Henry J. Taylor, Mutual Network, Mondays and Fridays doesn't seem possible that he has to go through all that rigmarole."

MY instructor in freshman math in college for two semesters, Mr. Carver, had long before found the rigmarole disconcerting. Of course, I could never have wormed my way into college at all if it hadn't been for a stroke of luck. As I floundered through secondary-school mathematics, it became increasingly apparent that I couldn't hope to pass the College Board exams in that mystifying subject. Just when I had nearly decided to abandon the idea of trying for a degree, I learned that one of the colleges I liked offered some fancy entrance examinations of its own, which an applicant might take in lieu of the College Boards. The wonderful loophole, for me, was that while English and at least one of the Romance languages were musts, Latin could be substituted for mathematics. Since I was fairly good at Latin, Mr. Carver and I were able to begin our long war the following September. I knew in advance that the year of freshman math was compulsory, but I hoped to get through it somehow. I planned to sit in the front row of the classroom, to absorb and understand every word the instructor said, and eventually, with the help of prayer and "Madame Fufuttem's Dream Book," to pass.

The first ten minutes of the course seemed almost to make sense. Then Mr. Carver said, "Let's review Marklefoot's Law, just to be on the safe side." Perhaps the law wasn't Marklefoot's, but it was somebody's, and it was something I had never heard of. Mr. Carver made a drawing on the blackboard, a sketch after Georges Braque, or possibly deriving from Picasso's Cubistic phase, and then placed numerals beside some of the lines. Underneath the sketch, Mr. Carver devised an interesting arrangement of numerals, Greek

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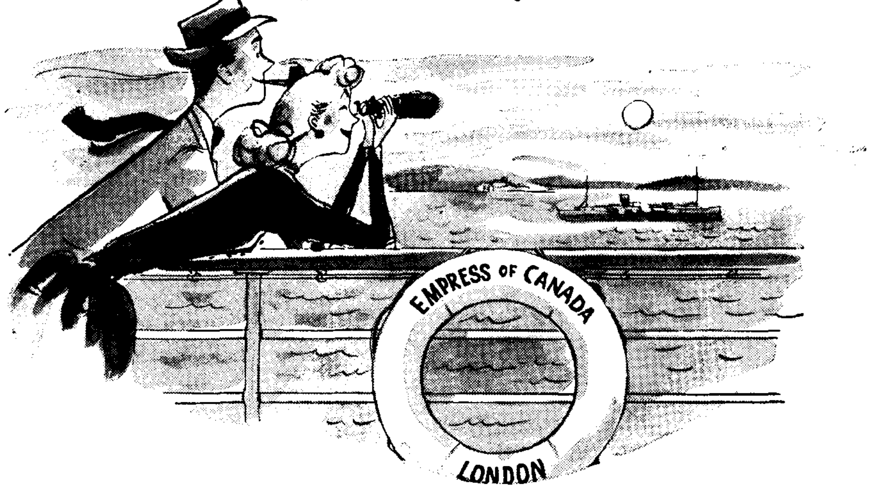

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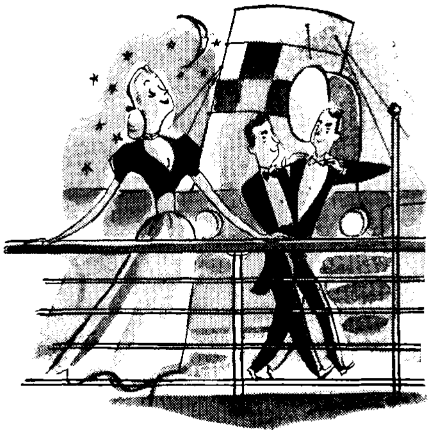

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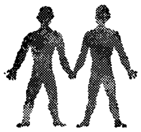

MAY 22—JUNE 21

A dual personality . . . volatile
. . . highstrung . . .
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Whatever sign of the Zodiac you were born under, follow your lucky star and let us photograph you as you really are.

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letters, and squiggles that were neither numerals nor Greek letters but simply squiggles.

"Mr. Caramella," he said, "will you carry on from here?"

An Italian boy went to the blackboard and added a few non-objective touches of his own, boldly altering Mr. Carver's original drawing as well as placing many more numerals, Greek letters, and squiggles underneath it. "The plane surface of the parallelogram equals the plane surface of the two triangles," he said. "That's Marklefoot's Law."

"Or so Mr. Caramella would have us believe," Mr. Carver confided to the class humorously, and was rewarded with a good deal of knowing and appreciative laughter. A number of students eagerly flailed the air with their hands. Mr. Carver consulted his roll book and called my name.

"Sir?" I said.

"Go to the blackboard and show us Mr. Caramella's error."

The jig was up. As I approached the blackboard, I knew with absolute certainty that my college career was doomed and that I would have to spend the rest of my life as a night watchman in a drop-tool-and-forge works.

"I might as well let you make a brand-new start," Mr. Carver said indulgently. He erased a dozen numerals and rapidly substituted others. "Let's begin here," he said, pointing to a part of the problem that now read

$$\frac{9x11}{y}$$

instead of what had been there before and erasing all the subsequent calculations.

Nine times eleven. I started out with the round number ninety, because I knew that nine times ten is ninety. I am rather good at anything with ten in it and always have been. Nine times eleven was harder. Starting with nine times ten being ninety, I tapped out the domino six on the roof of my mouth. Dot, dot, dot, dot, dot, dot. Ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six. Then I started a new domino. Dot, dot, dot. Ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine. The new domino ended by being a mere three, although I had begun, warily, to form the pattern of a six.

"Nine times eleven is ninety-nine," I announced.

Mr. Carver replied, with an acerbity that I was to become well acquainted with, and heartily sick of, during the rest of the year, that he had seldom heard a less thrilling piece of news. "Al-

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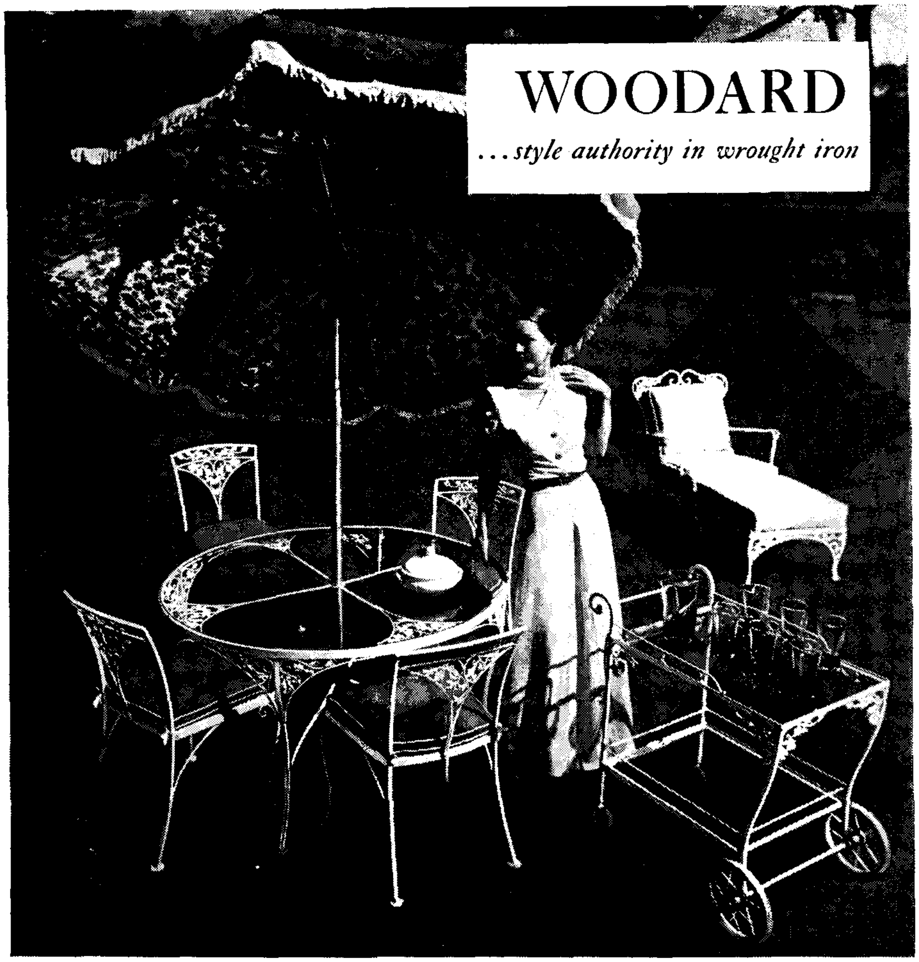
so," he said, "it is not necessary for you to make faces at your instructor while you are standing at the blackboard."

I said that I was afraid I couldn't find Mr. Caramella's error, and Mr. Carver let me sit down. After class, I hastened to explain to Mr. Carver that I hadn't meant to make faces at him, and this involved an apologetic explanation of the domino method. Thereafter, Mr. Carver sharpened his wit, which he kept fairly well honed to begin with, whenever he addressed me in class. The days passed very merrily indeed for everyone except me, and, of course, at the end of the semester I flunked.

For the benefit of dullards, Mr. Carver repeated the first-semester material in a special afternoon class throughout the second semester. I went through this, too, and flunked it royally. At the beginning of my senior year, I once more enrolled in the first semester of freshman math, the faculty having been kind enough to waive the rule about the number of times a student could repeat a course. In the middle of my senior year, the faculty, which I now realize must have been a more friendly one than I thought at the time, voted to let me take the second semester of freshman math, with the understanding that if I were to pass the final exam, I would be given credit for the full year in that course. While it was inconceivable that I could ever get through it, I was scrupulous about attending classes, and sometimes I even finished a fraction of an assignment—a few figures on a piece of paper that I could proudly hand to the instructor when the students' work was being collected. This time, the instructor was not Mr. Carver but an assistant professor named Horton Weeks, who looked like one of the gangsters of the period, complete with blue jowls, menacing eyes, and a sinister slouch. To me, however, he seemed the embodiment of everything holy and deserving of worship, for the odd but excellent reason that he never asked me any questions in class. Although my domino method and related eccentricities were well known to the Department of Mathematics, Professor Weeks chose not to make me the official whipping boy. In fact, he didn't have any whipping boy at all. This led me to venerate the Professor as the sum of everything divine, the Guiding Spirit of the Universe, much as the Unitarians, rejecting the Holy Trinity, worship one causative force.

I did not apply for commencement tickets for the members of my family.



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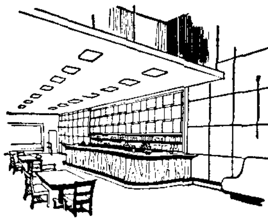

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stead, I notified my father that I would pack up and leave for home after the last examination. I didn't want to be on the campus when the baccalaureate sermon, Class Day, and other triumphant exercises were taking place.

Professor Horton Weeks' final examination consisted of twelve questions. I answered one of them and half of another—one of those (a) and (b) questions. As soon as the exam was over, I learned from my classmates that my answers had been hideously wrong.

My respect for Professor Weeks' half year of tolerance and courtesy was so great that when I happened to see him working in his garden one afternoon later in the week (I had been paying farewell calls at two or three faculty homes), I went up to his fence and thanked him for the general kindness he had shown me.

" 'S all right," he said. "Nothing at all. These *damn* strawberries! They were supposed to be pot plants, and when they came, they turned out to be field-grown. They won't yield a damn thing till next year! Can't be helped now, though. What are you going to do after commencement?"

I explained that my lack of math credits prevented me from receiving a degree, feeling rather foolish as I did so, since I knew that faculty members were kept informed regarding such matters.

"What are you talking about?" he said crossly. "You passed."

I clutched at the fence and asked him whether he honestly meant that I had passed—that *I* had passed—freshman math. The entire year of it.

"Didn't you even look at the bulletin board? I posted the names this morning."

"But how *could* I have passed?" I began weakly. "I only answered—"

"Got to go down cellar and get some peat moss," he said. "Excuse me. Hope you have a nice summer."

I went to the building where the names had been posted, and it was true. I had passed mathematics. The hardest part about the frantic activity that followed—I hadn't bothered to put my name on the list of men who wanted to rent caps and gowns, I hadn't invited a girl to the big dance, and so on—was explaining to my father, by a long-distance telephone call, that they were giving me a diploma after all. Being a reasonable man, he kept insisting that I must be mistaken. I couldn't have my family there for commencement and I couldn't get a girl for the dance, but it really didn't matter in the least. I wore an old gown and mortarboard

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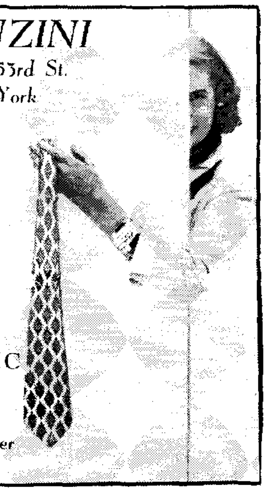

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that belonged to the Dramatic Society, and when I walked in the academic procession, I gave off an odor of greasepaint that I felt, and still feel, was entirely right for the occasion.

TO go back to Cousin Laura Minturn. While she was in New York, some other cousins of ours, the Prestons, took her out to dinner at Honoré's and to the theatre afterward. Whitney Preston told me, a week or so later, that Laura urged him to use his influence with me and persuade me to put all the real estate I own in my wife's name. "And their bank accounts ought to be *joint*, Whitney," she said, "if they aren't joint already, and he ought to give her a power of attorney."

"I can't simply march up to a man, even if he's a relative of mine, and tell him to give his wife a power of attorney," Whitney said. "God!"

"You could *hint*," Laura said with enthusiasm. "She could put it away in her safe-deposit box, and if the occasion should ever arise—and, of course, we all hope it won't—it would *be* there!"

—JAMES REID PARKER

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT (RECUPERATION IN THE DESERT DIVISION)

[*Louella Parsons in Modern Screen*]

The Hollywood invalids at Palm Springs were certainly on the glamorous side. One week-end, soaking up the sun around the pool at the Racquet Club were the Errol Flynns, Clark Gable, the Paul Lukases, Ava Gardner, June Haver and Jane Russell.

Errol Flynn who had been so sick his boss didn't know when he would be able to return to finish *Adventures of Don Juan* improved so rapidly in the desert that he tossed a party for his ailing co-workers before he left.

He and Nora had cocktails in their bungalow and thought up a hundred amusing gags. They borrowed an operating table from the local hospital and used it for a cocktail table.

There were wheel chairs to hold all the guests and thermometers were all over the place serving as place cards.

Well, I'm glad Errol feels well enough to be kidding like that because, believe me, he was a very sick boy.

•

REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE

[*Bulletin from Tass*]

The ANP Agency reports that the former Prime Minister of the Indonesian Republic, Sjarifuddin, has made a trip through several cities in central Java, where everywhere the population greeted him with: "Long live the Republic! The Indonesian people demand complete freedom for the entire Indonesian Archipelago."

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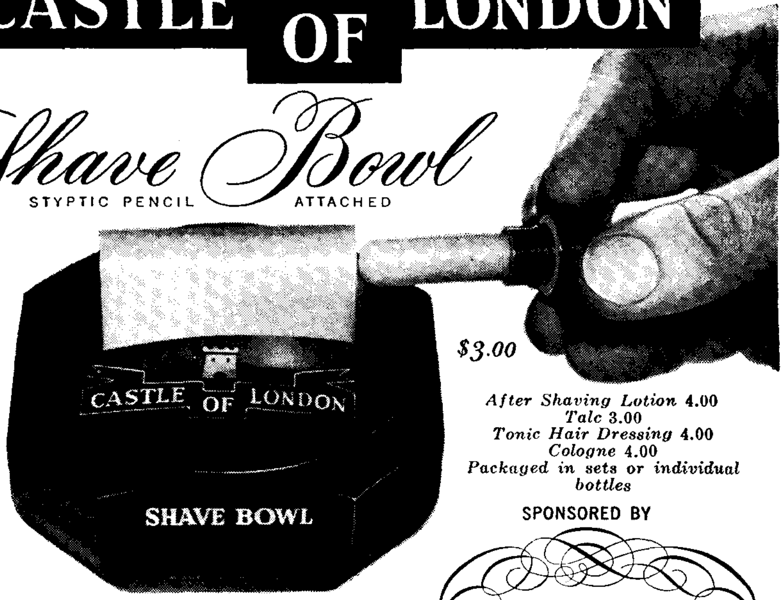

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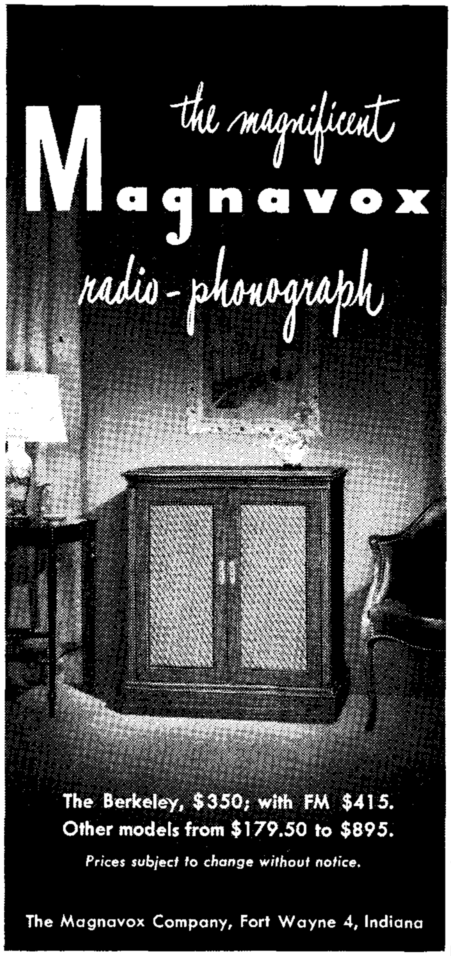

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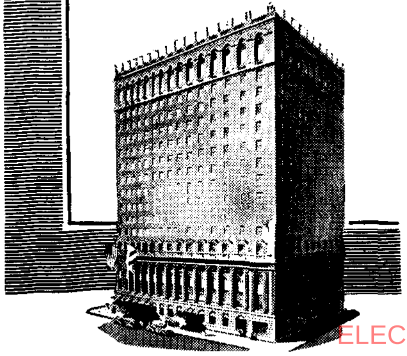

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[*Warmup chatter sent over a teletype of the Army Public Information communications network in Germany*]

;9

HELLO HELLL O HOW ARE YOU???

WHO IS THERE PLS

BETTY IS HERE

OK T WHAT IS LOS?

NIX IS LOS, I AM AL ALONE Z// - ALL ALONE AND I DONT KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO AT THE MOMENT.

I AM HERE ALL ALONE MYSELF SO I WAS READING A BOOK BUT NOT VERY INTERESTING

I COULD READ TOO, BUT I DONT FEEL LIKE HOW LONG DO YOU HAVE TO KEEP THE PLACE OPEN DOWN THRERE??

TILL 1//2300 9 974 HOURS

THAT IS TOO LONG TO WORK I WOULD QUITE TH E ARMY IF I HAD TO WORK THAT LONG

I JUST STARTED WORKING AT 1700 HOURS AND THIS MORNING I WAS WORKING FROM 0900-1200 HOURS.

THERE IS NOT MUCH TRAFFIC TODAY BECAUSE IT IS MONDAY , WO MOST PEA PEOPLE ARE THILL STILL BLUE AT THAT TIME .

WELL YOU SURE HAVE A LONG DAY

WHEN DO YOU GET TIME FOR YOURSELF

TOMORROW I ONLY WORK FROM 0900-1500 HOURS

WELL THAT IS GOOD BUT I ONLY WORK FROM 1200 TO 2000 AND I HAVE TWO HOURS FROM DINNER SO I HAVE IT PRETTY EASY

YES THATS RIGHT

WERE YOU THE ONE THAT I TALKED TO LAST SATURDAY

YOU WERE GIVING ME THE SCORES OF THE O GAME BEFORE IT STARTED IT WAS IN THE N MORNING I THINK

YES THATS RIGHT I WAS THE ONE

WELL THE SGT TOLD ME THAT YOU HAD WORKED ON THE TELETYPE FOR ABOUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS

THAT IS NOT RIGHT MARIANN JUST A MOMENT

OK

I JUST STARTED ON THE TELETYPE ABOUT THREE OR FOUR WEEKS AGO BUT WE NEVER HAD ANY WOK

WELL IF THE HOURS WERE BETTER THERE I GUESS YOU WOULD LIKE IT BETTER AM I RITE

WE, I DONT CARE SO MUCH ABOUT IT AT THE PRESENT BECAUSE WHEN I GO HOME SO IT DONT MACK // MAKE ANY DIFFERENTS

OIC WELL I GUESS IT WOULD BE ALLRITE IF I COULD KNIT BUT I DONT THINK I WOULD BE VERY GOOD AT THE THINKS LIKE THT

I THINK YOU CAN BE A VERY GOOD KNITER MAN WERE KNITTING BEFORE YOU TOO. MAY BE YOU COULD SHOW ME HOW I TO KNIT AS I SURE NEED A SKARF SINCE IT IS SO COLD

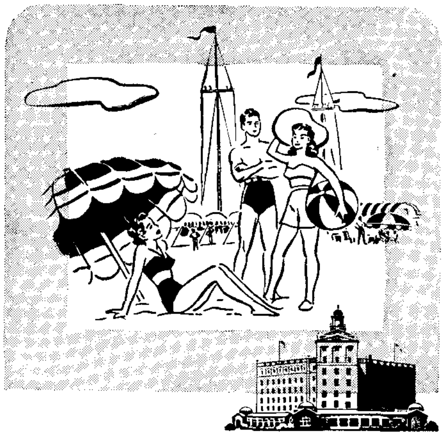
OK I SHOW YOU HO W TO KNIT WHEN I GET DOWN THERE THE NEXT TIME. DO YOU HAVE SOME WOOL?

I C CAN GT GET SOME FROM ONE OF THE SGTS WIFES HAS SOME WHEN DO YOU GET IT?

IT A COUPLE OF DAYS I THINK

ALRIGHT YOU WILL GET SOME KNITTING LESSONS THEN BUT AS LONG AS YOU ARE KNITTING YOU MAY NOT GET DRUNK.

WHAT I S THIS AO ABOUT GETTING DRUCK,



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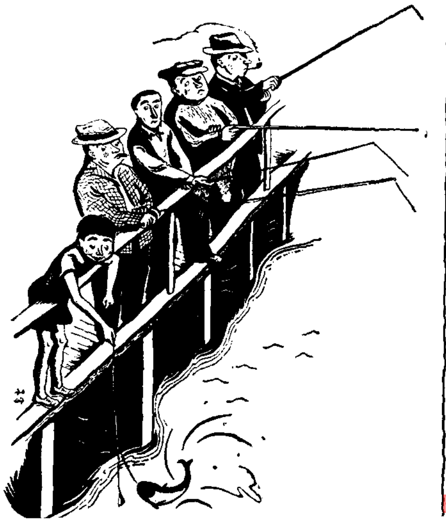
YOU MAY NOT DRINK SO MUCH ALCOHOL WHEN YOU ARE KNITTING BECAUSE YOU CAN NOT KNIT ARI ALRIGHT THEN COMPRI
I HAVE TO HAVE SOMETHING TO KEEP ME WARM WHILE I KNIT
TAKE AN OLD CAT ON YOUR SHOULDER IT WILL KEEP YOU WARM
WHERE CAN I FIND ONE
ON THE STEET BETWEEN NURNBERG AND FURTH , TAKE A PE PIECE OF MEET AND MAKE ".. MIAU MIAU MIAU" AND IN FIVE MINUTES YOU HAVE A CAT
OIC. BUT I THINK A ARM IS A LOT BETTER TO KEP WARM ON A COLD M NITE
I DONT THINK AN ARM IS VERY GOOD, IT IS DEPENSE OF WHAT KIND OF ARM YOU MEAN A WOODEN ARM IS NOT SO GOOD.
NEIN NOT A WOODEN ARM A HUMAN ARM YUST AN ARM, YOU CAN NOT HAVE ONLY AN ARM YOU CA NOT CUT IT OFF SOME
I KNOW IF THERE IS A ARM THERE MUST BE MORE THERE TA THAN A ARM SO THERE MUST BE A PERSON THERE TO RITE
WELL GET YOUR OLD GRANDVFATHER
I THINK THAT MY OLD GRANDFATHER IS TOO OLD TH TO BE
B PUTTING HIS ARM AROUND HIS GRAND CHILDREN DON'T YOU
NO I DON THINK SO, . MY GRANDFATHER IS STILL PUTTING HIS ARM AROUND MY SHOULDERS TOO BUT HE DOES NOT KEEP ME WARM AT ALL.
OIC WELL YOU AND I R DIFFERENT
BY THE WAY WHAT TIME WILL YOU BE HERE TO SHOW ME HOW I TO KNIT
I WU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW IF I T IS IN THE MORNING OR THE AFTERNOONE OR AT NITE
I GUESS YOU ARE ANSWERING THE PHONE NOW SO I WAIT FOR U T O FINISH
A ROSE MUST REMAIN WITH THE SUN AND THE RAIN OR THE LOVELY PROMISE WON'T COME TRUE TO EACH HIS ON OWN I FOUND MY OWN ONE AND ONLY YOU
TWO LIPS MUST INSIST ON TO MORE TO BE KISSED OR THIS LOVELY PROMISE WON'T COME TRUE TO EACH HIS OWN I FOUND MY OWN ONE AND ONLY Y O U
HIT THAT JIVE JACK , PUT IT IN YOUR POCKET TILL I GET BACK
C GOING DOWN TOWN TO SEE I MAN I AN AINT GOT TIME TO SHAKE YOUR HAND
R U THERE DAKF-2
NOW I AM BAC K I HAD TO ANSWER THE TELEPHONE AND I THOUGHT ///
I WONDERED THAT YOU KNEW SUCH A



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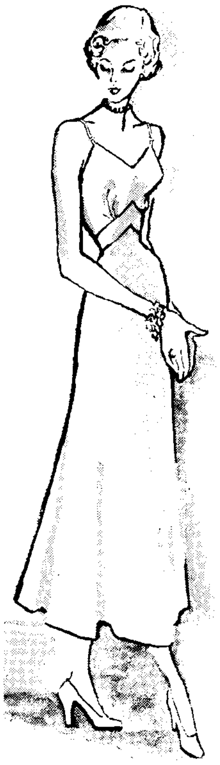

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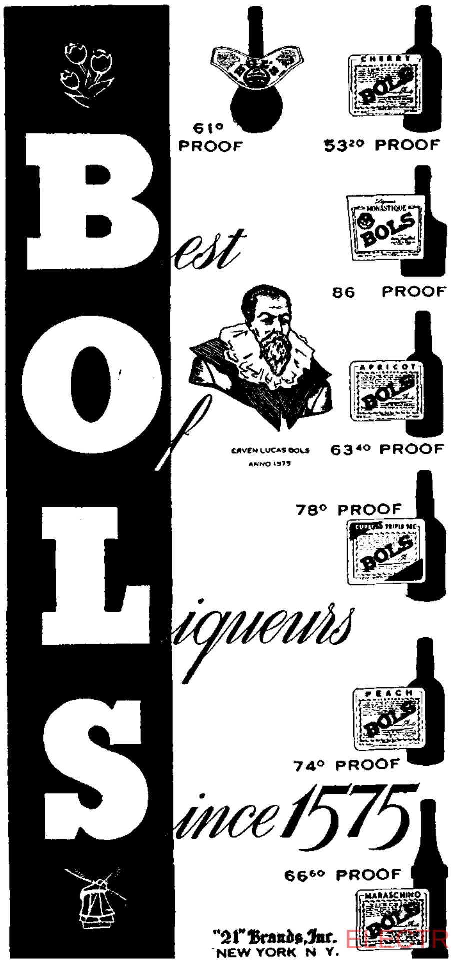

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YES I THINK SO ABOUT AT 1600 HOURS OR SO WHO ARE YOU ?
JUST ASK FOR JUNIOR
AND THEY WILL TELL YOU WHO I AM
ARE YOU THE ONE WITH BLACK HAIR AND GLASSES?
OH NO I AM THE LITTLE CPL
I KNOT
I DONT THINK THAT I HAV E SEEN U
YOU SURE HAVE SEEN ME FQ V BEFORE BECAUSE I CAME TO THE MSG C EVERY DAY AROUND 1500-1600 HOURS TO PICK UP THE MSG FOR THE PRESS CAMP
OH YES I REMEMBER NOW I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE NEW GIRL THAT THE PIO HIRED TO DO TELETYPING
BUT IF THE THAT IS THE CASE YOU ARE NOT THE ONE THE SGT IS TALKING ABOUT HE TOLD ME THAT THERE WAS A DIFFERENT GIRL WORKING UP THERE NOW WE ARE WORKING TOGETHER NOW BECAUSE WE HAVE TO WR WORK IN NITE TOO
OH I C WELL U ARE NOT WORKING TOMORROW AND SHE IS WORKING AT NITE
IS THAT RITE
YES IT IS
O I C
WELL I GUESS YOU ARE
DO U WANT TO BE PLUGGED INTO THE PIO CKT TONITE
YES I DO I THINK IT IS ABOUT TIME FOR YOU TO GO HOME ISNT IT
YES IT IS I PLUG YOU IN NOW OK
AND I SEE YOU TOMORROW
OK GOOD NIGHT SLEEP TIDE AND SWEET DREAMS

•

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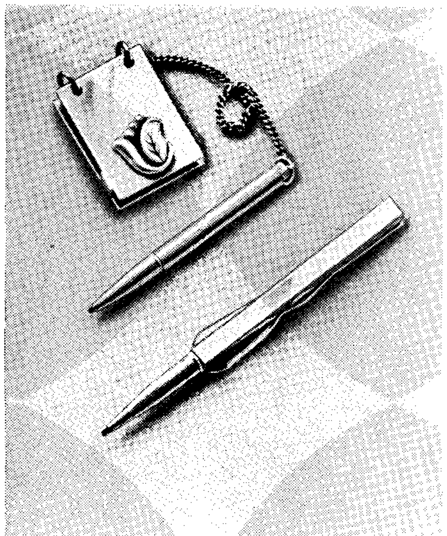
Closer to hand, the chickens stutter,
And above the clouds the crows collect
With harsh cawing; quietly the mutter
Of crickets from the walnut trees intrudes.

Under the enormous apple, worm-infested,
The blue of chicory sprinkles the grass
Down to the old ditch, where, unmolested,
The painted turtles crawl in the tangle.

The milkweed's curious pods expand,
And a vast heron levers lazy wings;
Tassels hang from stalks which stand
In military rows to reach the farm.

This soil of rich profusion shows
Its flowers and fruits impartially;
Through Tranquillity the traveller goes,
Or drives past little Amity to shop.

—RUTHVEN TODD



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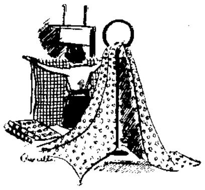
FEMININE FASHIONS

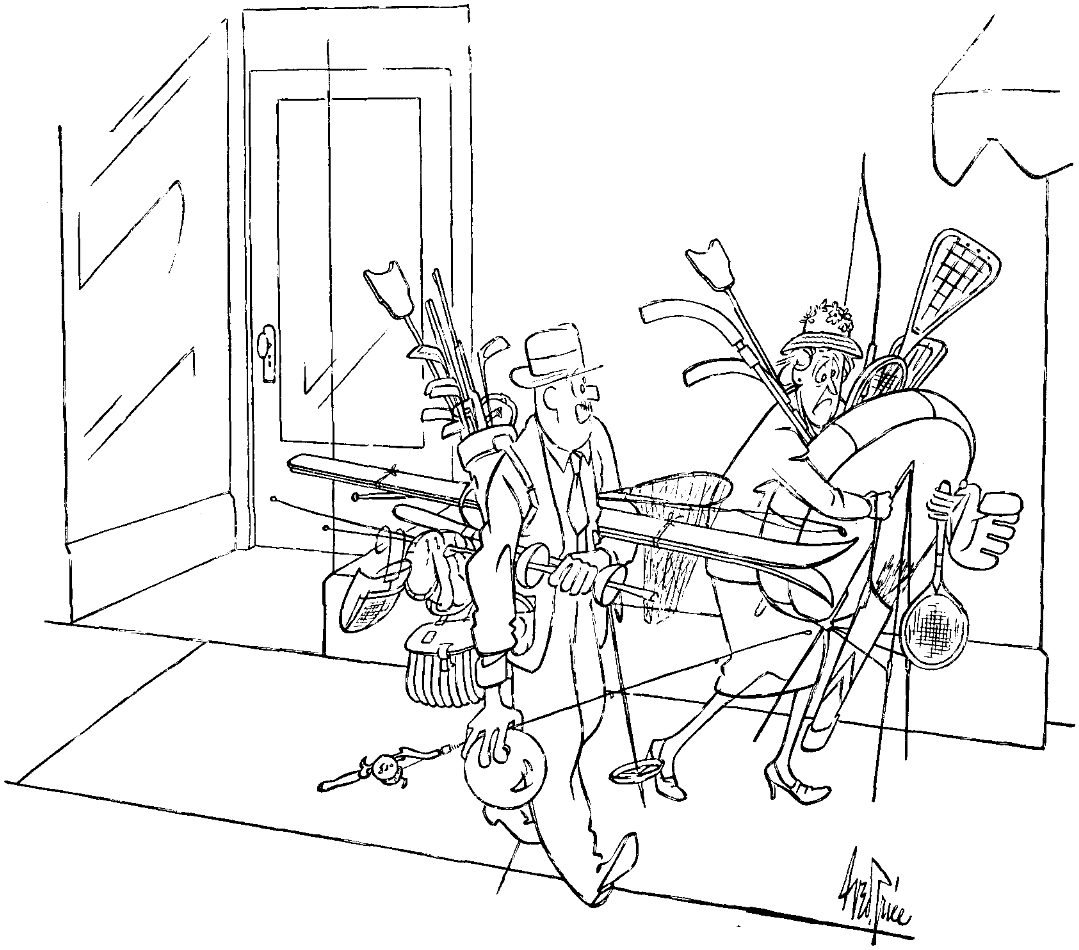


SOMETIMES I'm happy, sometimes I'm blue about the fashions industry. Women who walk into a shop and hope to find trim, attractive outfits for the dog days ahead are likely to be infuriated this year. The ensembles whose parts you shuffle about to achieve something suitable for a variety of informal occasions frequently have a tacky look. Furthermore, since even slim young girls look clumsy and bulky around the hips in many of the gathered peasant skirts that have become their uniform, it is appalling to see such things blandly offered to grown women who need Line for their figures. Graceful, low necks have almost vanished. You could go so far as to say that the cut of the new clothes is giving the cut direct to women's anatomy. And as for size and color, there doesn't seem to be much choice. I'm sorry; I thought the war was over.

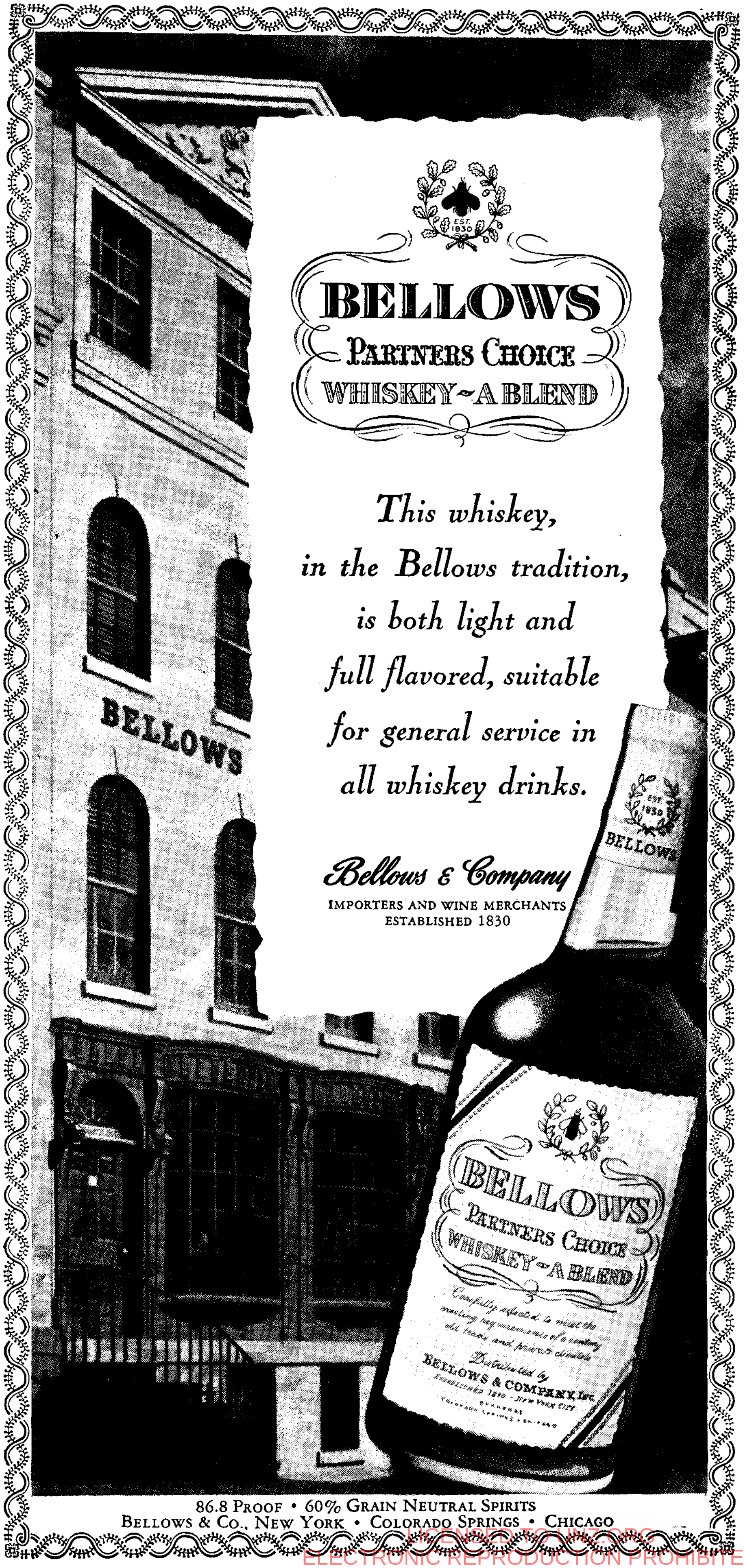
Here and there, it is true, you can actually find good-looking clothes, and there is a sporting chance that you will discover a color you like and a size you may be able to convince yourself is your own. Bendel has well-cut and pretty separate blouses and skirts. On the first floor, there are China silk dirndl skirts with high, notched waistlines, at $29.95, in a selection of colors that includes bottle green, turquoise, strawberry, toast, black, and navy. (I'm exempting these dirndls from my general diatribe against the breed.) The daytime blouses, which match or contrast with the skirts, have round, collarless necks, cap sleeves, and buttons down the back. The evening ones are sleeveless and have a deep fold at the bateau neck. They're all $14.95 apiece. Upstairs, in the Young-Timers section, a white piqué daytime skirt has folds on the tops of its enormous hip pockets to match the folds at the bateau neck and on the deep, short sleeves of the top that goes with it. The skirt is $14.95 and the top is $11.95. The same neckline and sleeves adorn some rayon jersey blouses in white, yellow, navy, pink, or blue, at $9.95. These would look good with almost anything, but they were designed to accompany navy, bottle-green, or black cotton poplin swing skirts that are encircled by contrasting cotton cummerbunds. They are $7.95. For town or country, a graceful one-piece calico dress has a bateau neck, ruffled short sleeves, a ruffled hemline, and a narrow sash. Brown or green is this one's predominating color. Red or green calico is the basic element of a two-piece outfit resembling a suit. It's equipped with a swing skirt and a short, fitted top surmounted by a highish folded collar. Two big wooden buttons are the fastenings. Both dresses are civilized offerings at $35.

HATTIE CARNEGIE's Jeune Fille department has suave shantung dresses that are cut to do something for that old-fashioned but still useful object known as the figure. At $50, there's a rayon shantung dress, good for many occasions, with a gored skirt and a strapless, snugly fitted bodice whose severity is softened by a fold. As it stands, it's a dinner dress, but a matching overblouse with a turnover collar and cap sleeves transforms it into a daytime one. Black, navy, turquoise, Kelly, and beige are the colors you choose from. Another two-piece day-or-evening outfit, in toast, black, or Royal Air Force-blue silk shantung, has a short, fitted, collarless yoked top, three-quarter raglan sleeves, and jewelled buttons; in the same colors, plus turquoise and Kelly, there are one-piece dresses that have tailored necks, fitted bodices, shirred short sleeves, full skirts, and hip pockets. The Peter Pan collar and the cuffs on the short sleeves of still another silk shantung, in royal blue or toast, are trimmed with narrow black braid embroidery. Prices for these silks commence at $70 and go up to $90.

ROSETTE PENNINGTON, at 10 East 56th Street, is using washable cotton necktie prints, with dark grounds, that should partially assuage the grief of



"Certainly they cost a lot of money, but it's time we started getting some fun out of life!"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women whose sudden fondness for tie silk this season has gone unsatisfied because of the apparently meagre supply. These cottons are charming substitutes. They're made up in a number of styles, which run, however, to the ingénue sort of thing. Among them are one-piece dresses with turnover collars and short sleeves, calfskin belts, and contrasting shoe buttons for a down-the-bodice fastening, as well as two-piece versions with Barrymore collars and narrow patent-leather belts. Still others in the group, very simple in design, have bateau necks with a narrow fold around them, and some with Chinese collars have skirts that are all unpressed pleats. They cost from $18.95 to $25. For evening, black Chantilly-type lace over pink chambray produces a demure, tailored business with a tailored collar, short sleeves, a fitted bodice, and a circular skirt. It's $89.95. A sleeveless companion dress, black shadow lace over white chambray that turns into black rayon marquisette not far below the hips, has a low, square décolletage in front and costs $110. I like the short wraps here. A hip-length cape of Irish linen, in a selection of no less than fifty-one colors, has a narrow turnover collar and an unnecessary but ornamental row of self-covered buttons down the back; $49.95. A jacket of the same length, with a pointed yoke above the swing back and a turnover collar hooking at the throat, is of spun rayon, in natural, bottle green, apricot, black, or white. It is $22.95.

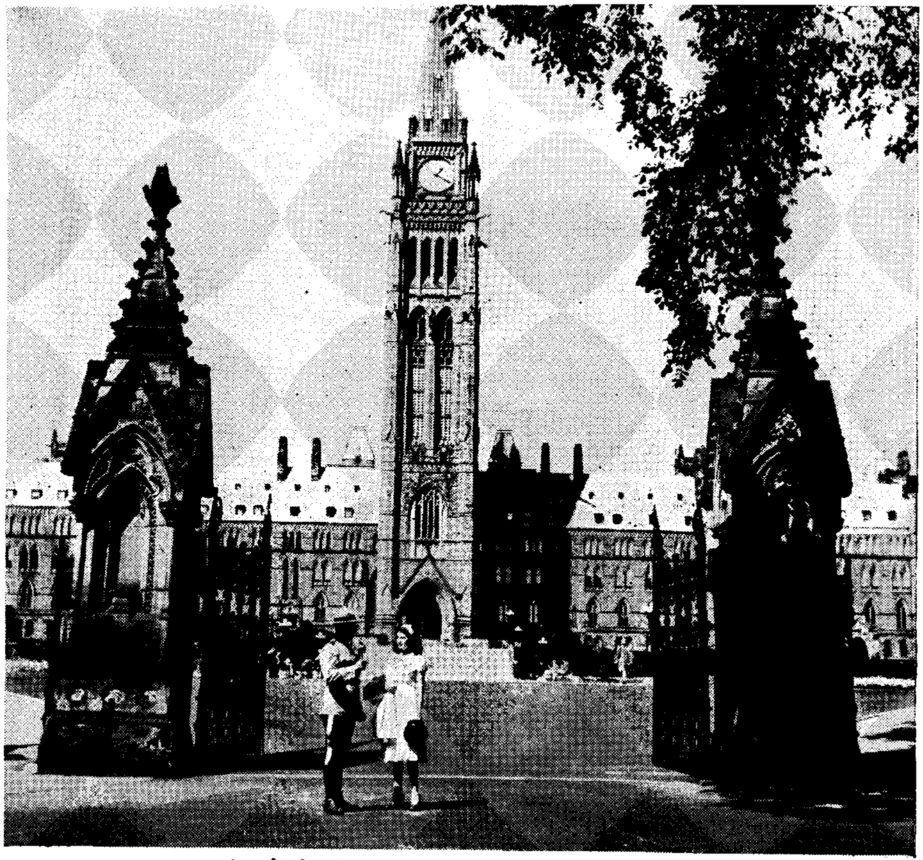
AT the two Cotton Shops, at 543 Madison (55th) and 711 Fifth Avenue (56th), a chambray dress in a choice of colors, with a Puritan collar, short sleeves, pearl buttons on the bodice, and a full skirt, is $12.95. With it goes a contrasting cummerbund. What this country needs is many more acceptable dresses at this price. Nice beige or white rayon sharkskin tailored dresses with fly fronts and pleated skirts have turquoise-and-rust ascots at the tailored necks. They are $29.95. An excellent idea for a very feminine afternoon is a blue, lilac, or pink chambray skirt with an eyelet hem ruffle to match the eyelet-embroidered tuck-in blouse; $29.95.

THE Bermuda Shop, at 554 Madison (55th), holds firmly to the classics for sports. White, yellow, blue, or gray Irish linen long shorts are $14.95; those wonderful long-sleeved striped or checked cotton shirts start at $7.95; light or dark plaid cotton bathing suits, either one-piece with high, pointed midriffs or two-piece with bra tops, are $10.95 and $12.95.

AT J. & J. Slater, there are ankle-strap shoes with touches of natural straw to be dyed as you choose. For instance, at $12.95, you may have Chinese-coolie jobs with calf trim and half-inch leather heels, or flats with gold kid crisscrossed straps across the vamp. Shell types, whose vamp is practically ephemeral, have calf crisscrossing the instep and a medium, straw-covered heel; one model, without an ankle strap, for a change, is a simple pump with a high French straw-covered heel. Any of these are $16.95. Matching handbags, which are either flat pouches with frame tops or roomier pouches that have a gold metal clasp at one side, have handle straps and cost $15.54, tax *compris*.

LORD & TAYLOR's lingerie department is awash in pink, blue, mauve, or white nightgown sets that have matching below-waist-length capes instead of the conventional bed jackets. For instance, a cape with a wide ruffle at the bottom is meant for a rayon sheer gown that has a shirred and corded bodice and wide shoulder straps. A gown of a print matelassé organdie, with eyelet beading and black velvet ribbon at the waistline and on the ruffled, off-the-shoulder décolletage, has a full skirt adorned with a wide ruffle at the hem, and it looks like a child bride's summer evening dress. The matching cape is edged with ruffling and beading. A Victorian entry, in rayon sheer, has even more impractical ruffles at the hem and a froth of white lace, beading, and ribbon on the off-the-shoulder neckline; its ruffled cape is three tiers of lace. The gowns range from $10.95 to $19.95, the capes from $9.95 to $16.95. If ruffles are not for you, Lord & Taylor show a rather tailored white batiste ensemble with a shirred bosom and an eyelet-embroidered décolletage interlaced with pastel ribbon, at $7.95. With it goes a long, fitted matching coat, which has eyelet trimming on the short, puffed sleeves and on the turnover collar; $10.95. A charming ensemble for the money. Another batiste gown, an imported one, has a tucked waistband and an off-the-shoulder neckline trimmed with Binche-type lace. The matching peignoir has a square, tucked, lace-edged yoke and ties at the throat with pastel ribbon. They'll cost you $25 and $29.95, respectively.

A NEW venture at Bergdorf Goodman is a section devoted to ex-



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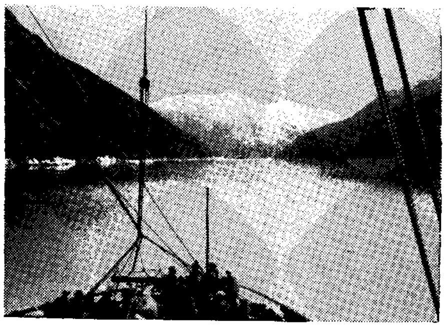

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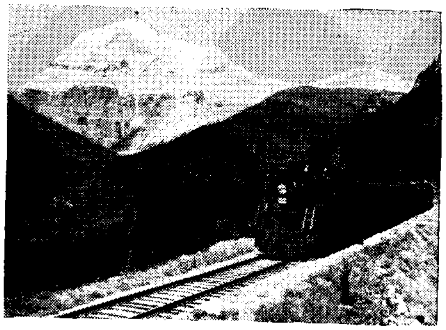

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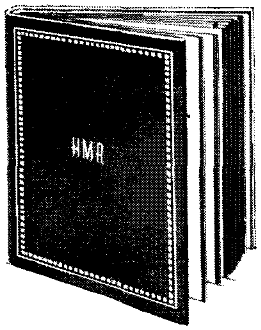

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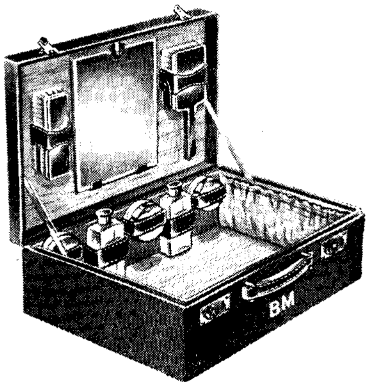

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batiste bibs on which three tiny embroidered ducks stroll in single file are $1.15; hand-crocheted white wool open-toed slippers, tying at the ankle with colored tasselled cords, are $2.50, in sizes up to six months; hand-knit wool swimming trunks, on which appliqué felt babies ride equally appliqué felt turtles bareback, are $7.50, in sizes 1 to 3. Handmade batiste christening dresses have real Val at the necks and fine tucks here and there, and batiste Empire ones have tucked bodices and ribbon running through Val at the waist and plain, wide Val at the hem. Prices for these start at $45, and they include a matching gertrude. Handsome pink or white batiste dresses, with Val trim, for infants of up to a year, are $10.95, and an afternoon dress for girls of from two to four, in blue, pink, or maize Viyella flannel with a contrasting organdie yoke trimmed with Val, is $21.75. Fancy rompers for infants who dress up for company but don't like to be self-conscious about it appear in white or pink dotted Swiss, at $7, or in white or pink cotton lustre broadcloth, with a sash across the back, Val trimming, and vertical tucks on the stomach, at $7.75. Sizes run from 1 to 3.

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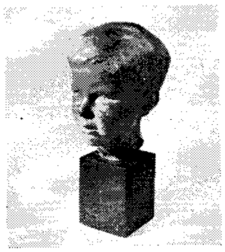

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THE RACE TRACK

Coaltown Blues

THERE has been such a spate of unpredictable results at Belmont recently that I scarcely know which one to brood about first. Oh, well, I might as well begin two Saturdays ago, with the Withers, in which Vulcan's Forge defeated Coaltown. That would have been a catastrophic event any week in the season. First off, I daresay I should issue a hysterical and tardy warning against backing any horse who runs at 3–20, as Coaltown did, because you can't win much money at such odds and you can lose a lot. (As a matter of fact, one horseplayer bet $11,000 on Coaltown to win and $14,000 on him to place, and thereby lost $10,300.) Then I might go into an extended examination of Coaltown's time. As you probably know, he set an exceedingly fast early pace and led till less than a furlong from home, where he went all to pieces. He barely finished second. He ran the first half mile in 45⅕ seconds, which was apparently too strenuous a speed, for he took seven seconds longer to do the second half. I am not trying to make excuses for Coaltown—after all, every horse is entitled to one inexplicable race a season—but I have a notion that he doesn't like the Belmont course. The topsoil is rather deep and sandy, and I suspect that he's one of the animals who don't do their best in that kind of going. Incidentally, it was fascinating to watch some of the spectators when they realized, all of a sudden, that Coaltown isn't quite the fastest runner in the world. After they had booed him, many of them began to say that he hadn't really looked right; a few observers even insisted that he was lame going to the post. Horseplayers are like that.

I hadn't heard as much applause for a winner in a long time as there was for Vulcan's Forge after the Withers. Not many people had backed him—he was one of the long shots, paying $20.40—but, of course, he wore the famous old Whitney colors, and we racegoers are notorious sentimentalists. I don't think that he deserves any little silver stars for his performance, however. He merely galloped along at an even pace and passed the tired leaders in the last furlong. He ran exactly the same way last Saturday in the Peter Pan Handi

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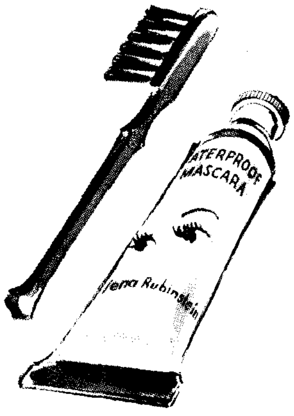

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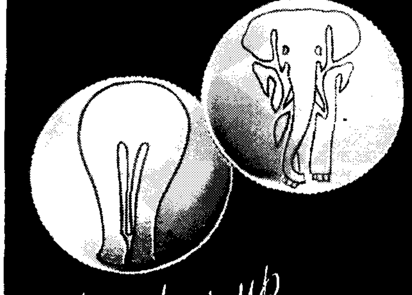
which was won by Escadru, but that time the leaders didn't tire, and he finished fifth. The colt I liked in the Peter Pan was Sonny Whitney's Dinner Gong, who wound up third after setting most of the pace. He looks good and has a bold way of going. Besides, two of his near relations are old pets of mine: Eight Thirty, his father, and Equipoise, his grandfather on his mother's side. Escadru, who hadn't been out since he ran so badly in the Kentucky Derby, had trained satisfactorily, but he didn't have an air of well-being, and his coat didn't have the sheen that horsemen look for. There was nothing the matter with his running, though; he followed the leaders to the stretch turn and then went on to win by lengths. I expect that he'll go for the Belmont Stakes this weekend, and might even come in second.

Needless to say, nobody imagines that Citation will have any trouble winning the Belmont. He could have added around $42,500 to his season's total of $311,320 if he had gone to Boston for the mile-and-a-quarter Yankee Handicap last Saturday, but the Calumet board of strategy decided that he was too valuable a property to bucket about in horsecars. Calumet's loss was King Ranch's gain, for Better Self made a runaway of the race at Suffolk Downs, confounding the numerous experts who thought he couldn't go that distance. To change the subject slightly, when news of the Epsom Derby, in which horses racing for the Aga Khan ran first and third, drifted to Belmont on Saturday, one trainer remarked, "Who does that Aga Khan fellow think he is, anyhow—Calumet Farm?"

Getting back to Not So Good for Favorites Fortnight at Belmont, I don't recall any other time when so many odds-on choices for big races let us down. In addition to Coaltown, in the Withers, and Vulcan's Forge, in the Peter Pan, the culprits included Stymie, in the Suburban; Watermill, in the Coaching Club American Oaks; and Eternal World, who lost to Marabout in the Juvenile Stakes. This may be some sort of record. If it is, I, for one, don't want to see it broken. Harmonica, the winner of the Suburban, is one of those fillies who are terribly good when they are right (as the clockers put it) and the track is muddy. She was always lengths in front, and even if Stymie hadn't had a lot of bad luck, I doubt that he could have beaten her. He finished second. I didn't see Stymie win the Metropolitan, three weeks ago, but I'm told that he went around his field at the turn into the stretch. In the Suburban, McCreary



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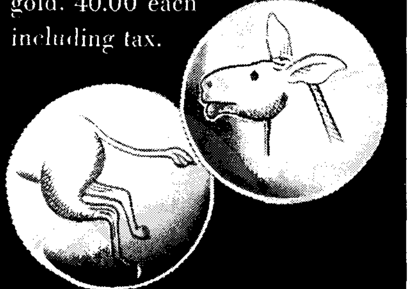

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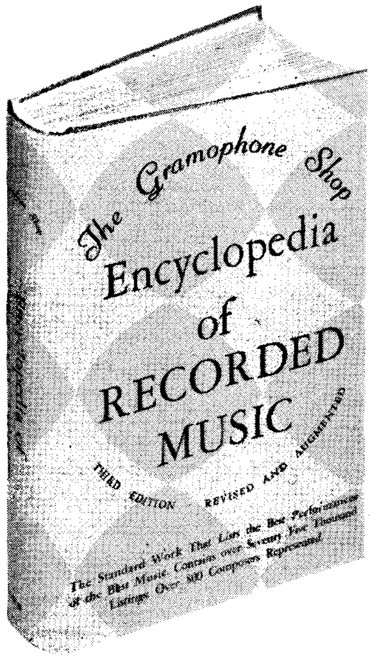

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who rode him, started his run six furlongs from home, which I thought was much too soon. Stymie was blocked several times as he tried to come up along the rails. This was his fourth, and bravest, unsuccessful try in the Suburban, and it was rather a pity that he couldn't have won. Perhaps he will next year; there's plenty of life in the old boy.

Watermill had won the Acorn Stakes, at a mile, so easily, early in the meeting, that she seemed a likely candidate for the Oaks, at a mile and three furlongs. Obviously, she's a miler, while Scattered, who won the Oaks comfortably, seems something of a stayer. Speaking of fillies, I was more delighted by the return of First Flight than by anything else that happened at Belmont last week. As I've undoubtedly said before, she's as lovely a filly as I've ever seen. Also, I venture to say that if she hadn't had all sorts of things the matter with her, her racing record would match her appearance. She ran well the other afternoon, beating Mangohick and other seasoned horses at a mile. Perhaps she isn't in as impressive form as Conniver, who has won three times at the meeting, but she is better than adequate. Another filly who caught my eye at Belmont was Casa Camara, the best in Canada two seasons back, when she was a two-year-old. That year, she won a handicap called Mrs. Orpen's Cup and Saucer, in Toronto, carrying a hundred and twenty-eight pounds. In her last start at the Toronto meeting, she ran without opposition in a number called the Diamond Ring and galloped around the course faster than any of the horses in other events at the track that afternoon. Last year, she had leg trouble and didn't win once, but I expect better things of her this season.

THIS department has rarely made a complaint about Belmont Park, but there is one now. Something ought to be done about the paddock, which on rainy days is about as pleasant to walk in as a plowed field. The grass has been trampled flat by the horseplayers, and it probably won't grow in again before the autumn meeting rolls around. If the place were covered with small stones, it would be vastly better for pedestrians. Colonel Martingale likes to walk in the paddock, but he's no mudder.

—AUDAX MINOR

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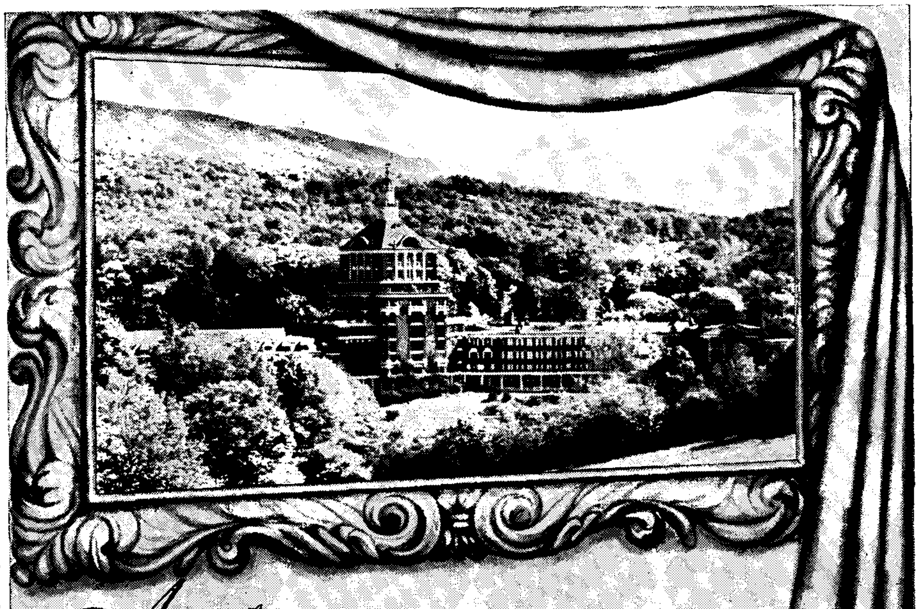
WOMEN SHOULD BE WELL LIT
TO BE GENUINELY ATTRACTIVE
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*



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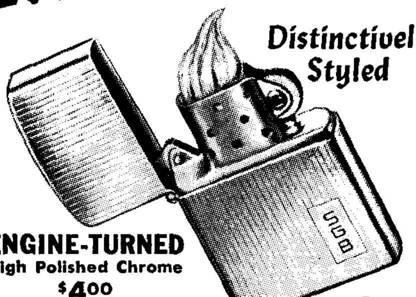

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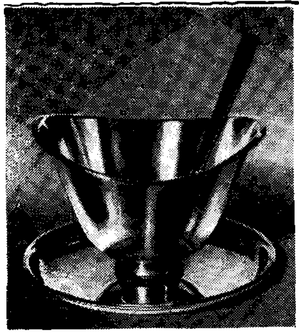

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THE CURVING ROAD

HER name was Eileen Riley and she was born in Ireland. She must have come over as a small child, for there was no Irish sound to her speech. She was first my grandmother's maid and then ours, from the time I was six until I was twelve, when she left us to get married. Always associated in my mind with Irish things is the sweet, intimate smell she had, a clean, inexpensive smell, and sometimes when I think of my girlhood, I see her flat, oval face, with its turned-up nose and light, shallowly set eyes. She makes a friendly place for me to look back to, a place without conflict, something easy to come across, comfortable, untroubled. The other day when I was standing before a butcher's counter pricing lamb chops, I remembered a visit I made to her after her marriage. I had thought of it idly at times, but now, as I held in my memory this last picture of Eileen, I saw it suddenly in a new perspective, and other, earlier pictures of her came back to me in a rush of recollection.

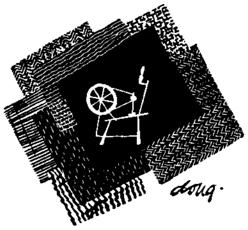
My earliest picture of Eileen is of the long bathroom in my grandmother's house in Flatbush. I am sitting in the high, claw-footed tub, attempting to cover my child's body with my hands. Eileen stands watching me and smiling. She seems tall to me, perhaps because she holds herself very straight, and her soft, brown hair, pulled back into a knot on her neck, outlines the smooth, young shape of her face. "Don't be afraid," she says. Her voice is easy, calm, and without depth, like her eyes. "I won't look at you," she says. Then I take my hands away. In that moment, Eileen had ceased to be a stranger.

The next picture of her is downstairs. Once a week, before she took me around the block to my piano lesson, we would have a cup of tea at the table in the middle of the big kitchen—Eileen, the cook, and I. It was always a special occasion, but part of the specialness came from the fact that it was not treated as an occasion; Eileen and the cook made me feel as if I were as grown up as they were. Afterward, Eileen would read my tea leaves, holding the cup in her hand and studying it soberly, finding in the leaves things that always seemed to mean more to her than to me—a letter, a new dress, a trip across the water. Then we would walk to my music teacher's, and while I was having my lesson, Eileen would wait outside and afterward she would take me home. I remember complaining of pains in my legs one time on our way home. "Growing pains," said Eileen. We stopped in front of a brownstone house while she looked at my legs. "Growing pains," she said again, firmly, and the pains went away.

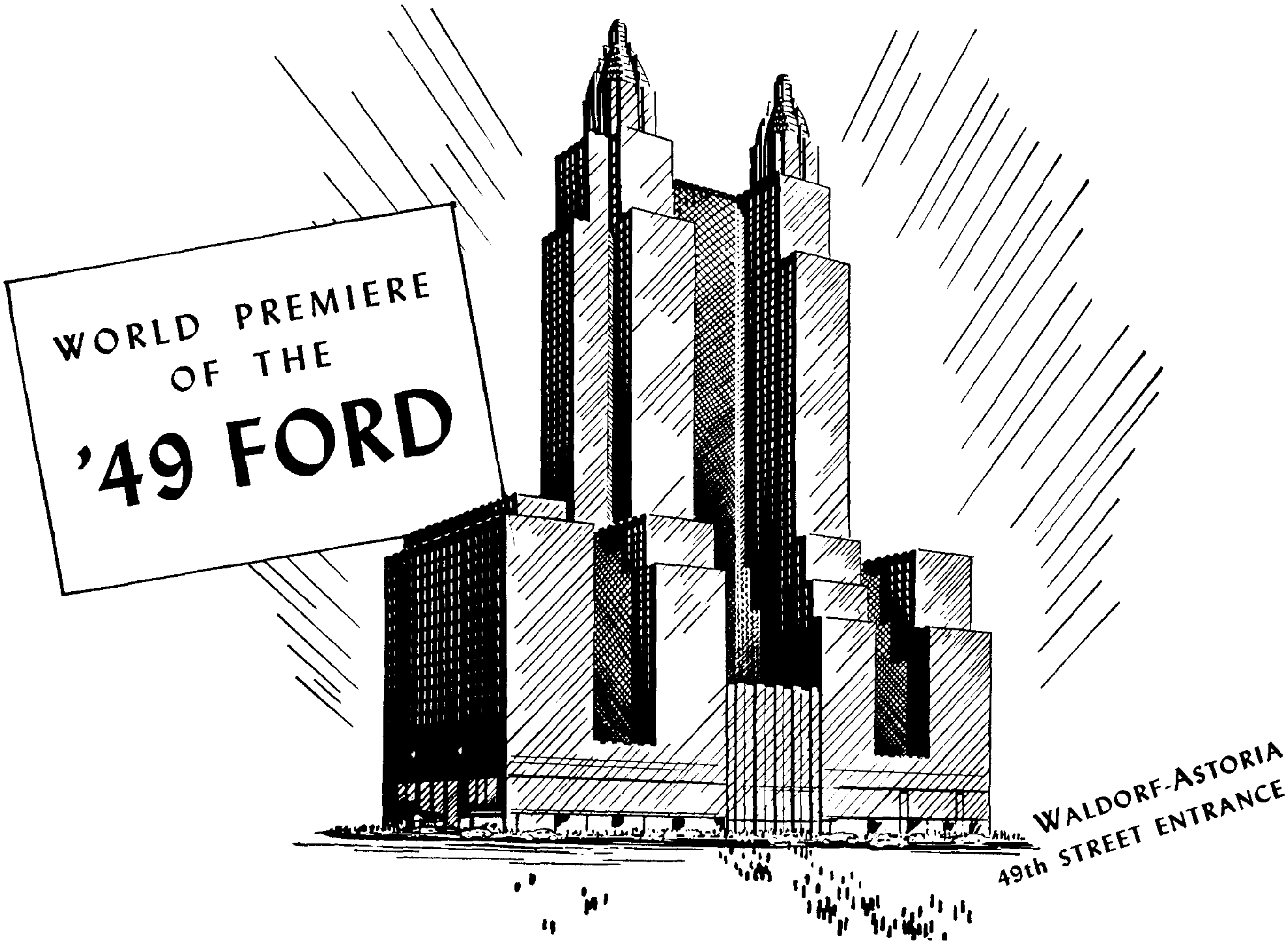
THE next pictures I have of Eileen are in our apartment on West Seventy-first Street, in Manhattan. I see her serving dinner, in her stiff white uniform, lifting her lip in a smile above her long, straight teeth when someone at the table says something that makes the rest of us laugh. I see her on Sunday morning after Mass, basting the Sunday chicken while the cook does something else, and showing me how to make the gravy: flour in a hot pan with the drippings, a little water, and then more water.

Our dining room had a gold ceiling, and in the living room there were blue brocade drapes and two grand pianos, but I liked the kitchen better. Everything was always easier there. I was the only critic in the kitchen. "Don't say, 'It don't,' " I would tell Eileen. "Say, 'It doesn't.' " "Good!" she would say. "You tell me. Every time I say it wrong, you be sure to pick me up." But the next minute she would make the very same mistake. I could never understand why she didn't say it the right way, but being able to correct her was part of the comfortableness of the kitchen, part of Eileen's acceptance and approval of me.

Then, there was Jim Blake, a slight, dapper young man with a small black mustache and a shining straw hat with a bright band. He and Eileen seemed not to mind my spending the early part of the evening with them in Eileen's room before I went to bed. It was a small room behind the kitchen, a very small room, dwarfed and pushed out of shape by the kitchen itself, and it had Eileen's smell. There were a bed, a bureau, a chair, and a silvered hot-water pipe in one corner, for heat. Above the bed hung a picture of a bleeding heart and one of Christ crowned with thorns, and there were a rosary and a jar of withered rose petals —a potpourri, Eileen called it—on the bureau. We would all sit on the bed and talk, leaning against the wall, and sometimes Eileen and Jim would begin a sort of fighting, straining against each other



What's Doing Around Town?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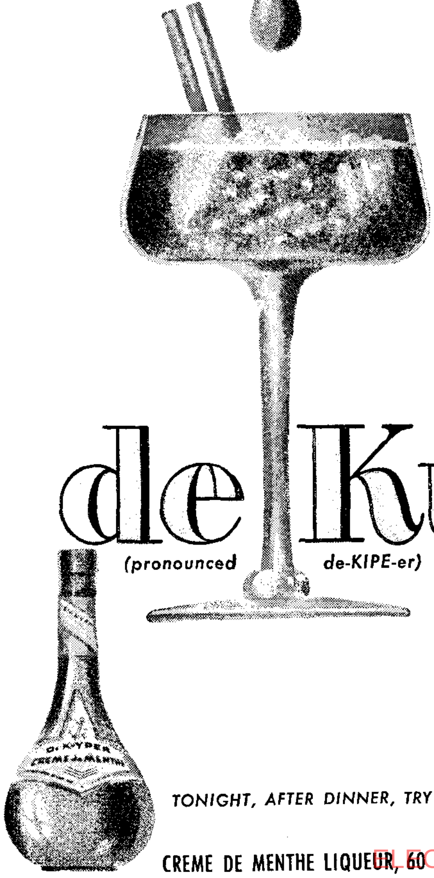

Whether you serve them as after-dinner liqueurs or in cocktails, any one of the twelve famous de Kuyper Cordials brings you luxurious flavor and bouquet. Equally delicious are the four de Kuyper fruit-flavored brandies. Made in America for the past fourteen years identically as in Holland for centuries. On sale at most good dealers everywhere.

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TONIGHT, AFTER DINNER, TRY A CREME DE MENTHE, PLAIN OR FRAPPÉD.

CREME DE MENTHE LIQUEUR, 60 PROOF. NATL. DISTILLERS PROD. CORP., N. Y. ANNO 1695

and laughing, that troubled me in some obscure way. "Be careful, Jim!" Eileen would say. "You'll give me a cancer!" Then they would sit up straight and Eileen would smooth her uniform and smile at him sidewise with her eyes. Jim would sometimes take out a cigarette and I would tell him how unhealthy it was to smoke cigarettes, and he would give me his solemn promise to stop. He would wedge the unlighted cigarette behind the bleeding heart, and I would feel proud and pleased. Then, a little later, discussing something with us, he would reach up absent-mindedly for the cigarette and put it in his mouth. This always discouraged and saddened me, but when he laughed, when they both laughed, I would laugh, too, and he would light the cigarette and blow smoke rings for me.

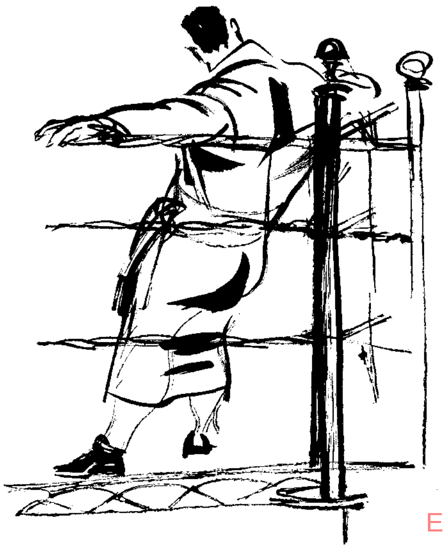
Finally, Jim and Eileen got married. I wanted Eileen to be happy, but I was sorry she had to leave our house. I never liked any maid we had after that. There was a Polish maid named Sophie, and she was stupid, and an Irish maid named Mary, and she was very pretty but not a friend of mine, and my father said that she ate up all our best jam before we could get a chance at it. I don't even remember the others.

I SAW Eileen a few times after she got married. She was living nearby, and getting ready to open a little restaurant with another woman, a friend of hers. It was to be called the Blue Moon, and she was putting all her savings into it. She took me over to see it the day before it opened. I remember that it had potted palms and that there were little bumps on the chairs and tables where the new paint had dried unevenly. Eileen asked me what I thought, and I said everything looked nice. "She has real good taste," she told the other woman. "Her mother often asks her about things like that. You'd be surprised." Later, I learned that when the restaurant failed to make money, the other woman began using it as a distribution center for narcotics. The police closed it up, and all of Eileen's savings were gone.

Jim lost his job after that, and had trouble finding another one. Finally, he got some kind of work out of town. Eileen was keeping our Airedale for us, because we were getting ready to move to the country for the summer and our house was in turmoil. The Airedale missed Jim terribly when he started working out of town, Eileen said, and whenever he saw a man wearing a straw hat, he got excited, because he thought it was Jim. Eileen was very fond of the Airedale and he of her. At this time, Eileen was learning to play the saxophone. She had never shown any special interest in music, but she wanted to play the saxophone. The Airedale couldn't stand it. When he heard the saxophone, he would brace his front paws, throw back his head, and pour forth a high, liquid keen. It got so that when Eileen wanted to practice, she had to wrap him in a blanket, put him out on the fire escape, and close the windows. I never saw her do this; I wish I had. I think Eileen was glad when we took the Airedale to the country with us.

My last picture of Eileen is of the time she had me to lunch. I hadn't seen her for almost a year. Jim was working in town and they had moved away from our neighborhood. One day Eileen came to see me. I was playing and she left a note, written in her big, bold handwriting, asking me to come to lunch the next Saturday. The building Eileen had moved to was in the Thirties, just west of Eighth Avenue, and there was a tailor's shop downstairs. I found the address without trouble, but I hesitated a moment before I went in. It was just that I had never been inside a tenement before. I had lived all my thirteen years in New York and I had seen slums, but I had never known anyone who lived in them.

Eileen's flat was on the third floor. The hall was dark and its smell is in my nose now as I write, a tightly twisted skein, with threads of cooking, sweating, living, and the old wood and plaster and the toilets in the hall, all inextricably combined, like the elements of a work of art. She and Jim had two rooms—a small front room with two narrow windows, and an even smaller room, opening on the hall, very dark, with a warped, tilting floor, a stove, a washtub,



What is Confidence?

It's what a new hat does for a woman.

It's why a cat feels it can look at a king.

Sometimes you hear it in a voice—

often you see it in results.

It's in better mouse traps . . .

it carries no rabbit's foot, fingers no voodoo bag,

walks in the dark without whistling.

It's in the ring of a million cash registers.

And in the columns of figures

on the right side of the ledger.

You can't live without it—

buy without it—

or sell without it.

That's Confidence!

Many, many people have confidence in the many people who have confidence in TIME

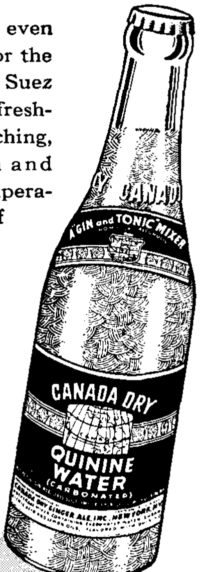
When Shadows SIMMER

It's Time for GIN and TONIC!

If heat waves shrivel you even in the shade, sing out for the drink that's known from Suez to Shanghai for frosty refreshment. Mix a thirst-quenching, heat-squelching Gin and Tonic and quaff a temperature-dropping draught of cool delight.

HERE'S HOW:

A jigger of gin in an 8 oz. glass, plenty of ice, fill with Canada Dry Quinine Water, add a slice of lemon or lime . . . and turn off the electric fan.



CANADA DRY QUININE WATER
for a Perfect GIN and TONIC

and a wooden table. I ate at the wooden table, alone. Eileen said she had already had her lunch. It seemed strange to invite me to lunch and then eat before I came, but I was too polite to question her. She gave me a nice lunch, things she knew I liked—lamb chops, noodles, peas. I was puzzled by the peas. We always had fresh peas at home, but these were canned and I didn't much like the canned taste. Except for the peas, it was the same as hundreds of lunches she had served me, and sometimes cooked for me, in the past. While I ate, she did things at the sink, and after a while she came and sat down with me and we tried to talk. The conversation was almost the same, like the lunch, but not quite, and here the difference seemed to matter more. Pretty soon, I began to feel embarrassed, the way I did when my grandmother said "Who do you love?" and I knew she wanted me to say "You, Grandma." Eileen didn't know about me any more; she didn't know the names of my newest friends, or what we were doing at school, or how things were at home, so we could talk only about the way things used to be. And, more than that, she seemed different to me, there in that ugly place; she seemed strange, somehow, not close to me. Not mine.

"How's the lunch?" she asked. "The chops the way you like them?" That was a funny thing to ask, because she knew they were.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Wonderful." I finished everything, even the canned peas, because I didn't want to hurt her feelings, and then I wiped my mouth and my fingers and got up to go.

Eileen went to the door with me and straightened the collar of my coat. "Come back again," she said. "Will you?"

"I'd love to," I said. "But I'm pretty busy. School and all . . ." And then I went away, hurrying down the fetid stairs and out into the street.

THE pictures of memory are static, but you are moving. It is like walking along a curving road. When, after going a certain distance, you look back, you see the same pine tree, the rock, the grassy slope that you saw before, and yet they look different. You see them from another angle, and therefore their relationship has changed; the pine tree and the rock are no longer separate but side by side, and perhaps now you can see an aspen that was hidden behind the pine.

That is how it was when I looked again at my last picture of Eileen. Standing before the butcher's counter

TROTTING RACES NIGHTLY

IT'S PACKED WITH THRILLS!

"Tonight we're off to the trotters!" Because tonight and every night, except Sunday, there's a thrill-packed program of 8 races at America's leading trotting track... Roosevelt Raceway. So come on out with your family and friends!

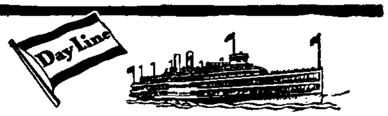
PARI-MUTUELS. First race at 8:40 P.M. Daily Double closes 8:25.

SPECIAL RACE TRAINS leave Penn. Station at 7:03 p.m. and Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn at 6:49. Or drive, via Triboro or Whitestone Bridge and Grand Central Parkway. Plenty of parking space.

WEATHER NEWS: Tune in WHN (1050 on your dial) at 6:31 p.m. or 7:00 p.m. if in doubt "weather or not" races will be run.

ADM. $1.25 (tax incl.)

ROOSEVELT RACEWAY
Westbury, Long Island



Famous river steamers . . .
magnificent river scenery

UP THE HUDSON
Daily and Sunday

NEW YORK—ALBANY: Convenient connections for Catskill mountain resorts at Kingston Point and Catskill. Rail tickets accepted New York to Albany and Albany to New York. Steamer leaves West 42nd St. Pier 9:20 A. M. (D.S.T.).

ONE-DAY ROUND TRIPS: To Indian Point, Bear Mountain, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie (also West Point, except Sundays). Lv. West 42nd St. Pier 10:00 A. M. (D.S.T.).

See New York daily papers for complete timetable.

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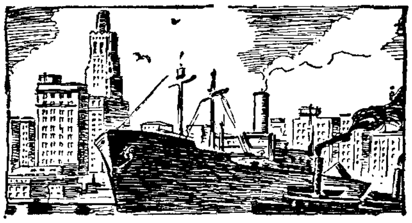

Outstanding in maritime commerce is this harbor on the Patapsco.

Outstanding among hotels is the

Sheraton Belvedere

Both are in Baltimore

with the piles of meat and the neat white price tickets on each pile, I saw again Eileen's two lamb chops, perfectly cooked—the long, gently arching bone, the round eye of tender meat—and I saw something else, which had been hidden behind them all these years. I knew why the peas were canned and why Eileen had already eaten her own lunch. I could not see it then; I had not gone far enough along the road. I see it now. I thank you, Eileen, for the lamb chops.

—WILMA SHORE

•

In response to the prodding of his friends, Isadore Grubman, of 2418 N. Napa st., has submitted a scheme for determining the day of the week of any date, past or future.

It is a very simple scheme, and can be worked mentally by anyone with a little arithmetic dexterity and a bare minimum of facts.

The best way to illustrate Grubman's method is to use an example. Suppose we wish to determine the day of the week on which fell August 21, 1907. We first determine on what day August 21 of this year falls.

May 13, this year, falls on Thursday. June 10 will fall on Thursday. July 8 and August 5 will fall on Thursday.

These dates are arrived at by recognizing that the day of the week is repeated each 28 days. If May had just 28 days, then June 13 also would fall on Thursday. But May has 31 days, so the Thursday we seek will be June 10, not June 13. We recognize that June has 30 days, which is two days more than 28, so July 8 will be Thursday. July has 31 days, or three more than 28, so August 5 will fall on Thursday. This ... —*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Did you say somebody *prodded* Grubman?

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Rosicrucian Digest*]

The thrill of distant lands can be yours! The raucous cries of wide pantalooned, turbaned vendors can resound within your inner ears. The swirling dust and choking fumes of the crepuscular, arched roof, copper bazaars—the haunting look of wide-eyed Arabian maidens, who peer above diaphanous veils, as they timidly offer an array of hand-woven tapestries—aged craftsmen squatting cross-legged before stool-like benches, deftly shaping and inscribing strange scarabs, after the manner of their ancient predecessors—all of these can be your impressions, if you bring into your home, your sanctum, some of the handiwork of these craftsmen of the mystic lands of the Orient. Inspire yourself with some little token or symbol of the charm and beauty of mysterious Egypt and strange Arabia.

We have imported, direct from Cairo, a variety of Egyptian scarabs inscribed with the traditional hieroglyphics. Secure one of these for mounting in a locket, on a ring, or as a watch fob.

Return to the Victorian

Sterling silver bracelet — a reproduction of great grandmother's napkin ring . . . Circa 1860. Heavily chased with heirloom richness. You will want a pair —one for each wrist, but if your wrist is large, do not send for them. . . . . . . Each . . . $7.50

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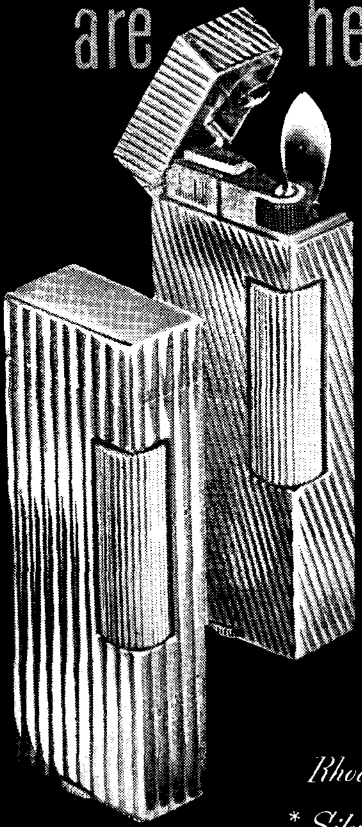
MERMOD · JACCARD · KING
Saint Louis
JEWELERS TO AMERICA FOR 118 YEARS

Flint & Horner · Flint & Horner · Flint & Horner

For all our love of beautiful styling you must admit we're practical—that we never forget that furniture must be functional. Witness this 18th Century Kidney Desk as proof. You sit at it comfortably, its writing surface is spacious, it has drawers galore! And for all of this it is one of the most decorative pieces that ever graced a living room. Superb mahogany with gold tooled leather top—52" x 24" and a sensible $315.00

66 WEST 47TH STREET . BETWEEN



The magnificent new Dunhills are here

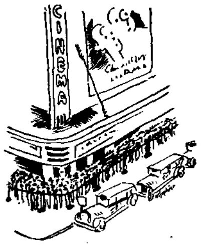
Rhodium Plate... 10.00
**Silver Plate* 12.50
**Gold Plate* 15.00

Fashioned like fine jewelry, the Dunhill Rollalite is a masterpiece of precision. There is nothing to compare with its smooth roller action, its simple flint replacement, its classic beauty. Now in smart, heavy-ribbed vertical or diagonal models, regular or small size . . . At fine stores everywhere. Alfred Dunhill, 660 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

dunhill

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Woe and Weak Laughter



MOVIEMAKERS all over the world seem to be convinced that almost any musician able to compose or play a tune more complicated than "Nature Boy" is doomed to melancholy and despair. The latest exhibit to confront us with one of these talented, star-crossed characters is a French film known in English as "Blind Desire," a title that somehow derives from "La Part de l'Ombre." The hero, a violinist and composer called Michel Kremer, is advised by a maestro, whose daughter he loves, that, overwhelming though his abilities are, he'd better get into some other line of work. The maestro dishes up this counsel because Michel reminds him of a musical genius he once knew who was carted off to an asylum after making various people unhappy for years. Michel forthwith renounces serious music, takes up with a chambermaid, and is next seen sawing away on a fiddle in a low-class picture palace. There he is discovered by the maestro's still loving daughter, who induces him to give a concert. Unfortunately, he shows up for the occasion so drunk that he can't play. This disappoints the maestro's daughter but it doesn't discourage her. In fact, even though she's already married, she agrees to run away with the boy—a project that is defeated by the chambermaid, who hops out of a window and bangs herself up considerably as soon as she hears that her lover is going.

"Blind Desire" looks as if it had been photographed through a heavy fog, and some first-rate melodramatic scenes are ruined by poor visibility. The actors, when apparent, are quite good, and Jean-Louis Barrault and Edwige Feuillère, who head the cast, make the best of some situations that in less skilled hands might easily have been reduced to burlesque.

THERE are a lot of rusty jokes in a pair of Hollywood items called "Hazard" and "The Bride Goes Wild," and the actors are by no means successful in making the chestnuts palatable. In "Hazard," we have Paulette Goddard as a lady gambler who has welshed on a bet, and Macdonald Carey as a detective eager to make her pay up. Mr. Carey chases Miss Goddard all the way from New York to Los Angeles and part of the way back, and no trip ever seemed longer. It is obvious that the authors of this one—Arthur Sheekman and Roy Chanslor—had the intention of cooking up something similar to "It Happened One Night." Their product, however, is grossly underdone.

I don't know just what you might compare "The Bride Goes Wild" to, since it is reminiscent of all kinds of movie fluff. The picture has Van Johnson in the role of Uncle Bumps, a man who writes books for children, even though he hates them. Then, there is June Allyson, pretending to be a prim Vermont schoolteacher hired to illustrate Uncle Bumps' books. Somewhere along the line, Mr. Johnson has to make out that he's the father of a small boy, which introduces Butch Jenkins. Master Jenkins proceeds to behave like an amalgam of all the terrible infants you've ever seen while Mr. Johnson drinks and Miss Allyson tries to decide whether she loves or loathes him—a hell of a problem to preoccupy a girl who allegedly got through normal school. Of those who labor like sandhogs to dredge up a grain of comedy, only Hume Cronyn, as a distraught publisher, deserves an occasional smile.

—John McCarten

•

W. E. White, head of the Forest Service, recalled its start in 1915 when four patrolmen mounted on horses shinnied up a tree occasionally to look for smoke and then sounded a warning.—*Dallas* (*Tex.*) *Morning News.*

As nice a beginning as any Service could have.

•

"If she lets down, even for a second, something comes over the footlights to tell her the play is slipping away from her. Then she must do something or lose it altogether—jump over the furniture, get the hiccoughs. You know what I mean. Something not too subtle . . . not too broad."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

We understand perfectly.

•

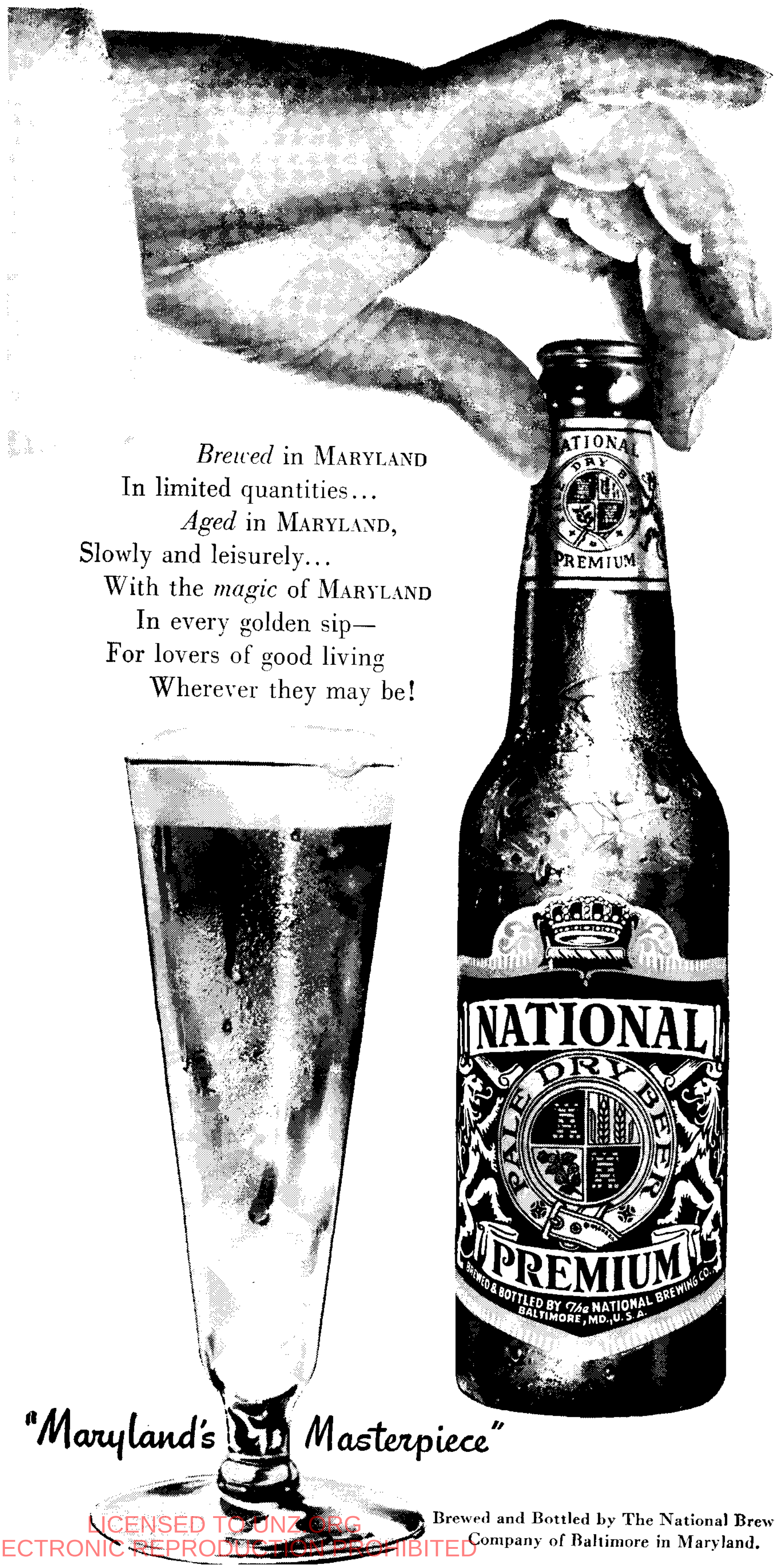
THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Assessor of Success," by O. Henry*]

In his own [empty] pocket he [Morley] dropped the 85 cents accruing to him. . . . Morley went to a restaurant and ordered a sirloin and a pint of inexpensive Chateau Breuille. . . . "It will do," he said, magnanimously. "And now, green Chartreuse, frappe, and a demi-tasse."

this Maryland *beer!*

Brewed in Maryland
In limited quantities...
Aged in Maryland,
Slowly and leisurely...
With the *magic* of Maryland
In every golden sip—
For lovers of good living
Wherever they may be!



"Maryland's Masterpiece"

Brewed and Bottled by The National Brewing Company of Baltimore in Maryland.

"You pose for picture, huh, Injun feller?"

CHIEF: Sure-Sure.

MR. G.: Fine! Fine! Now, stand still, huh? No move, huh? Me flickum shutter. See?

CHIEF: Ummm. Me see.

MR. G.: Good! All done. No hurt, huh? By way, that's a nice-looking sports shirt, Chief! Too bad him no got wonderful Arrow Collar like my shirt, huh? Best collar in world, him.

CHIEF: Ummm. Best collar.

MR. G.: No shirt made got this tailored-to-fit-body-better like Arrow! Call him MITOGA, Chief. Him trade-mark. You know "trade-mark," huh?

CHIEF: Ummm. Good.

MR. G.: Him also got *Sanforized* label, see? Him mean "fabric shrinkage less than 1%." Mean shirt no gettum smaller in wash, huh? Arrow Shirt offer best of everything. Remember him!

CHIEF: I remember "him" very well indeed, my dear fellow. When I was at college I wore nothing but Arrow Shirts. I am of the opinion that their impeccable appearance attracted the attention of my former wife, for which I am forever grateful. Today, however, I am a widower. My sole diversion is to hold a few red beads and get a few quiet snickers out of the tourists—PORTER, THIS FELLOW'S FAINTED!

Arrow, Mitoga, Sanforized: Reg. Trade-marks
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW WHITE SHIRTS
$3.50 • $4 • $4.25 • $5

OF ALL THINGS

WASHINGTON newspapermen polled by *Newsweek* believe that Vandenberg will win the Republican nomination. They seem to feel that there is no way to stop a dark horse who isn't running.

•

Public-opinion surveys show that Eisenhower is still the most popular Presidential possibility among Democratic and Republican voters. It is likely that one word from Ike could ruin either convention, or both.

•

Congressional leaders incline to the idea of making the draft act a permissive law that would become effective at the discretion of the President. They rather enjoy the thought of passing the bill and the buck at the same time.

•

The Moscow press declares that the Russians are the world's greatest inventors. Among the many devices it credits to Soviet ingenuity are the steam engine, the electric light, radio, penicillin, and Henry Wallace's party.

•

The two-hundred-inch telescope now functioning on Palomar Mountain, in California, makes it possible to photograph what stars are doing a billion light-years away. This will certainly prove to be the most un-American activity we have ever investigated.

•

American scientists working in Lebanon have dug up the sixty-thousand-year-old skeleton of a boy, whom they have named Egbert. According to present plans, the lad will be sent to Harvard.

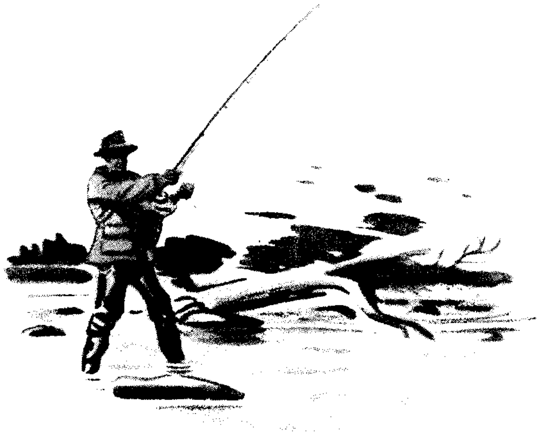
•

The Department of Agriculture predicts that there will be a large oversupply of potatoes again this year. We are told that only vigorous government action can save the consumer from a disastrous cut in price.

•

There is an unconfirmed report that the Mundt-Nixon bill will be held up in the Senate. The story is that the Upper House plans to put it into a deep-freezer for possible future use.

HOWARD BRUBAKER



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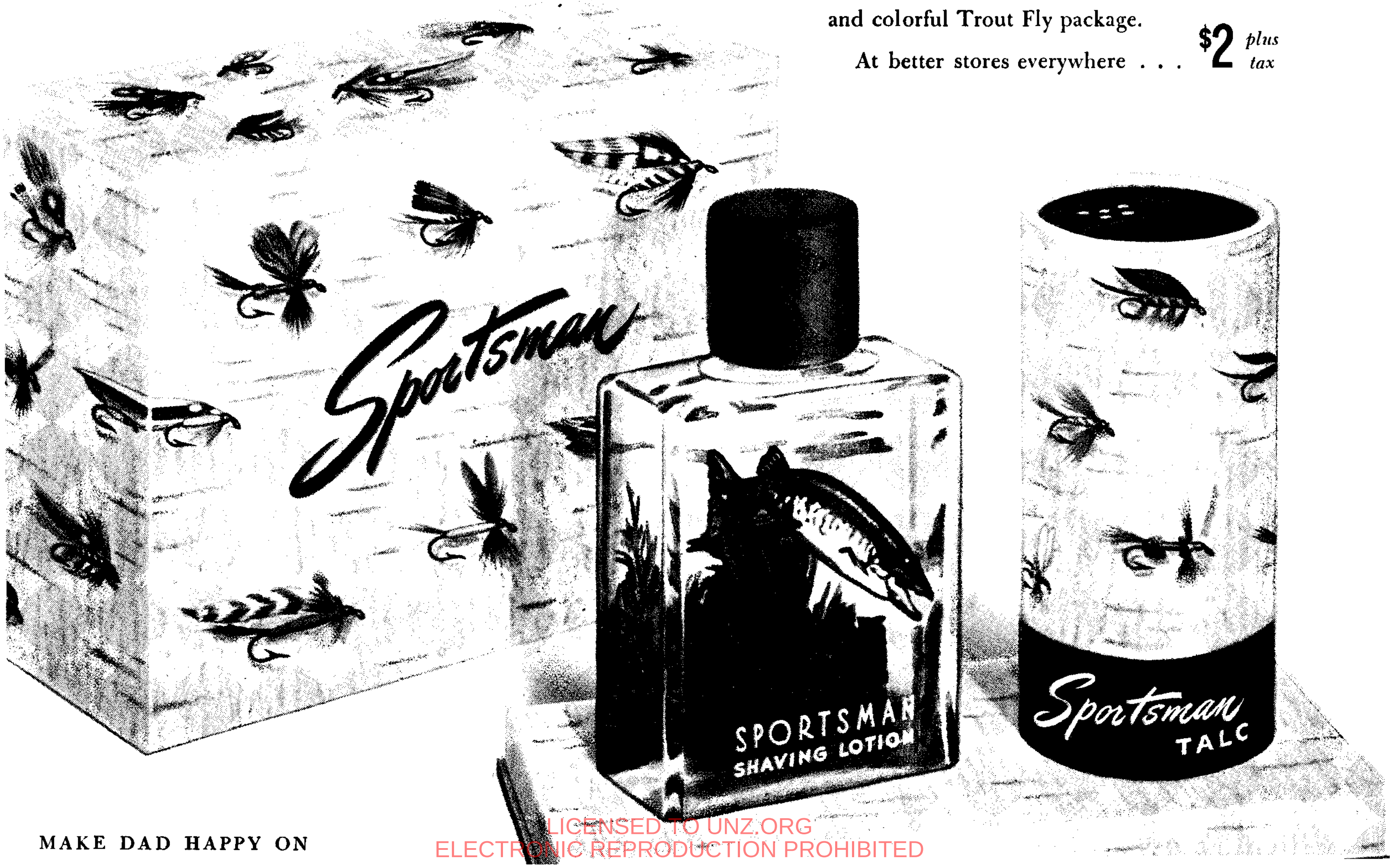
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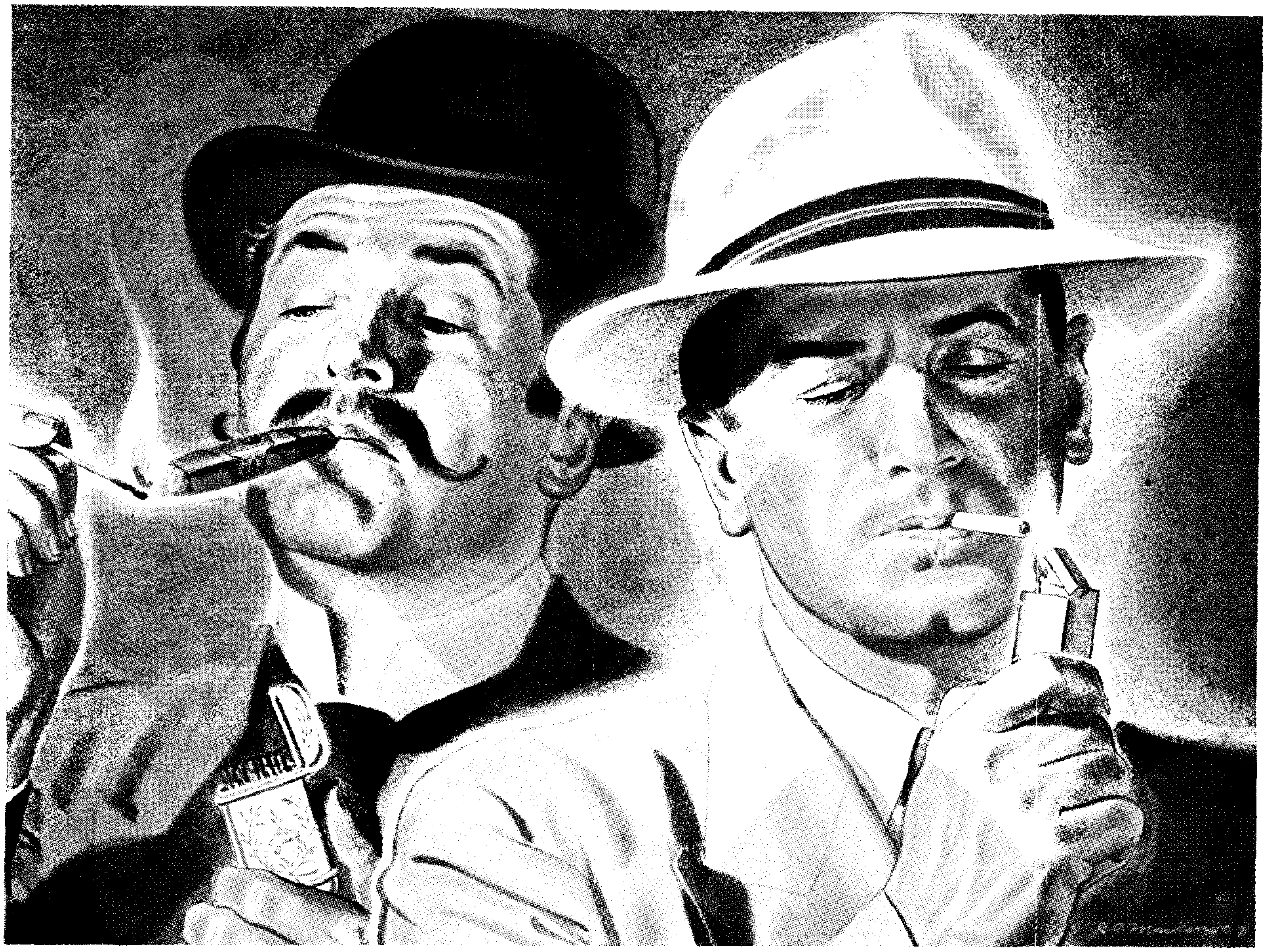

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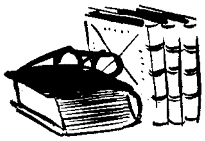
BOOKS

The Journal Keeper

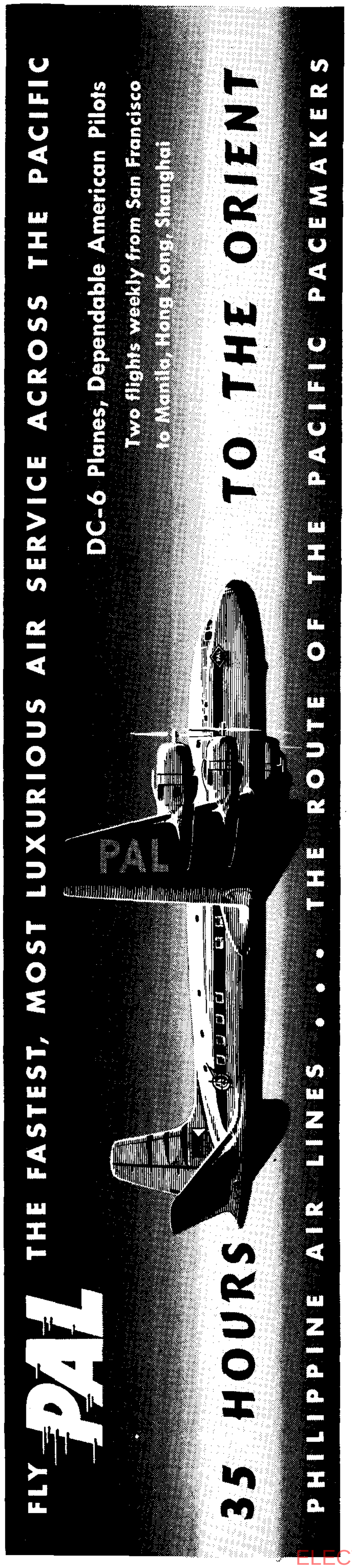


THE second volume (1914-27) of André Gide's "Journals," published by Knopf in the excellent annotated translation of Justin O'Brien, contains such frank declarations on his famous "immoralism" that it will obviously be looked into for its scandal. At the risk of neglecting elements that have certainly not been of minor importance to Gide, I should like to discuss this book—surely the most remarkable journal ever divulged during an author's lifetime—from another angle: its revival of the journal as a work of art and a spiritual document.

Gide is now seventy-eight, and he has been keeping a journal since he was eighteen or nineteen. He began it as a literary exercise and once wrote that he kept on with it to give himself practice "in writing quickly." He has always tested his life and ideas on it, and he has probably never written a sentence in it without shaping it for publication. Like all writers' journals, it has been a "savings bank," in Emerson's phrase, for future work. Such books are dictated as much by prudence as by self-fascination, and it is hard to say of many passages in this one whether Gide was lamenting his life or rehearsing a passage for some unwritten book, since for a writer so consumed by literature there is a constant injunction not to lose a shred of experience. Even in his moments of severest agony, Gide has never forgotten to write well; when a careless passage is forced out of him, he usually instructs himself to repair it. There is probably a good deal of his real life that he has sacrificed for the point and leanness of that amazing style that has been the admiration of even his enemies and his recompense for a certain thinness of imagination. Yet I am sure that Gide has given himself to his journal more freely than to any other book, or idea, or passion. Begun as an exercise, kept up in illness, in travel, in flight from work and as a constant stimulus to work, with many a grumble against its tyranny over him, it has become not only his best book but the symbolic center of his life—its armory, its apology, its supreme justification. If he has surprised himself by living so long, surely one reason has been his unwillingness to finish it.

Journal keepers are a strange breed, and with all their faults are less given to complacency than most people. There have been many writers greater than Gide who kept inferior journals, and many who were incapable of the journal's traditional complaints of failure. It is as absurd to imagine Balzac writing a journal (what for?) as it is to imagine Amiel writing anything else. The Goncourt brothers kept one as a gossipy history, and it has survived their novels; Tolstoy seems to have kept his largely to complain of his wife, who kept one against him. (They exchanged them occasionally.) Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau thriftily incorporated large sections of theirs into their works; Melville started one on his voyage to Palestine, when he was half out of his mind and eager to keep himself going against the day he would write again. Perhaps, to carry on a journal in our time, a writer must have a certain vital anxiety about himself and a realization that his personality is his chief literary resource. The great journal keepers have been extreme Protestants, brought up to account for every minute of their time to a watchful God—our early literature is crammed with them—and Frenchmen, in whom the introspective rationalism of their literary tradition has encouraged the keeping of *cahiers*. Gide is both Protestant and Frenchman, and more, a human being who from early childhood realized that he was "different" and that he could find freedom and consolation only in that dialogue with oneself of which every sincere journal consists.

The continual interplay of these elements makes Gide's "Journals" unique. He is a writer whose real gift has always been for the modelling and modulation of his personal experience rather than for any central originality as a thinker or artist, and in these notes all his ability for moral speculation and the abrupt *pensée* is turned on himself, his work, his friends, the cockpits of literary Paris, and his longing for God. One never knows from passage to passage where the burden of his concern will fall next—whether it will be on himself as a "sin-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ner" who needs to flout the outward law but is afraid that pleasure unhinges him for work, or on his superlative keenness for spotting weakness or falseness in his own writing and that of everyone else, a gift that is sometimes indistinguishable from his desire to write a masterpiece that will redeem him from the gnawing sense of his personal unworthiness. He is either noting scraps for future work, or reproaching himself for wasting time, or getting back at critics, or mourning over his sins, or encouraging himself to sin (those Greeks!), or trying unanticipated flights of thought to get the most out of himself, or finishing salon conversations in which someone else, it is clear, got the upper hand. The book is his confessor, with his ever-present Bible his only spiritual tool, for while he venerates Jesus, he is unable to believe in any church, Catholicism being "inadmissible" and his ancestral Protestantism "intolerable." It is also a register of all his reading (he is as careful to make a notch for each new book read as was Justice Holmes or John Quincy Adams), of his progress at the piano (he cannot play if anyone is listening), and of letters to unfriendly critics that he will never mail. The journal is even a character in his life and work. We find him addressing it as his taskmaster, his conscience, the shadow of that outer world he hopes to escape when he enters the journal's happy chaos. When he is idle elsewhere, he can be busy here; when he is writing, or even unexpectedly happy, he complains that he notes in this book merely his bad days—will history misjudge him? But only the journal is adequately flexible and easy to contain all his contradictions; only its privacy will force him to the bottom of his own mind. A good deal like Eliot's Prufrock, he is constantly asking himself "Do I dare?," and, having dared, he attacks his failings with Puritan indignation. He is an unresting student—even after he had reached seventy, he was still memorizing long lists of German words, and he later incurred the wrath of the party-line patriots, who already disliked his views on Russia, when he revealed that he had been studying his beloved Goethe during the Occupation of France—but even here he sadly comments on his inability to rely sufficiently on himself; all those books he must finish are only a way of getting him "ready" for his work. His greatest wish has always been to let himself go, to confess the heresies of his mind and his sexual cravings to the limit. But two injunctions stand on opposite sides of him—the command of

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Jesus that a man must "lose his life" in order to save it, and the ethic of supreme liberation he worships in the Greeks, in Blake, Keats, Goethe, and Nietzsche. It is interesting to note that his passion for Socrates was not shared by Blake and Nietzsche—*he* needs them all. He would like to "renounce" his life, and, in a famous passage written in 1916, during his religious crisis, notes his wistful belief that "it is in perfect abnegation that individualism triumphs . . . self-renunciation is the summit of self-assertion." Yet, like another La Rochefoucauld, he notes with his little smile that "vice" is "more imperious than any duty." Actually, he has never expected liberation but has characteristically sought the literary text for liberation. If he had achieved the Greek ideal, he would never have defined so correctly, and with typical French *justice*, the limits within which man actually lives. He would like to be both free and good, and, failing both, has compromised by being honest. He is not noble and does not pretend to be. There is many a feline thrust at Francis Jammes (too cloying), at his friend Paul Valéry (makes too many demands on his intelligence, is almost inhuman), at Paul Claudel (too self-righteous, like so many Catholics he knows). And there is a particularly cold portrait of Marcel Proust, whose boldness about his own homosexuality shocked Gide; we are not surprised, in a later passage, to find him peevishly criticizing Proust's syntax. Yet, with all this, he never allows us to forget that, despite everything he feels lacking in his own life and talent, he is a European and that his great tradition has been to translate every experience into an idea.

What is it that drives a man to keep a journal so long? Each writer starts with his own need, but surely the reasons are always the same—the struggle against death and for time, the need to use one's life to the uttermost. Recording one's days somehow saves them from extinction, and if one is a writer, there is always the hope that they will be reused in the tasks that lie ahead. There is nothing so moving in all Gide's works as this struggle with himself to maintain the victory over life. "I cling desperately to this notebook," he writes in one passage. "It is a part of my patience; it helps keep me from going under." In another: "It is time to learn once more to prefer the events that choose men to those I should have chosen myself." The journal is thus an accounting of necessity and a training in necessity. He notes that Briand's

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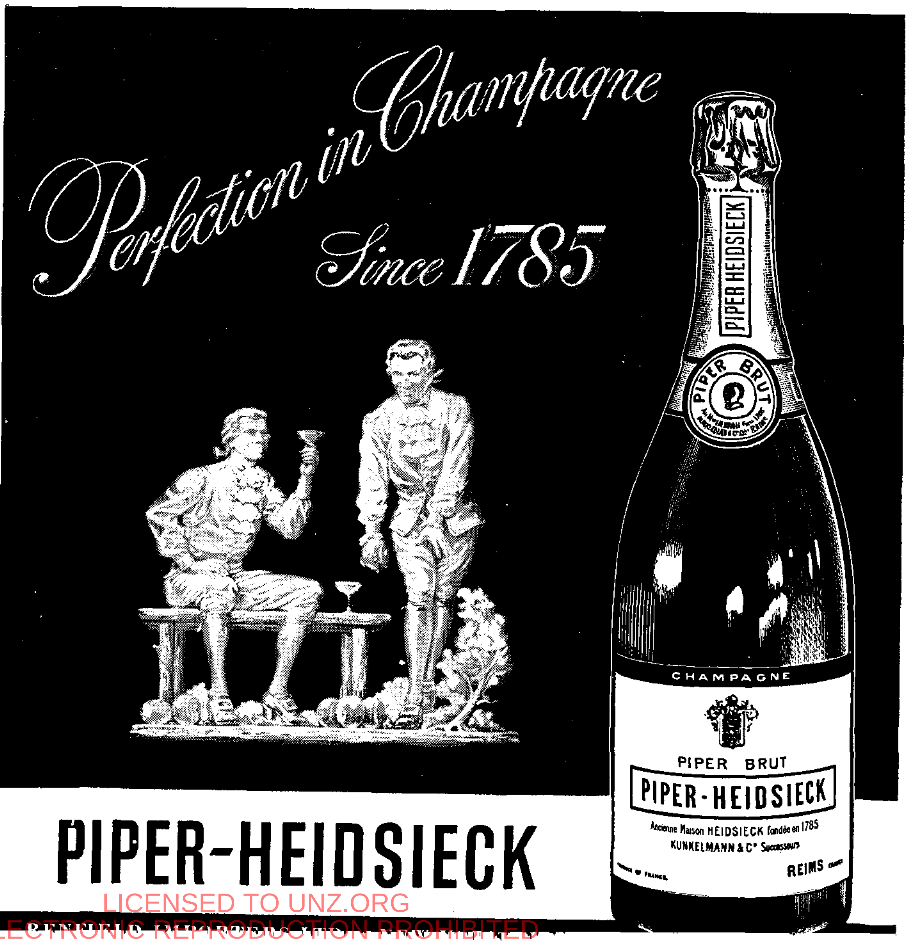

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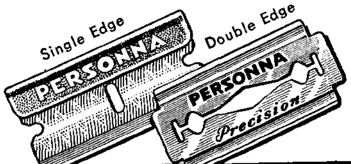

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secretary, whom he dislikes, is the perfect type of climber: "He succeeds by means of patience, of minute economy, of hygiene." Add "moral" before "hygiene," and this "minute economy" becomes the very pattern of Gide's own journal. Even as he is repeating to himself Jesus's command to "lose" one's life, he is saving his in little ways, improving it, sharpening his mind on the classics, and constantly turning the whetstone of his style. It is this unremitting search for self-correction and self-purification, by a succession of small efforts, that reveals the essentially religious source of the journal. To this must be added the candor of a man who knows that he will always stand outside conventional society; and this would give a special pathos to his book if he were not always able to use up the dead matter of his days in other work. Work fills every gap, *and if he cannot work, he must tirelessly* analyze why. It is not until one has lived through so many days of Gide's life that one realizes how much modern man has replaced faith in another world with work in this one. Gide is never so Protestant as when he is counting up every minute of his time, and never so modern as in his belief that work will fill the spiritual vacuum. But if the ideal success has escaped him, there is always his journal. And so, consuming his life, he still has it.

—ALFRED KAZIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WALDEN TWO, by B. F. Skinner (Macmillan). Six people—a pair of veterans, two young ladies with whom they are on the best of terms, and two college professors—all of them deeply concerned about man's increasing predilection for draft boards and armor plate, pay a hopeful visit to a small experimental community in the Midwest, whose inhabitants, under the guidance of a rather bilious visionary, are doing their utmost to prove that human relationships can be noncombative. At the end of a week spent in examining the community from gymnasium to pulpit and in jabbing critically at the science of "behavioral engineering," on which it is founded, five of the visitors apply for quarters. The sixth, one of the professors, homesick for the sound of human friction, catches a bus back to the contentious environment from which he came. Hardly a novel, but an extremely interesting discourse on

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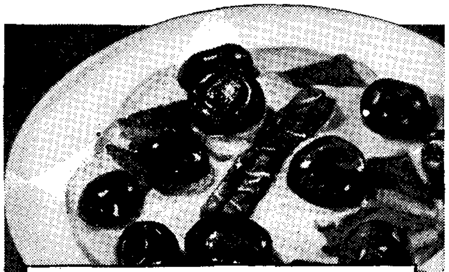

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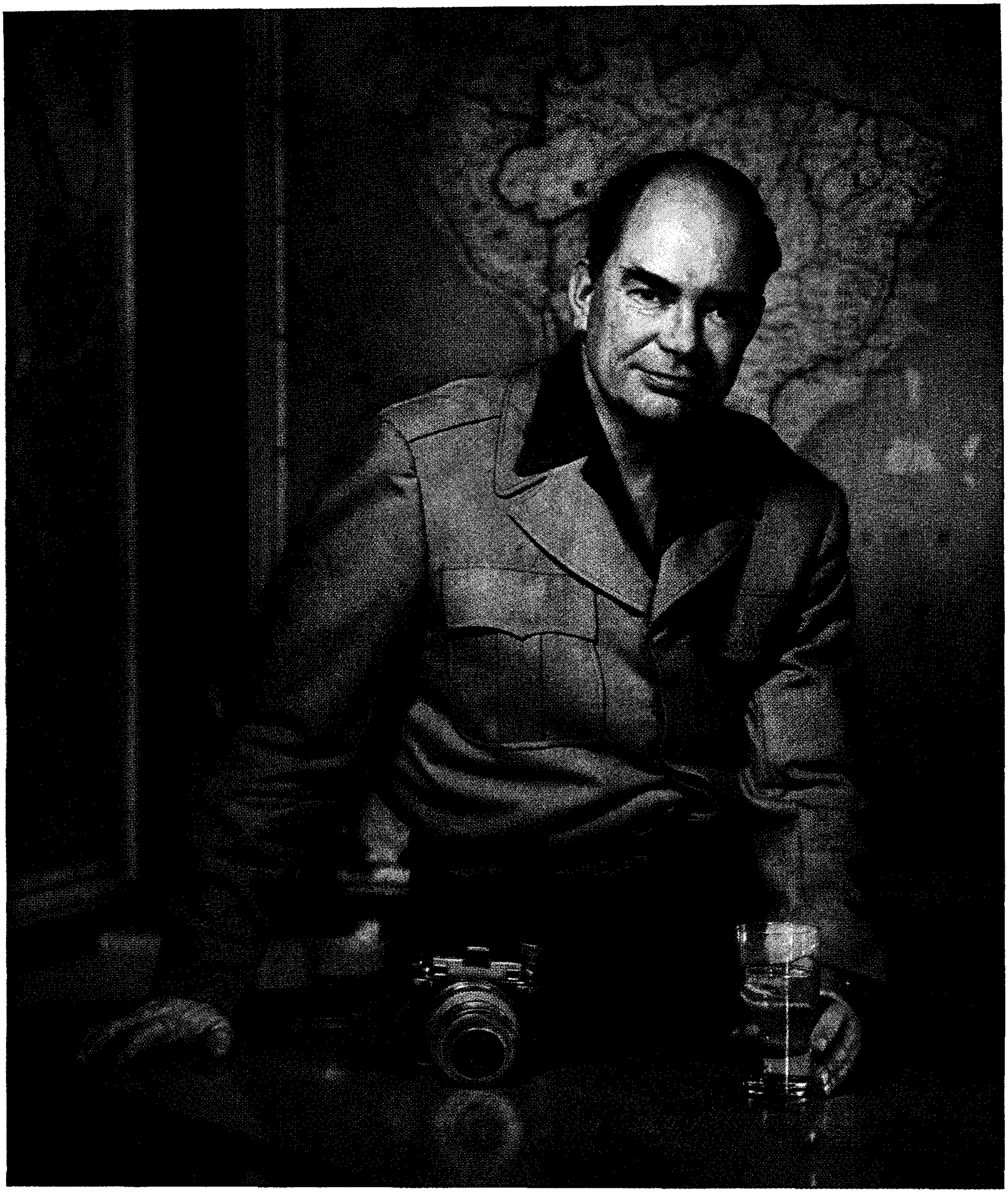

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the possibilities of social organization.

THE SHIP AND THE FLAME, by Jerre Mangione (A. A. Wyn). This account of life on a refugee transport en route from Lisbon to Mexico during the war can be appraised in a number of ways: as an adventure story with unusually pronounced amorous and political overtones; as an attempt to demonstrate, by reference to the shipboard behavior of approximately a dozen men and women of various ages, that the atmosphere of all surface vessels with a mixed passenger list, including even so joyless a craft as the one in this novel, is predominantly erotic; or as additional evidence in support of the notion (this conception of the story would be based on its climax, in which a beautiful woman passenger yields herself to the ship's captain in exchange for his promise to dock in the United States) that sex is frequently an accessory to political accomplishment. However you choose to interpret it, Mr. Mangione's performance is spirited, respectably written, and, considering its high phallic content, miraculously free from vulgarity.

THE BOWL OF NIGHT, by Edward Liston (Coward-McCann). One of the more felicitous examples of that worn literary exercise—a particular favorite with English authors—in which a thoroughly civilized white man set down among savages concludes, after comparing his own involuted cultural habits with the savages' uncomplicated sociology, that Western civilization is a casuistic fake. Dr. Liston, by birth an Englishman and more recently a Californian, parachutes his protagonist, a flight surgeon in a disabled aircraft, into the midst of an Indian tribe living in the mountains of Latin America. The Indians welcome him effusively, indoctrinate him in their ways, and choose a wife for him, all of which so delights the doctor that he considers settling down among them for good. Only his unwitting violation of an important tribal law, which turns his hosts against him, finally compels him to start looking for a trail leading back to town.

FAITHFUL COMPANY, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday). Backstage in a modern English publishing house. The employees of the company exhibit toward its owners—a father and son whose fiscal outlook is purely Victorian—and toward the banally uplifting literature favored by the

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management the kind of cautious disloyalty that, to judge by recent novels about such firms in this country, is the mark of publishers' hirelings everywhere. In this case, what the hands think about their employers is rendered eternally academic when the son, enraged over the terms of his father's will, sets fire to the home office and goes up with it in a cloud of pietistic smoke. Written with a certain amount of dawdling charm but set in a type so small as to practically preclude the book's being read through.

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS, by Thomas Mann (Knopf). A new, one-volume edition of this remarkable tetralogy. In an introduction, the author surveys his sixteen-year struggle to expand the Joseph legend into epic fiction (he originally conceived the project as a series of short stories) and makes it quite clear that he shares the world's high opinion of his achievement.

GENERAL

NEHRU ON GANDHI (John Day). Pandit Nehru, Gandhi's spiritual heir and successor, and easily the most articulate of his close friends, tells why Gandhi was a great man—something his admirers in the West have not always been sure about. The book is compiled of speeches and articles written by the author over a number of years and covers every important phase of Gandhi's part in the struggle for India's freedom, explaining the practical political aspects of such things as *satyagraha* (which Nehru says means "holding onto truth," and not "passive resistance"), civil disobedience, fasting, and the encouragement of cottage industries.

THE LEGEND OF HENRY FORD, by Keith Sward (Rinehart). A large-scale history of Ford and the Ford industrial empire, which was literally an empire, with a nearly autonomous capital in Dearborn and a full-fledged colony, with its own police powers, in Fordlandia, Brazil. Mr. Sward, a practicing psychologist, was attracted to Henry Ford and his complex, contradictory personality as an ideal subject for a psychiatric study of the American Dream, but somewhere along the way he apparently lost sight of his purpose—Ford's was presumably too slippery and elusive a character to be staked out satisfactorily—and produced instead a solid, sober, and consistently

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interesting biography of the man. Probably the most thoughtful work on Ford and his company yet published.

OUR UNKNOWN EX-PRESIDENT, by Eugene Lyons (Doubleday). Mr. Lyons feels that Herbert Hoover has been grossly maligned by a large section of the American public, partly as a result of New Deal propaganda, and in this book, one of the most curious of the season, seeks to redress the wrong. It seems likely that the author exaggerates the extent of the vilification of Mr. Hoover (he claims it is commonly accepted by the younger generation that the ex-President is a heartless, callous, and inept ogre), and he unquestionably swings too far in the opposite direction in his attempt to compensate for it. If what he sets forth in praise of Mr. Hoover's wisdom, wit, charm, integrity, ability, disinterestedness, humanitarianism, and strength of character is true, it is hard to imagine why the electorate ever permitted such a man to quit the White House. There is much to be said in favor of Mr. Lyons' cause, but a less emotional book would have served it better.

PRESCOTT'S "THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO," edited by Marshall McClintock (Messner). An abridged and retooled version of this classic, for the modern reader. Mr. McClintock has made wholesale cuts in the original, substituted contemporary words and phrases for what he calls old-fashioned language, quickened the pace, and centered the book on the flamboyant character of Hernando Cortés. As such things go, a pretty good job.

VERSE

A BEGINNING, by Robert Horan, with a foreword by W. H. Auden (Yale). Auden, who is now the editor of the Yale Series of Younger Poets, states in his interesting preface that young Mr. Horan possesses "a love of language . . . an exciting and unique vision of the world." He also makes the point that Horan can use the plain word quite as well as the baroque word. The baroque word is somewhat in the ascendant in this first book, but the tone of a gifted lyricist is undeniably present.

COLLECTED POEMS OF ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN (Macmillan). Mr. Coffin, in this new and enlarged edition of his works, is as irrepressible as ever. He continues to depict a New England background in a manner

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rather non-Yankee, since it is both voluble and coy. Under the surface sentimentality, a thin vein of poetry is, however, still visible.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BOOK OF THE LION, by Elizabeth Daly (Rinehart). Henry Gamadge, as practically every mystery reader knows, seldom takes on a murder investigation unless there's a rare book in the background. This time, Gamadge rather tepidly agrees to look over the papers of a deceased playwright, on behalf of the man's widow, but before too long he's hot on the trail of one of Chaucer's lost works, and of a murderer, too, of course. A very satisfactory piece of work, in both planning and execution.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING, by Edmund Crispin (Lippincott). Another valuable literary property (in this instance, a manuscript of Shakespeare's) as the motive for a murder. Gervase Fen, who never lets you forget for a moment that he's an Oxford don, does the detection at the request of a friend, the headmaster of a boys' school that is being plagued simultaneously by murder and by the arrival of a number of guests for Parents' Day. Funny material, handled with Mr. Crispin's usual arch elaborateness.

MAP OF MISTRUST, by Allan MacKinnon (Doubleday). Antony Carne, a former Intelligence officer, is sent by the British Home Office to disrupt the plans of some foreign agents who, in turn, are disrupting an international trade conference being held in the Scottish Highlands. Carne goes about his business in a singularly obtrusive fashion, and is soon both suspected of murder by the police and badgered by the cloak-and-dagger set. Lively, if not convincing, and full of fine Highland scenery.

•

Gene Tierney has canceled plans for a second honeymoon with Oleg Cassini in England because of their expected baby. She has just completed "That Wonderful Urge."—*The Mirror.*

Don't be trite.

•

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[*From the Herald Tribune*]

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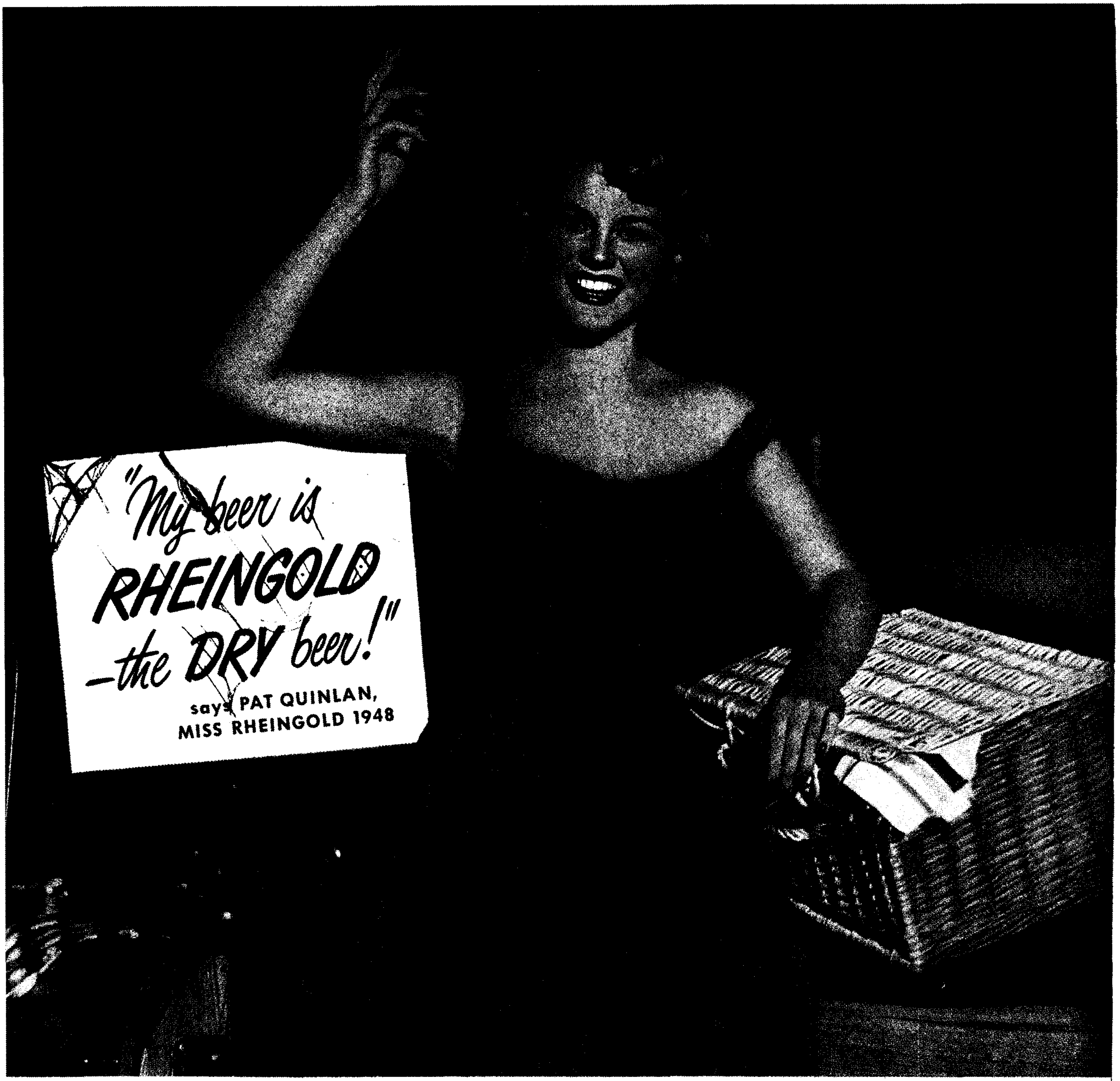
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